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THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

I.

A FEW miles back from the mining camp of Windy Gulch an old trail turns away from the more travelled county road, leading through a rough, mountain region to the scene of an abortive mining excitement now well-nigh forgotten.

It was in the spring of 1879, when the newly discovered riches of Leadville had prepared a fortune-hunting world for any marvel, that somebody started a cry of "carbonates" in this quarter, and from near and far came a hurrying horde to view this latest land of promise, while, as if by magic, a city of tents and frame shanties came into being in the depths of the wilderness. In the after-years there came to be not a little disputing as to the real origin of this Silver City boom, some believing that it had been started by a couple of misguided "tenderfeet," of wholly honest intent, whatever the mischief they inadvertently wrought, while others, claiming to be better informed, held that it was the work of a set of unprincipled promoters, among whom the name of Colonel Randolph Meredith was always mentioned with especial execration. However that might have been, the boom was very real while it lasted; and it lasted the longer that the spring was late that year, heavy falls of snow so covering the earth that few might guess what lay beneath. The gambling spirit was rife in the air, and every one who could call fifteen hundred feet of that vaunted ground his own was for the moment rich, though nothing more tangible had touched his claim than the shifting shadows of the location-stakes. Development work proceeded but feebly, and few had anything of real promise to show; but, as though each had quaffed of some magic potion that gave him eyes to see but the fair illusion of that for which he longed, each clung with mad insistence to his dream of wealth, scrambling, fighting, and in some instances even dying, to hold to claims from

which the assayers' fires would never reveal so much as a trace of the precious metals.

At length, however, there came a day when the snows had sunk down through the seepy soil and all the land lay bare to the probing of pick and powder; and after that the time was not long till a cursing company of adventurers went drifting back over the hills whence they came. The sound of the builders' hammers stopped short with the stilling of the dance-hall music; and before the sweet, resinous smells had been fairly lost from its newly hewn pine boards, the embryo city was left to desolation and decay.

But, while the rush and hurry went on as though it would never stop, a better grade was discovered for its heavily laden teams at a point which left the main highway a mile or more beyond the original point of turning, so that a bit of the way, which had come to ill repute for the upsetting of stages and kindred disasters, came to be sloughed off, as it were, and practically disowned by the road, which now appeared to have developed to a line of travel of vast importance. The gain in safety, to be sure, was somewhat offset by an added mile or more of distance, so that the majority of those who came on horseback, and all of that vagabond company who toiled over the hills afoot, still chose the older and shorter cut, which was never altogether abandoned until the Silver City road was left to degenerate to the Old Silver trail, by which name it came to be known through all the after-years.

And while impatient footsteps hurried over the hills, lured on by the *ignis-fatuus* of wealth never to be attained, and while in the heaviness of disappointment they toiled away again, there at one side of this unpromising bit of the old road a vein of gold lay waiting, where every passing eye must fall upon its covering of sun-baked earth, waiting and making no sign. For eons before Windy Gulch was or Silver City had been conceived in the mind of man, Nature had hugged the precious secret to her heart, biding her time. Men groaning under burdens of poverty and woe, and women whose hearts were like to break for the heaviness of living, passed by the spot; but the gold had naught to do with pity: its time was not yet come. Sometimes prospectors discovered such signs in the steep hill-side that they paused to probe the earth here and there in futile effort; but a rubus bush had spread its lithe arms over the little outcropping of gray rock which might have told the story, and none thought to look beneath. Years passed away. Autumn winds swept bare the rubus bush; winter storms beat upon the dull brocade of lichen that had spread itself over the sign-writing on the rock; over and over again the wooing Colorado sunshine called back new bloom to ring rich joy-bells in the bright spring weather; but now the Silver City excitement had been well-nigh forgotten in other dreams and wakings, and seldom the feet of man trod the old trail. Earth held to her own with greedy gladness; and the gold waited on, fulfilling the eternal plan in silence.

But one summer Harvey Neil went with a fishing-party over beyond the spot where Silver City had been; and, coming back, a few adventurous spirits elected to spare the horses, the teams being heavily laden with camp equipage and the ill-kept road full of heavy grades,

by walking over the now almost obliterated pathway which formed a wavering hypotenuse across the angle made by the junction of the trail with the county road. A fondness for flowers led the young man to stop to pluck one of the great creamy blossoms that lingered on the rubus bush; and then, idly beating with his heel at the unnoticed rock below while he waited for his companions to overtake him, he laid bare the secret which had been hidden from the beginning of the world. A bit of the stone crumbled away under his foot; idly glancing down, his eyes were caught by the shimmer of free gold; and the Mascot mine, as he chose to call it, was discovered.

Harvey Neil was a type of adventurer by no means uncommon in the West. His father had been a large woollen manufacturer in Connecticut, who had failed in business and died of heart-failure—of a broken heart, his widow always contended—just at the close of the boy's college course. It had always been tacitly accepted in the family that Harvey, the only son, should eventually devote himself to the mills, as his father and his grandfather had done before him; but now, hampered by lack of both capital and experience, this course appeared scarcely practicable, while his mother, moreover, evinced a deep repugnance for the calling to which she charged his father's untimely death. What with the mischievous tinkering with the tariff which was forever a menace to the business, and the labor troubles to contribute endless turmoil, she would have her son look to some other field for the success which she could not doubt must ultimately be his whichever way he turned. And the lad, full of youth's longing for adventure, was only too glad to leave the hackneyed paths he had known all his life, electing to go West and grow up with the country.

It was something of a shock to him to find the country rather more grown-up, and the opportunities for profitable adventure decidedly more meagre, than his dreams had pictured. He had chosen Colorado as his field of operations, and in his eagerness to attain riches he turned naturally to mining, where in a few brief months the little money he had brought with him had gone in alluring ventures which returned him nothing beyond the experience he so surely needed, but for which he was anything but grateful. And now, wholly unequipped by education or training for any labor open to him here, knowing no more than a pampered child of any principle of economy, Harvey Neil experienced a few years of very hard times indeed. The insurance on his father's life had placed his mother in comparative comfort; but, after the luxuries by which he had always seen her surrounded, it seemed to the son so near to the borderland of poverty that not for the world would he have allowed her to contribute another dollar to the undertakings in which he had come to feel himself fairly predestined to failure. He would not even grieve her by telling of the ill luck which had pursued him; and more than one letter he wrote dilating upon the glorious chances which the great West offered, chances which he led her to infer he held in his grasp, when he had to wait for days merely to compass the purchase of a postage-stamp to send the letter. To her, if somewhat vague as to his doings, he was always gay and hopeful. When he went to work as a harvest-hand in the summer,

such work as blistered his untried hands and brought strange aches to every bone in his body, he only told her that he had been invited to stay on a ranch for a while, and amused her with his droll accounts of the primitive ways of living affected by the natives to no manners born; and never was she allowed to know that he left that ranch like a common tramp at last, having been cheated out of every dollar of the wages due him. He sent her a merry description of sheep-herding, which he tried later, as it would seem simply for the fun of it; while a few months after that, when he had found a job shovelling coal in one of the Denver smelters, reduced to such living as must have wrung the mother's heart could she have known, the gentle lady was moved to innocent remonstrance for the wandering life he was leading. She feared he was having too good a time, she wrote, sugar-coating the pill of protest with many a tender phrase; she liked to know that he was enjoying himself, but, since his future depended so wholly upon himself, his life could not well be all a holiday. Was it not time, she gently asked, that he should put his shoulder to the wheel and go to work in earnest? His shoulder to the wheel! Well that the good lady could never know what tears blotted the admonitions it had cost her such pains to pen.

But he who labors as did Harvey Neil at this time, unstintedly giving the best that is in him to honest effort, though seemingly but to poor ends, seldom fails in achieving gain far beyond the insignificant wage that slips through his purse; and while he, writhing in the rude environment, fancied himself roughening and coarsening day by day, sinking down to the spiritual level of his always physical superior, the ignorant emigrant laborer by whose side he toiled, the man in him was but developing to larger, grander lines. His horizon had broadened; he had grown stronger in mind as well as in body, when finally promotion came and he began the upward climb of which each advancing step seemed more favored of fortune than the last. A chance encounter with one of the assayers of the establishment, to whom he happened to be of some trifling service, brought him into congenial companionship and a friendliness of great use to him in material ways. He had taught himself stenography to beguile the monotony of his time of sheep-herding, and now, through the assayer's influence, he was given a position in the office; while through the further favor of his friend, whom he was always glad to help in work after hours, he was enabled to study assaying, for which an enthusiasm for chemistry in his college days had so well prepared him that before the year was out he found himself regularly engaged in that pursuit, which was not only more congenial than the office work but afforded better wages.

And now for another year Neil had no thought of complaining, though his fortunes had come to a stand-still. A system, rigid as that prevailing in the army, regulated advance to the higher offices in the business, in which rarely anything but death served as cause of removal; and beyond the point the young man had now attained promotion was necessarily slow. After the hard times he had known, however, the comparative affluence of his present lot was at first profoundly satisfying, and he asked no more; but there came a day when

the restless ambition of youth awoke again, insistent, impelling. The daily round of unvarying duty grew wearisome in view of the fact that he could look ahead to no definite advance; he longed for a wider field, for the stimulus of nearer possibilities; and, as though fate had caught the unuttered prayer, it was about this time that he went upon the vacation trip over the Old Silver trail and stumbled upon the discovery of free gold.

Naturally, he lost no time in beginning work upon his mine, with the sanguine faith of inexperience counting upon immediate flow of wealth; and Windy Gulch, long since arrived at settled conviction that the ground hereabouts was all utterly barren, in the throes of changing its mind was roused to such pitch of excitement that the hills about came to be staked out with claims and riddled with prospect-holes until it was all like an unkempt potters' field; while the papers made so much of the unexpected strike that Colonel Randolph Meredith, reading the account of it in New York, was moved to wire his agent at Orodelfia to attend at once to the long overdue assessment work on the Grubstake claim just over the hill from the newly discovered Mascot, a property long docketed in the colonel's mind along with certain other possessions significantly known to himself as "yellow dogs."

But in mining, perhaps more generally than in any other pursuit, it is the unexpected that happens. A few feet below the surface the Mascot vein, erstwhile so fair in promise, abruptly "pinched out," scarce showing even a trace of mineral, while old miners looking on declared that the ore would never come in again, however deep Neil might sink his shaft. His discovery was simply "a pocket," nothing more; and with heads wisely wagging and many an assured "I told you so," Windy Gulch veered round to its first opinion of the ground, leaving Neil to his work alone. The "tenderfoot" confidence with which he stuck by the claim came to be regarded as rather a good joke as time went on; but, prone most of all to admire that quality in man known in its own vernacular as "sand," the young man was held in growing respect, the camp as a unit declaring that he deserved "to play in better luck" than was ever likely to be his share up there by the old trail.

To Neil it seemed simply inevitable that he should go on with the work, although, with finances presently "down to bed-rock," in the mining phrase, he struggled against heavy odds. He had so far profited by lessons of adversity, however, that he was fertile in contrivance; and when the last slice of bacon had gone into the frying-pan and the last stick of giant powder had ploughed up the Mascot shaft to no end but to increase its depth, in no wise disheartened, he betook himself to one of the neighboring mines, there to hammer a drill for day wages until a sufficient fund had been accumulated to renew the work upon his own claim. So for many months he alternated between the rough lot of the common miner and what seemed the even harder experiences of the mine-owner, until the numbing touch of despair had slowly settled upon his heart, and he went on dully with the work, more from force of habit than from any living hope in the outcome.

And then, as though fate had tried his mettle far enough, he ran into free gold in such marvellous masses as had never been known before in all the region round.

Windy Gulch, altogether forgetting its previous spirit of prophecy, turned with renewed enthusiasm to its abandoned claims, while Colonel Meredith was so far impressed by the published reports that now he came himself to inspect his Grubstake holding, thinking good to clear a somewhat clouded title by relocating the claim, changing a little the trend of the side lines, which brought to more acute angle its crossing with the Mascot vein. With the colonel's evident endorsement, the camp having large respect for that gentleman's judgment, however it might regard his business methods, confidence grew apace; hardly a prospect-hole so poor that it did not forthwith advance to fabulous value in its owner's eyes, while everybody looked to see Windy Gulch enjoy an immediate boom. But now the autocracy of organized labor was moved to bring confusion to the budding hopes of the camp and invoke new trouble upon poor Neil.

So long as the Mascot mine had been as a ravening monster crying, "Give, give!" its discoverer had been permitted to do with it as he would. He might cast into the mine's insatiate maw his money, his hopes, his very life, and there was no man to claim the right to share the venture, none to meddle with the method of his immolation. So long as Windy Gulch had been accounted one of the deadest camps in all Colorado, its peace had been undisturbed; but now that an era of prosperity had dawned, a walking delegate appeared to organize a branch of the Miners' Union, and Harvey Neil was first of all waited upon by the committee deputed to request that thenceforth the mine-owners would employ none but Union men, while certain details as to wages and hours of work were peremptorily insisted upon. The majority of the mine-owners, believing discretion the better part of valor, conceded the demands after brief parley; but Neil, with a spirit ill equipped to brook undue interference in what he considered his private business, sent the deputation to the right-about with such stinging speech that the Union was roused to immediate retaliation, and for the first time in all its history Windy Gulch was treated to the spectacle of a strike that boded no good to any man.

It was a time of general business depression, and hundreds of needy working-men were eager to take the places vacated by the strikers; but the unhappy "scabs" came but to suffer martyrdom. Threats and execrations pursued them through the street of the camp; and some who were caught out after dark were so mishandled that they were glad to cry enough and escape to the minor evils of wagelessness and want. Neil, so far from being brought to terms by such methods, grew but the more obstinately intrenched in his position with contemplation of each new outrage. Such non-union men as had stood by him he would protect by every means in his power, upholding their rights as well as his own, come what would. He would listen to no talk of compromise; not one iota would he yield, although now a sympathetic strike had been ordered, and every mine in the camp that depended upon hired labor stood still for his determination. Deep

shafts filled with water, and costly machinery rusted in idleness; and Windy Gulch, but the other day as law-abiding and sleepily plodding as any New England village, was now alive with a throng of boozing idlers, nursing bitterness against the mine-owners, and especially casting curses upon the name of Harvey Neil, whose plutocratic indifference to the rights of labor was held to be the cause of all the trouble. Appeals for protection were made to the authorities in vain, until at length, the strikers' souls inflamed to frenzy by non-success and growing want, that coward's ally dynamite was invoked to bring to terms the Mascot mine, while had not Harvey Neil been summarily hustled out of sight by frightened friends the chances seemed that even murder might have been added to the horrors of that night. The county authorities were now roused to take summary action, and peace was after a time restored. But capital which might have been tempted had been frightened back from a field which lawlessness could so dominate; Windy Gulch, poorer by far than it had ever been before, had ceased to dream of any boom; while Neil, all the costly improvements upon his property destroyed, with no possibility of redress, found himself practically at the foot of the ladder once more. More disheartened than he had ever been, the young man, who now felt old, borrowed money to get his mine in working shape once more; and when that was done he betook himself to the East for the rest and change he so sorely needed after the long strain that had been upon him.

And now up by the old trail the Grubstake mine was presently vying with the Mascot in outward showing of prosperity. Buildings went up and development work proceeded at such rate as only unlimited command of capital could bring to pass, while all the camp wondered. The Grubstake had been located years before by a couple of credulous youths who were directed in their operations altogether by the pretended revelations of a so-called professor of spiritualism in Denver. Although they had carried their tunnel some sixty feet into the mountain-side before they had lost faith in their oracle and sold out to the colonel for a song, no mineral had been uncovered, while the camp was generally of the opinion that none ever would be, until the new owner's operations stirred doubts as to the soundness of that judgment. Some there were to opine now that the colonel might be preparing new bait for one of the English syndicates of the type that so often had been his gudgeon; others, who thought themselves equally well informed as to the great promoter's peculiar methods, argued that he was more probably plotting mischief which would presently be apparent in the ground where the two claims crossed, prophesying that Neil would be forced for his own peace eventually to purchase the Grubstake at its owner's own figure; while others still, more full of charity toward a gentleman who, so far as reputation went, seemed generally in the position of the under dog, contended that the work upon the property meant only that there was mineral to be uncovered there, since, whatever his faults, there was no man who could see farther through a stone than Colonel Randolph Meredith. And these last could take unction to their souls when one day the ore-wagons began coming down from the Grubstake side of the hill on their way to the

Orodelphia smelter, while rumor said that a strike had been made surpassing even the Mascot in richness.

Harvey Neil was still East when this occurred, and the honest gentleman in charge of the mine, who could wield a six-pound "jack" as though it had been but the plaything of a child, but whose very soul sickened before the labors of a pen, being moreover of simple and unsuspecting turn of mind, little given to poking a meddling nose beyond the legitimate limits of his own domain, saw small reason to descant upon a neighbor's good fortune beyond barest mention of the strike. Several months had therefore gone by before Neil, who had been detained beyond his first plan by an illness of his mother's, returned to find out what had been going on over the hill.

Then it was observed that he looked troubled and anxious, and the camp somehow became aware that he had visited the Orodelphia smelter to obtain samples of the ore which the Grubstake was shipping in such prodigious quantities, while it was said that he held many consultations with his lawyer. It became known after a little that he had asked permission to go through the workings of the Grubstake and had been refused, the mine, according to Colonel Meredith's invariable practice with all his properties, it was stated, being rigidly closed to all visitors. Later the camp laughed appreciatively over the story that went round of how Neil had outwitted his astute neighbor by sending an emissary disguised as a workman to spy out what the Grubstake levels might disclose; and after that nobody was surprised when it became known that suit had been brought for fifty thousand dollars damages and an accounting for ore abstracted from the Mascot mine through the over-reaching workings of the Grubstake; while pending the decision of the court the alleged intruder was summarily enjoined from further removal of any ore from that portion of ground embraced in the crossing of the two claims. And the knowing ones had hardly time to demonstrate how clearly all this chimed in with their oft-repeated prophecies, when they were given further opportunity to prove how keen had been their prescience by the filing of a cross-bill on the part of Colonel Meredith, followed by a counter-injunction restraining Neil himself from further meddling with the territory in dispute until time should be given to prove before the courts that there was but one true vein in evidence, and that a direct continuation of the Grubstake.

II.

Dorothy Meredith rode slowly around the sandy shore of Gem Lake, her enjoyment of the scene subtly enhanced by the suggestion of forbidden fruit more distinctly in evidence with every moment of dallying. Before her mind's eye she could plainly see her father fuming with impatience as he looked for her out of the shaft-house door at the Grubstake mine, where it had been arranged that she was to meet him at this hour of four in the afternoon; but, while the troublesome vision appealed to her sense of duty on the one hand, on the other it but filled her with perverse longing to loiter.

In all Colorado she was sure no scene could be found more wildly beautiful than this tree-fringed water, like a bit of silver dropped down in the mountains' embrace, with the changing light of a rising storm falling upon every feature with strange transmuting touch. As with most happy folk, Nature's sombre mood was but a pleasant play upon her senses, a chord of sweet minor to thrill her with new delight; and her mind was simply a chaos of incoherent exclamation as her glance ranged from the gray swirling clouds to the water making kaleidoscopic play with the leaden tints, the guarding trees all shivering and whispering together as though in ominous prophecy of evil, the great hills looming up on every side, on whose steep slopes seemed ranged the ghosts of all the trees that had ever died, so unreal they looked in the winding-sheets of mist that more and more with every moment disguised their fair outlines. But a moment ago the range had towered in majesty at the west, three of its mighty, snow-crowned peaks looking down over the growing bulwark of cloud like a gathering of kings watching in eternal calm the petty conflicts of earth; but now they were as lost to the eye in the all-enveloping grayness as though they had never been. It was a scene full of weird desolation, instinct with wind and woe. So far as the eye might see was no sign of habitation, nothing that bore the touch of human hands beside the small segment of grass-grown road curving around at one side of the tiny lake. It seemed a fair dream-world of gray and silver, where Nature mourned alone, refusing to be comforted.

But, though in the vested independence of American girlhood she might be oblivious to the claims of an irate father, she could not long remain deaf to such warning as the winds were now shrieking through the trees. She was not yet ready to admit that she had been unwise to linger so long; but as she turned her horse back to the road she was forced to reflect that, with more than three miles lying between her and the shelter of the Grubstake shaft-house, she was bound to have a hard ride to escape a wetting. A skilled and fearless rider, however, it was but a new pleasure to give the horse his head, settling herself in the saddle for a break-neck race with the storm; but just at the foot of the first hill she suddenly drew rein, while her gaze wandered uncertainly up the unkempt, half-obliterated track turning off at the left, the Old Silver trail.

Ten years before, just at the last of the Silver City excitement, her father had brought her mother and herself to stay for a month or so at Windy Gulch, and then, with a child's fondness for gadding, she had learned the topography of all the region round. She remembered perfectly the line of the old road, which now passed directly by the Mascot mine and within a stone's throw of the Grubstake,—her glance as it wandered up the newer way, which now too had grown old, clearly recalling the point of intersection. By taking this short cut she could save a mile or more, while with such gain in time she ought besides to be able somewhat to mollify her father's wrath by presenting herself in dry clothing. So far as she knew, the way beyond the Mascot mine was now never used, and, with its originally flimsy construction and the awful grades which had brought it into disfavor,

the chances were that it would be in the worst possible condition for safe travel; but Miss Meredith was not accustomed to question her ability to go wherever horse might carry her, while the wiry little broncho she rode was blest with that cat-like capacity for climbing at any angle and over any sort of ground which seems the especial prerogative of the mountain-bred pony. Before she had given as much time to the argument as it has taken to tell it, she had turned the horse and was flying along the old road.

There was a pleasure in recognizing familiar features of the landscape as she swiftly passed them by. This narrow interval, hedged in by almost parallel lines of foot-hills, she remembered so well, although in the old springtime the ground had been almost carpeted with great purple anemones, while now it was masses of yellow bloom which the wind was bending down to earth; but the grove of quaking asps into which she presently rode looked new and strange; obviously they had sprung up since her time. And they had grown up in such amazing number; there were myriads of them, all in a frou-frou flutter, their delicate wrappings turned silvery side out, as though in futile effort to cover their white limbs from the storm's rude touch. The girl felt suddenly lost as the way closed in among them; and she would have hastened to get out into the open once more, but their branches so swept across the way that she had continually to take care lest she were caught with stinging blows from them. Plainly Nature had been left to work her own will with the old trail. There were marks of wheels,—wood-teams, the girl inferred, from the deep ruts worn here and there; but when the way twisted down to the bottom of a deep coulée and up to a wilderness of rocks and pine-trees on the other side, it seemed a marvel that any wagon could follow.

On and on she went, scarce heeding the landscape now, except to watch for the longed-for junction of the two roads. The roar of thunder had begun resounding through the mountains, as though voicing the wrath of Jove, while with the sound a nervous terror insidiously grew upon the girl. Utterly fearless in most situations, full of a thoughtless daring due in a measure to an inability properly to measure danger, she yet always quailed before a thunder-storm; and never had the dread sounds seemed so awful in her ears as now in the weird loneliness of the place into which she had thoughtlessly ventured. She seemed an insignificant atom cast adrift in a world given over to destruction. Mercurial in her temperament, a despairing conviction suddenly fastened upon her that she had somehow missed the way she sought. To go back and take the regular road involved a ride before which, with her nervous disrelish of the now almost incessant thunder, her soul turned sick; though to go on appeared such a questionable adventure that she stopped short on the brow of a short, steep hill, considering the other side in a misery of uncertainty. But even as she looked fate came to her relief, revealing the figure of a man on horseback passing between the trees, just over the brow of the next hill. He was riding from her; and on the instant she was urging her horse down the precipitous coulée, determined to overtake him and ask direction as to her way.

But at the bottom of the deep cut ran a small stream across which was thrown a rude bridge of poles; and as the horse, in the impetus of the mad dash down the steep embankment, plunged heavily upon this flimsy structure, a length of rotten wood snapped like a pipe-stem, one of the animal's fore-legs going down with such force as must inevitably have thrown the rider had she not been swift to see the danger and jump to save herself. As it was, in the sudden, unconsidered movement, her skirt caught on the saddle-horn and she half fell, her weight coming upon her outstretched hands in such fashion as severely wrenched one wrist. Hurriedly struggling to her feet, it was with a mixture of discomfiture and relief that she perceived the stranger riding toward her as fast as horse might carry him. It was annoying to be discovered in such undignified pose, even by such simple ranchman as she imagined the rider to be; but there was scarcely time for the captious thought in the imperative need of help.

"Miss Meredith—are you hurt?" he breathlessly exclaimed, as he threw himself from the saddle beside her, so much of genuine concern in voice and manner that the girl felt unconsciously strengthened and comforted. It did not until afterward occur to her as strange that he should call her by name. So far as she noticed it at all, it had only a soothing sound of friendliness.

"No; but the horse—oh, it is terrible! his leg will be broken!" she cried, helplessly clasping her hands as she watched the animal floundering painfully in the ugly trap.

The stranger turned quickly, wrenching aside one end of the shattered pole. "No; he is all right," he reassuringly declared, when a hasty examination had revealed but a slight abrasion on the adventured leg. "But you, Miss Meredith, are you really unharmed? It was such a nasty fall—on this gridiron of a bridge."

"But I did not fall; I jumped," she quickly replied, with the sensitiveness of a skilled rider to such charge of clumsiness. She gasped a little for breath, turning about to place her back to the storm as she added, "I was looking for the trail which leads across by the Mascot mine. Perhaps you can tell me where it turns off."

"Oh, certainly. I came that way myself only a few minutes ago. It is about a mile back."

"A mile back! I missed it, then!" she disappointedly exclaimed, her teeth closing suddenly on her under lip as she glanced down at her left wrist, her cheeks turning rather white. "I have so much farther to go."

"But you are hurt, Miss Meredith; I am sure you are," he solicitously returned. "What can I do for you? Is it your wrist?"

"I believe I did twist it a little," she murmured, dubiously regarding the long, wrinkled glove which covered the now intense aching. "It is nothing, of course, but——"

"You are faint!" he cried, casting loose the bridle-rein he had been holding, and making as though he thought he should offer the support of his arm. "Can you walk to this log beyond the bridge?—Yes; that is right; sit there while I get you some water." He dashed down to the water's edge, where some campers had left a litter

of old tin cans, one of which he washed out hurriedly, coming to her with it dripping full. "If you could drink from this," he urged, deprecatingly. "It is clean, in spite of the rust; and I'm afraid it is the best I can do."

"It does beautifully, thanks," she murmured, gratefully, as she took the rude cup; adding, when she had drunk of it, "I never fainted in my life; there was not the slightest danger of that; but I felt a little queered. The water has helped me."

"But it has leaked all over your dress," he cried, dismayed, as though charging himself with the damage.

"But the heavens have already leaked so much, a little more will hardly matter," she returned, faintly smiling, as she stood up again. "And, by all the signs, I am likely to be wetter. I must be making for shelter as fast as I can."

"But will you not let me see the wrist?" he anxiously interposed. "You are sure that it is not broken?"

"Oh, it couldn't be," she protested, although she looked frightened at the suggestion.

"We'll hope not, surely; but won't you take off the glove, please?"

She obediently drew off the sodden kid, holding out the injured member for his inspection. He took the small hand by its finger-tips, swaying it to and fro with a sort of reverent hesitancy, anxiously glancing at her face to see if he were giving pain. "No; it is only a sprain, and not a very bad one, I hope," he decided, in a tone of relief. "But of course it is paining you. You must let me bind it up with water. It will be better than nothing." And he hurried away to dip his handkerchief in the stream, folding it to a compress as he came back.

"But I am sure that is not necessary," Dorothy protested, drawing back.

"Not strictly necessary, perhaps; but it may somewhat relieve the pain. You would better have it," he returned, in peremptory tone; and, as though comprehending that argument would be wasted, she meekly submitted to the treatment.

Even with the pain of the injured wrist, with all the roaring of the storm, the rain now developing to a torrent, even with such diverse unpleasantnesses to fill her mind, the girl had not failed to perceive that this was no clod-pated ranchman who had come to her relief. He was clothed in the brown duck of the miners' common wear, his pantaloons tucked into the tops of a pair of high, heavy boots laced across the instep, the soft felt hat pulled low over his eyes more than anything else betraying his occupation in its splashes of candle-grease. But Dorothy knew her Rocky Mountain world too well to think of gauging the man's position by the chance appearance of his clothes. That he was engaged in mining was evident; but he might be a tyro from the East, out of luck and toiling for daily wage; or he might be the owner of the richest property in all the district. Whatever his present standing, there was that in the modulations of his voice, in his niceties of speech, which told of a sometime environment very remote from the rude life of the mining camp. That he was a gentleman appeared to

her beyond question, while her woman's instinct had been quick to decide that he was one to be trusted. Moreover, there was something about him that struck her as oddly familiar. Was he one of the boarders at the hotel, and had she seen him there? There seemed an assured friendliness about his manner which implied some measure of previous acquaintance. "You will show me the way?" she anxiously exclaimed, flushing a little to be detected in intent study of his looks as he glanced up.

"Certainly. But you will have to let me lift you on your horse, Miss Meredith: with your wrist you must not try to help yourself at all," he said, in a matter-of-fact-way, stooping a little to be heard above the noise of the storm; and with the words his strong hands closed about her waist, raising her to the saddle as though she had been a child.

"You need not have done that," she protested, rather sharply. "I could have mounted myself perfectly well."

"I beg pardon, but I am sure it was better you should not try," he imperturbably returned, picking up her whip from the ground. "It is such a mercy that it is not the left wrist: you can hold the rein all right," he went on, with a gratulatory smile. "And there's another silver lining to the cloud. There's an old shack of a shaft-house up the draw there, where we can get under cover until the worst of this is over."

"But my father is waiting for me at the Grubstake mine," gasped the girl, ducking her head before a furious onslaught of wind and rain. "I must get there as soon as possible."

"But it is not possible to get there in such a deluge as this," he protested. He had mounted his own horse, and now rode up beside her. "Your father could not expect you."

"Oh, but he would. He would be frightened. I *must* get there."

"See here, Miss Meredith," he impatiently exclaimed, with an air of driving an unwilling bargain, "you cannot go on in a storm like this. It will be raining cats and dogs within three minutes. If you will only let me get you under shelter, I will ride on myself to the Grubstake, if you say so, and let your father know that you are all right. Ah, you must!" he insisted, as a fiercer gust swept down the rough defile, causing the girl to crouch low over the horse's neck.

"But if it is possible for you to ride there it must be possible for me," she wilfully persisted. "And if you will show me the way——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he flatly returned, his eyes meeting hers determinedly. "It would be lunacy for you to try it. Moreover, I do not propose to stand here arguing about it any longer, Miss Meredith. I am going to strike straight up the draw for Ballinger's shaft-house. Are you coming?" tossing the question in cavalier fashion over his shoulder as he headed his horse up the hill.

The girl returned no answer, but he looked relieved as he saw her turning after him, giving her a brief smile, approving, encouraging. Miss Meredith smiled in turn when his back was fairly turned, a light of amusement in her eyes, for all her physical discomfiture. Although she had felt bound to satisfy the conventionalized side of her conscience

by making all reasonable effort to escape a situation which her sense of propriety could hardly sanction, she was by no means ill pleased to have her scruples thus boldly overridden by this autocratic stranger. Really terrified in the face of the storm and secretly longing to accept the promised shelter, she enjoyed a subtle touch of feminine triumph in thus attaining her wish without confessing that she wished it. She was, moreover, sufficiently young and innocently daring to enjoy to the utmost the spice of novelty and adventure which chance had developed, while the haze of mystery that hung about her escort increased her interest in the encounter a hundredfold. She had become certain that she had somewhere met him before; but where?

III.

They had not far to go, but it was a rough climb, and the young man's first words were of apology when, springing to the ground, he came back to seize her horse by the bit and guide him up the last few feet over an almost perpendicular mass of loose gray rock.

"I would have gone round by the trail if I had known it was quite so rough; but we're all right now," he said, turning to try the door of the rude hut to which they had come. The horses were huddled together on a small rhomboidal bit of ground formed at the top of an old dump pile, which went crumbling away in a sheer descent far down among the trees, some of which had been half buried in the lava-like flow. At the left yawned the mouth of a tunnel, about which appeared no sign of recent work, while the rough slab door of the shanty was fastened by a chain and padlock so rusted that they seemed to have been exposed to the storms of years. By no means daunted by this obstacle, however, the young man caught up a jagged piece of rock and in a moment the staple was broken and the door thrown open.

"If you will just step inside while I run the horses into the tunnel——" he hastily advised, when he had lifted her to the ground. Dorothy needed no second bidding, but once within the door she paused, peering about doubtfully. It was nothing more than a rude smithy, obviously designed merely for the sharpening of drills used in the tunnel, its floor the bare, brown earth, its only equipment a great stone forge in one corner with an anvil at one side, a few empty candle-boxes, a small pile of wood, and some picks and drills thrown down with other undistinguishable rubbish in one corner.

"It is not quite the lap of luxury, but we might do worse," the stranger smilingly observed, as he came back, carrying his hat filled with pine cones, while he was further laden with an armful of broken sticks. "And a fire will help the looks of things amazingly."

"To say nothing of the comfort of it," Miss Meredith rejoined, her teeth chattering as she smiled. "How cold it has grown!"

"That is the worst of this much vaunted climate: it has a capacity for infinite variety. When the barometer gets started on the down

grade there is never any telling where it will stop. The weather is always exceptional, if one is to believe the statements of the oldest inhabitants. But there—that looks encouraging, doesn't it?" he said, standing back and pleasedly surveying his work, as a tiny spiral of flame leaped with sputtering eagerness through the damp pitchiness of the piled-up cones on the forge.

"I have seen the fire—I am warmed," the girl smilingly quoted, holding out her hands to the blaze. "It is lovely."

"And now won't you sit down and make yourself comfortable?" He turned a candle-box on end for her as he spoke.

"But the box is so low and the fire is so high," she smilingly objected. "I should only be warming the tip of my nose; and I am half frozen."

"Are you?" He looked as dismayed as though he accepted the statement literally. "But of course you are. What can I do?" He answered the question for himself by recklessly heaping upon the forge the greater part of all the dry wood that had been in the hut; after which he turned to fish out from the débris in the corner a dusty gunny-sack, which he held up before him as if dubiously measuring its possibilities.

"It won't do; it is not half big enough," Dorothy exclaimed, divining his idea, with a merry laugh.

"I suppose not; and it is so abominably dirty besides," he disgustedly rejoined, his laugh by no means so gay as hers, as he threw the thing back where he had found it. "But you ought to have something around you: you will have your death of cold. I am afraid my coat is as wet as your dress," anxiously feeling the sleeve.

"And I could not think of taking it if it were not," she decidedly returned. "Please don't trouble; I am doing beautifully. It is such a glorious fire."

"But still, with all the draughts in this sieve of a place— Oh, I say, why can't I put the box up on the forge for you, to the windward of the smoke—so?" suiting the action to the words, and hastily adding a small erection of sticks to save her feet from contact with the ashes. "Now, Miss Meredith, you won't find this half bad, I promise you. Come." He confidently held out his hand to assist her.

"But I cannot," the girl protested, laughing at the idea, even though as she spoke she yielded the point, meekly permitting herself to try the strange construction. "I feel like patience on a monument, smiling at grief," she laughingly observed, glancing about from the high perch.

"And will I do to personate grief?" he amusedly returned. "Niobe could hardly have been wetter than I, I fancy. But—heavens!—hear that downpour. We are here just in time, you see, Miss Meredith."

"Yes," she replied, listening with an awed face to the thunderous beating upon the roof. "And it is leaking over there in the corner,—see."

"But it is all right where you are," he reassuringly returned. "And are you getting warm? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"I am doing beautifully, thanks." There was a puzzled light in her eyes as she looked at him with a glance that swiftly took note of his dark brown, close-cropped hair, showing a tendency to curl at the ends, which lay damp against his forehead, the clear, gray-blue eyes, the dark moustache, and the square-cut chin beneath. It was a strong, masterful face, fine-looking rather than handsome. There was intellectual force in the high forehead, uprightness in the frank glance, which had a way of flashing in light of humor, exquisitely contagious when he smiled. In that smile lay his strongest claim to real beauty, softening and brightening the whole face, which expressed something of severity, almost of sadness, in repose. But even when he was grave it was a goodly face to look upon, a face to like and remember. If in any part of the world she had ever met this man before, Dorothy thought, it would seem that she could hardly fail to recognize him now, even under the partial disguise of his rough mining garb; and yet——

"I beg pardon; you were about to say something?" he asked, as with a little catch in her breath she looked away, meeting his glance.

"It was nothing, only——" hesitating, with a shy little smile that made her divinely pretty in the dancing firelight, "it struck me that I had possibly met you somewhere before to-day."

"I think you have, Miss Meredith," he answered, smiling so broadly that she must have noted how even were the strong white teeth showing under the brown moustache. "But I hardly expected that you would remember it," he added.

She looked at him for an instant in silence, the puzzled expression suddenly changing to a flashing smile of recognition. "I know!" she breathlessly exclaimed. "It was at the World's Fair! It was you who——"

"Who turned burglar to filch your jacket from the Colorado building in the dusk of a summer evening," he smilingly finished, as she hesitated.

"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place!" she cried, with an excited little laugh, surveying him incredulously. "I thought your voice seemed familiar the moment I met you to-day; but I did not half see your face that night, and that it could be *you*—of course such a thing could not enter my mind." She looked at him again, as though reduced to speechlessness for the wonder of it, while he laughed amusedly, saying nothing. "Of course I guessed that you might be from Colorado, from your familiarity with the building," she presently went on; "but to think of running across you here, of all places!"

"And I fancied also that you might be from Colorado," he rejoined, looking up at her with pleased eyes. Just as she had been keen to take account of his good looks a moment ago, so was he missing no charm of the bronze-brown hair with its soft love-locks pressed flat against her forehead where her riding-cap had been, no curve of the daintily rounded form, so trimly displayed in the well-fitting habit, of the wild-rose bloom of her face with its gray eyes, that now looked black in the shadows, of the enticing lines of the small mouth, where pride and passion seemed equally blended. But, unlike her, he would make no

reservations; her beauty in his eyes was simply perfect. And he could not say that he had not seen her face on the night of which she spoke; in the gleam of the electric lights he had admired her then just as he did now, and not one detail of her loveliness had been forgotten. "I was so sure of it, indeed, that I hung round the building for days, hoping you would come again; but you never did."

"No; we left for the East the next morning," she explained, her cheeks grown rosier for this frank confession. "That was the reason I was so anxious to have my jacket. It was such a shock to me to find the building closed for the night; I believe I was on the verge of bursting into tears when you appeared. What a funny little adventure it was! I shall never forget how I stood outside and trembled while you prowled about hunting my property. I think I counted on nothing less than arrest for us both if you were discovered."

"It might have been temporarily embarrassing; but you had the check to show that the coat was yours; and since they had carelessly neglected to bolt the one side of the door to the floor, so that the lock gave way so easily—well, they should have been thankful that only such honest folk went in."

"You were so kind," she returned, her eyes very bright as she looked down at him. "I am sure you did not guess that night how grateful we were,—we were so tongue-tied with excitement,—so wholly upset. But afterward—I would have been so glad of an opportunity to thank you again. It troubled me to think we had said so little when you had been so kind."

"It was more than kind of you not to think it presumption," he answered her, flushing with pleasure. "I confess it rather looked like that to me, when you had so courteously dismissed me at the door of the Colorado building and I persisted in still keeping you in sight down the walk."

"But what a relief it was to me to find you there when that alarm came and the fire-company came rushing by and the crowd jostled me about! It was so soon after the Cold Storage disaster, and the idea of fire threw me into a panic, to say nothing of the fact that the crowd seemed disposed to trample me to earth without perceiving me at all. I was so grateful to you for seeing me," she added, smiling down at him with perhaps more of kindness than she knew in the depths of her eyes. "You seemed like an old friend then,—a friend in need."

"And how grateful I was to that fire-alarm for giving me the chance to assume the attitude!" he eagerly exclaimed. "And when I ventured to assume that it might give me a pretext to walk along beside you—ah, Miss Meredith, I trembled for my audacity then a good deal more than when I was burglarizing up in the Colorado building."

"I can hardly credit that. I remember you as perfectly cool and self-possessed," she declared, holding up her soft cap as though to shield her face from the fire, in reality making it serve as a screen to hide the blush she could feel burning upon her cheeks. "And what a mercy it was that you did come, in view of the fact that Mrs. Hallet was not waiting for me at the place we had agreed upon! With the darkness and the crowd about the electric fountains, I should have been wild if

you had not been there to help me find her. And when she had been discovered and it further developed that she had lost the child and his nurse—why, you were a regular godsend. It was such a time of mishaps.”

“You did seem rather out of luck, for a fact,” he laughed; “though when you make so much of my small services I feel anything but sympathetic in a way; I can’t be sorry that it happened. But I never clearly understood, by the way, how your friend happened to let the boy get away from her. Was it in her hunt for you?”

“Oh, no. We had left little Paul with his nurse looking at the trained animals over in the Midway late in the afternoon, arranging that they were to take supper at some place over there where the girl had a friend employed. I fancy it was her sweetheart, from her anxiety to patronize the place. At all events, it was settled that they were to be left to their own devices until seven o’clock, when they were to meet us by the electric fountains. But Mrs. Hallet and I became absorbed in haggling over some curios at one of the Algerian bazaars over by the Anthropological building, and before we knew it it was after seven o’clock. Of course she felt that she must fly to keep her appointment with little Paul, while it was hastily settled that I should take the intramural train around to the Colorado building and get my jacket, which I had left there. It had never occurred to her that she had arranged her rendezvous at the spot which was sure to be most crowded at that hour, when everybody was gathering for the illumination; but when she came there, of course it was like hunting a needle in a haystack to find the child and nurse. And then, as it grew dark, and her search continually appeared more hopeless, while I also failed to come back, the poor woman was simply wild. It seems very funny in retrospect,—such a chapter of incidents; but it did not appeal to our sense of humor at the time.”

“I should say not,” he sympathetically rejoined, adding, with good cheer essentially masculine, “But you came out of it all right.”

“Thanks to you. And now to have you come a second time to rescue me from despair!” She paused expressively, looking at him as though in new amazement as she reflected upon the strangeness of such happenings. “Did you recognize me at once?—but I remember—you called me by my name. Now I think of it, though, I am surprised that you know my name. I did not suppose that I mentioned it that night.”

“You did not; but I heard your friend call you ‘Dorothy,’” he confessed. “It is not very common—the name; and Dorothy Meredith was the only Dorothy to be found in twenty pages of the visitors’ book at the Colorado building. I had plenty of time to look—while I was waiting for you to come.” His face had flushed deeply, and there was a curious light in his eyes as he smiled up at her.

It flashed upon the girl that to a woman who loved him he would be simply adorable with that smile upon his face; and then her cheeks too reddened for the froward thought, and she hastily looked away as she murmured a comprehensive “Oh!”

“I felt almost certain of the name,” he went on, “but you made

your address cruelly vague, don't you know? It was simply Colorado. There was not even a hint as to where you might be found in Chicago."

"Oh, it was simply a tribute of loyalty to Colorado, signing the name at all," she hurriedly rejoined, embarrassment growing upon her for the frank admission of how much he had cared to see her again. "And then I am rather like the man who was born down Cape Cod and all along shore: I could hardly lay claim to any fixed place of abode."

"No?" he returned, interestedly, the tone courteously interrogative.

"I was born in Colorado," she explained, with an air of friendly confidence; "but the altitude never agreed with my mother, and when I was twelve years old she took me East, partly that I might be educated there, and partly for the sake of her own health. Since then I have only been back for occasional visits; but I have always called Colorado home. And now I suppose I shall be here more." Her face clouded over, as after a brief hesitation she added, "My mother died last spring."

"Indeed," he murmured. Seeing that he seemed casting about in his mind for further comment, the girl hastened to add, with kindly garrulity, "We were to have gone abroad this summer, papa and I, but just at the last minute we were stopped by a wretched lawsuit here at Windy Gulch. Perhaps, by the way, you know my father,—Colonel Meredith."

"Yes; I know him," the young man admitted, rather dryly, as it seemed, dragging his box a little farther from the fire, which brought his face more into shadow, irrelevantly adding, in a tone which somehow struck the girl as odd, "And so it was this lawsuit which brought you to Windy Gulch and gave me the pleasure of meeting you again?"

"Yes. It is strange how things turn out, is it not?" She looked at him with rather a baffled feeling, conscious of a vague sense of irritation. For her own part, she had been so cordially frank; there was even a rankling suspicion in her mind that she had been more friendly than the conditions might warrant. Only by reciprocal confidence could he relieve the situation from awkwardness now. "And do you live here—at Windy Gulch?" she went on, curiosity in her glance.

"That is my post-office address," he said, devoting himself to putting more wood on the fire, with rather an inscrutable smile. "I live—so far as it can be called living—up at my mine. Which reminds me," starting up abruptly, contrition in his air, "I promised you that I would ride over to the Grubstake and let your father know that you are all right. I had almost forgotten it; but would you like me to go now?"

"What! and leave me alone here?" Dorothy cried, in a tone of sharp protest.

"Not unless you like, of course."

"The fact is, I have been thinking that papa might not be there himself," she went on. "He rode over to Tomtown this afternoon to see a surveyor there, a Mr. Brigham. It is a bad road, you know, and, with the storm and all, it seems as though he might have been detained, does it not?"

"I should think it quite probable," the young man returned, look-

ing at her with an expression of keen interest. "He rode over to see Brigham, did you say?" And then, an odd, shamefaced look upon his face, he added, prefacing the hurried explanation with a note of laughter that seemed strangely forced, "Brigham is rather a friend of mine, you see."

"Is he?" Miss Meredith returned, looking at him in vague surprise. "I fancy papa does not know him very well. In fact, he——"

"Don't, Miss Meredith! you must not!" he brusquely interrupted. "I was a cad to let you say a word about him; but——" He rose hurriedly, leaving the sentence unfinished, while he went to the door and looked out with an air of seeing nothing. "I beg a thousand pardons," he said, gently, presently turning back, seeming very big and broad-shouldered as he stood looking down at her, "but the fact is, your father has a lawsuit on—you spoke of it a moment ago; and in such cases even trivial things—admissions that might seem almost nothing—might really make grave mischief. Especially under the circumstances—well, I should be very sorry to take an unfair advantage by letting you say anything you might afterward be sorry for, you know."

"But I have not said anything!" the girl protested, looking wholly bewildered. "I don't understand."

"No; you have not said anything," he said, soothingly, his eyes seeming to entreat her forgiveness. "Only—pardon me for offering advice—if I were you, Miss Meredith, I would never speak to a stranger of your father's movements. Of course in nine cases out of ten no harm might be done; but then, again, you might regret it."

"I think my error in the present case was in assuming that you were not—a stranger," her face flushed an angry red, frank mortification in her eyes. "But has it not stopped raining? I thought as you opened the door that it seemed almost clear."

"Blundering chump that I am, I have made you hate me!" he impetuously exclaimed.

"Oh, by no means," her chin very much in the air. "I never trouble to hate strangers."

"But it was a mere question of time, I suppose," he gloomily went on, hardly addressing the remark to her. "Soon or late you were bound to have it in for me."

There was startled questioning in the girl's swift glance, and then she looked away. "Did you say it had stopped raining?" she asked, stiffly, after a moment.

"I believe it has," he dully rejoined, going to the door to look out again. "Yes; it has stopped. I suppose I would better go for the horses."

The spirit of frank good-fellowship in which they had renewed their unconventional acquaintance in the shelter of the old hut seemed to have been lost in its shadows. In almost sullen silence they rode along over the rough trail, making toward the turning to the Mascot mine. At first she coldly protested against his coming with her, but he said that it had grown too late for him to ride on then to the ranch for which he had started out; he would have to make the trip another

day; and now, if she did not really mind, he would prefer to go back. With chill indifference Miss Meredith assented, and then they rode along with the silence scarce broken but for the plashing fall of garnered rain-drops from the branches overhead and the sucking sound of the horses' hoof-beats in the sodden ground. Once he turned to ask if she found the motion painful for her wrist; and again, when they came to the point where she had missed the way, he remarked that it would have been strange if she had discovered a trail so hidden by the crowding, quaking aspens; but she answered him only in monosyllables, and he presently abandoned all effort toward sociability.

They were equally relieved, perhaps, when they finally came out upon the brow of the hill at the west of the Mascot mine. The constraint was becoming almost unbearable. "It will not be necessary for me to bore you much longer, you see," the young man observed, a touch of satire in his smile. For the narrowness of the way they had been riding single file, and he had waited here for her to come up beside him.

"You are going to stop—there?" she exclaimed, looking down the wide draw to where the group of bare, unpainted buildings clung to the steep hill-side.

"Yes. You had already guessed it, had you not?—that I am Harvey Neil of the Mascot?" looking her hardily in the eyes, with an assumption of cool nonchalance. "I did not introduce myself before, because——"

"Because you knew that I would be drenched a hundred times over rather than accept any favor from Harvey Neil of the Mascot," she flashed out, her eyes ablaze with wrath. She was surprised at the vehemence of her feeling, at the poignant sense of disappointment and ill usage which was filling her with desire to visit with fierce punishment his air of smiling unconcern. "I suppose it seemed to you a joke to take me in,—to delude me with talk of your acquaintance with my father,—to let me go on as though you had been an old friend, until I had been betrayed to such frankness of speech that even you were ashamed of the mean advantage you were taking. I did guess after that; at least I thought there must be something; but I could not—I *would* not believe it could be so bad as this. I was so sure that you were a gentleman!"

"See here, Miss Meredith, you are going too far," he interposed, authoritatively, a light in his eyes before which her angry glance wavered. "I did not force myself upon you: you must remember that. I ran across you by accident, just as I did at the World's Fair. I found you in a pouring rain, your wrist sprained and your horse foundered. In common decency I could do no less than take you to shelter; and—I tried to behave like a gentleman; you must at least give credit for the intention. I did not talk of any acquaintance with your father: I merely admitted that I knew him when you asked me. As to deluding you into imprudent speech, it was my fatal blunder that I stopped you at the very first word in the smallest degree compromising. I *could* not take advantage of you in such a way; and when you are calmer you will know that I could not."

"But it was not honest to let me go on for a moment supposing that you were a friend," the girl returned, implacably, gazing straight ahead.

"I *was* a friend—I am—to you, Miss Meredith," he impetuously replied. "Heaven knows *we* have no quarrel, whatever may lie between your father and me. I did not venture my name for that very reason; it was so sweet to meet you again so nearly on the footing of an old friend. So long as I had no name, you thought me a gentleman—you have said so; and for just so long you accorded me the same measure of kindness that you might have given to any other man under the same circumstances. It was a stolen pleasure, certainly; but it has given me one good hour to remember out of many bad ones at Windy Gulch. If you grudge it to me, I am sorry; but for the thing itself—my sin of omission, if you please—I shall not pretend to be sorry in the least. I am glad of it, and always shall be, whatever you have to say, Miss Meredith."

The girl rode on for a couple of minutes in silence, with a little scornful air of ignoring his existence; then, as though of a sudden bethinking herself, she looked around, her cheeks flaming red, her eyes shining with a brightness which seemed perilously akin to tears. "I suppose it would be a waste of time to discuss the point of honor in the case," she said, tartly. "And I am sure I need not trouble you to come any farther, Mr.—Neil," bringing out the name with evident disrelish.

"All right," he acquiescently rejoined, checking his horse at once. "But—I wish we could part friends, Miss Meredith."

"Ah, we can never be friends,—never! Can you not see that?"

There was an odd flash in Harvey Neil's eyes as he leaned forward, intently regarding her averted face for an instant, and his voice was exquisitely gentle as he impetuously exclaimed, "I believe you are almost as sorry to say that, Miss Meredith, as I am to hear you. And if that is so, we *are* friends, in spite of everything."

"Never!" she vehemently retorted, giving the horse a smart touch with the whip; and without another word she dashed away down the hill, leaving him looking blankly after her.

IV.

The road below the Mascot mine, always wet in places from seeping springs, had been badly gullied by the rain, but Dorothy had no care for safety as she blindly dashed down the steep hill. She felt altogether shaken and unnerved by this fortuitous reviviscence of an adventure which had lingered in her memory as a cherished bit of romance.

As she had truthfully told him, in the hurry and perturbation of the World's Fair encounter she had had hardly a thought to spare for the looks of the young fellow whom chance had sent to play a knightly part; still less had there been opportunity to learn his name or aught else about him, beyond the patent facts that he had been charmingly zealous in her service and that his manner had been precisely

what the manner of a gentleman should be under such circumstances, deferential and wholly unpresuming. That she should ever meet him again she was altogether too practical to imagine; but the picture of him which had remained with her, for the very vagueness of its outlines, had always had strong hold upon her fancy. In the extravagance of youth's delight in adventure, she had liked to magnify the romance of the episode by endowing the hero with every grace, until unconsciously to herself he had developed to an ideal, altogether transcending the common run of men.

And now in a moment the fair god was rudely toppled to earth. He was Harvey Neil, an unprincipled adventurer, who by misrepresentation and fraud and by clever play upon the fallibility of the law would strive to despoil his neighbor. He had dared to accuse her father of stealing a fortune out of the Mascot mine: he would brand him as a common thief, simply to attain his own iniquitous ends. "A regular bunco game," her father had tersely characterized the suit which had been brought against him. A bunco game! and devised by him who had been idealized in her mind as a very Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

Youth resents so fiercely its disillusionments! She could have wept angry tears for the sense of loss, of cruel grievance, in this ruthless shattering of her ideal.

She had nearly reached that point far down the hill where the road leading up to the Grubstake branched away to the east in an acute angle, when her eyes fell upon the handkerchief still bound about her wrist. With a little inarticulate exclamation she brought the horse to an abrupt stop, while, hurriedly undoing the damp folds, she looked back. She would not have admitted to herself that she had expected to see him glued to the spot where she had left him, absorbed in sentimental contemplation of her back; but her ill humor was not a little augmented by the fact that he had wholly vanished from sight, while nobody appeared whom she could call to her assistance.

Acting upon the first impulse, she turned to go back up the hill, but with a second thought she stopped again, perplexedly studying the situation. One small cabin, somewhat apart from the other buildings of the mine, she instinctively settled upon as Neil's private quarters; and she was half disposed to ride up to the door forthwith and boldly tender him this bit of his equipment, of which she so keenly longed to be rid; but with reflection appeared a dozen reasons why she should not do that, not the least of which was her nervous dread of again encountering Neil himself. She must return the handkerchief by some messenger, she decided, with sharp dislike for the very sight of it, thrusting it down into her saddle-pocket, as she turned back again to the Grubstake road.

Colonel Meredith was standing just within the shaft-house door with the superintendent of the mine as Dorothy rode up, both so much occupied with their conversation that for the moment neither looked up. There was something in her father's attitude which suggested to the girl's mind that he must have very lately arrived himself, and with the thought she found herself glancing back down the road with a little

start of apprehension as she reflected how near he might have been to seeing her ride down the hill on the other side, in company with Harvey Neil. She had had no distinct thought of concealing that circumstance till this moment; but now of a sudden it appeared clear that it might be far more conducive to her peace of mind to keep to herself the adventures of that afternoon.

With all the off-hand good-fellowship which existed between them, there was really very little in common between Dorothy Meredith and her father. As a child, when by her mother she had been taken to live in the old family home at Brooklyn, her father had been to her as a fairy prince whose occasional visits had meant lavish gifts and unlimited indulgence. She had been fond of him, in frank, childish selfishness, for what he did rather than what he was to her,—after the canny method of children, who see so much of that to which they are supposed to be blind, half guessing at the incompatibility which led her parents to dwell so much apart, and instinctively divining somewhat of the jealous regard of each for her, by means of which she might, as it were, pit one against the other to attain her own small ends. As she grew older, the colonel, always handsome and debonair, gradually assumed a good-humored elder-brother attitude, which perhaps the girl appreciated the more for the peevish fretfulness which had grown upon the invalid mother with passing years. Her father, although, as she well knew, naturally of choleric temper, was to her generally amiable and always carelessly indulgent. He sometimes ventured upon advice or criticism, occasionally even carrying interference so far as to tease her to the verge of tears by his rather merciless gift of satire; but he never seemed to dream of demanding any actual obedience to his wishes. He appeared to regard her, indeed, as a somewhat interesting young woman, whose acquaintance, on the whole, he quite enjoyed, but whose conduct he considered rather outside the limit of his legitimate jurisdiction.

This easy-going attitude the girl had found very pleasant in the time they had been together since her mother's death. He made it clear that he liked to have her with him; but he was also at pains to have her understand that her own wishes were to have full weight in determining all her movements. When their plan of going abroad in the early summer had been broken up, the colonel had been at some trouble to mitigate her disappointment by proposing the pleasantest possible alternatives. She might have gone to any of the fashionable resorts of the East, under the chaperonage of a convenient relative; but she knew that he was pleased when she elected to go with him to Colorado instead, and even more pleased to hear her speak of it as going home. Under his cool, nonchalant reserve she knew that he was really fond of her, really anxious to make her happy; but, though in turn she was intensely loyal in her devotion to him, she could not disguise from herself the fact that in a way they still were almost strangers.

He looked up and saw her after a moment, but beyond a brief nod, conveying some surprise as well as a certain shade of disapproval, he gave her no further attention for the time, going on with his talk with

McCready, the superintendent, who also looked out to greet the girl with a smiling familiarity which she secretly resented. He was a tall, muscular fellow of some thirty years, his face presenting a certain type of coarse, bucolic good looks, of which he seemed overweeningly conscious, carrying himself with an air of complacent egotism which to Dorothy made him almost insufferable.

"Well, you made a paying trip of it this afternoon, sure," he was saying, when presently he accompanied the colonel down the steps. "If you've got Brigham solid, it's about all we want."

"Well, I guess we've got him," the colonel rejoined, stopping on the last step to button his gloves. He was a fine-looking man of the sandy-haired, ruddy blond type, carrying his thin, wiry form with an alert military grace which cheated time of no less than ten good years in the visible record of his age. There was conscious strength in the glance of his cold gray eyes; stubborn will-power in the thin-lipped mouth, half covered by a drooping blond moustache just lightly touched with gray; boundless pluck and energy in the whole poise of the man. "So you had to come out and get yourself wet?" he called out to his daughter, regarding her with frank irritation.

"Yes; I had to come," she nonchalantly returned, in no whit disturbed by his passing peevishness. "I hope I did not keep you waiting."

"As it never entered my mind that you would be here at all, in view of the rain, I can assure you that you certainly did not," he answered, his tone still caustic, but his face softening somewhat as he looked up at her youthful loveliness, glowing from her ride. He turned away to get his horse, which was fastened to a post at one side, while the superintendent came on to speak to Miss Meredith.

"You're your father's own daughter, Miss Meredith," he observed, bold admiration in his small, shifty eyes. "It takes more'n a cloud-burst to stop you when you set out to do a thing. And the colonel—I'd like to see the cyclone that would feaze him."

The girl smiled vaguely, in recognition of the intended compliment, her eyes following her father's movements. "It was quite a storm," she remarked, feeling that the pause demanded speech of some sort.

"You bet; it was a corker," Mr. McCready cordially agreed, whereat the girl smiled in a way that made him dully conscious of the coarseness of his clothes, of the redness of his large hands, of such awkwardness in his whole make-up as filled him with hot, unreasoning wrath. It was always so when he was with her; sweet and gentle as her manner was, there was something in her glance, in the quality of her smile, which always subtly suggested how wide was the gulf which lay between them, filling him with dull sense of resentment. What business had she to look down on him as though he were a mere worm of the earth, she for whom indirectly he had done so much? Had not the very dress she wore, perchance, been purchased with gold that had come from the Grubstake mine,—gold which he and he alone had caused to flow into the colonel's coffers? Did she think that she owed him no more than she might to a dog that had dropped a bone at her feet? Thus in an undercurrent his thoughts were running on, while, as it were, the other side of his nature was

fawning before her girlish arrogance. "We run across a little wire gold down in the second level yesterday," he awkwardly observed, fumbling down in his pocket, "and I picked out a specimen I thought perhaps you'd like."

"Indeed I would like it; it is lovely," she returned, more graciously than she had ever before addressed him, her eyes admiringly studying the curious formation as she took it in her hand. "Why, it is like a tangle of golden hair."

"It's not so pretty as some hair," McCready returned, boldly glancing up at her own wind-roughened locks. "But it isn't bad. If Samson had 'ave had such hair, for instance, I don't know's anybody could blame what's-her-name for shearing him."

Dorothy laughed carelessly in recognition of his wit. Absorbed in her specimen, she had hardly heard the tribute to her hair. Her conscience was smiting her somewhat for the snubbing attitude it had been her impulse to assume toward this fellow, who, in his uncouth way, was evidently disposed to all good-humored friendliness toward his employer's daughter. "It is hair that I shall greatly appreciate, at all events. It was very kind of you to give it to me," she said, nodding him a farewell as her father joined her; but when they had ridden around the first turn of the zigzag road, she observed, very decidedly, "He seems a good-natured, well-meaning man, but I don't like him, all the same. Do you?"

"Who?—McCready?" the colonel returned, staring absently ahead.

"Yes," but her father appeared to have forgotten the question. "Do *you* like him?" the girl persisted, leaning forward to look at his face.

"Great heavens! why should I?" he impatiently replied. "I never trouble myself to think whether I like a man personally or not, so long as I like the way he does the work I hire him to do. McCready keeps the mine in pay. That is the great thing, with this infernal lawsuit to soak up money like a sponge."

"What is the lawsuit about, papa?" she rather coaxingly inquired, after a moment of thought. "It occurs to me that I don't know much about it."

"That's where you're in luck. I wish I didn't."

"Mines generally appear to be quarrelling about something," she tentatively observed, by no means to be turned from her purpose by the tart tone.

"It is Heaven's way of feeding the lawyers," the colonel sententiously declared, adding, after an instant, "and the other rascals who serve as witnesses."

"Was it one of your witnesses in this lawsuit that you went to see this afternoon?" she shrewdly demanded, struck by something in the tone of the last words.

The colonel looked faintly surprised. "He is one of my witnesses *now*," he returned, with grim emphasis on the last word. "But, for heaven's sake, Dorothy, what has come over you? You remind me of your mother."

Dorothy laughed, too well accustomed to such overt attacks upon

her mother's methods to think of resenting the imputation in her behalf. The truth of the matter was that the late Mrs. Meredith, seeking to pry with ill-advised pertinacity into such matters as the colonel regarded as his own private concerns, would have been relegated to her legitimate sphere of interests with scant ceremony, while at the same time the deprecating meekness with which she had ever submitted to his brusque methods of belittling her had only served to increase boundlessly the colonel's contempt for such an unassuming type of woman. He was secretly proud that his daughter had inherited a pluckier poise, complacently persuaded that every quality he admired in her was a direct inheritance from himself; but at the same time he had a habit, which the girl, who had greatly loved her mother, keenly resented when she stopped to think about it, of coolly charging to her mother's influence whatever about her he happened not to like. "Everybody says I am so much like you!" she demurely rejoined, whereat the colonel laughed appreciatively, his passing ill humor forgotten.

"You did not answer my first question," she protested, presently, her manner making it quite apparent that rebuff had had no effect whatever upon her. "I asked you what the quarrel between the mines is all about."

"And to all intents I answered you that I considered your ignorance bliss. However, if you must know, the gist of the matter is that this man Neil claims that I have been stealing ore out of his mine."

"I knew as much as that before; but what I do not understand is upon what possible grounds he could bring such charges against you."

The colonel smiled indulgently, shrugging his shoulders. Clearly the girl was bent upon pursuing the subject to earth. "He claims that the Grubstake levels have been carried beyond the side lines into the Mascot territory. It happens that he made a very rich strike in the ground where the Grubstake lode crosses his claim. He thought he had a distinct vein,—that it was his ore all right; but when we began drifting from our side we found that our vein made a turn at that point, that it was the Grubstake lode into which he had blundered,—that being the prior location. I was in no hurry to get involved in legal controversy; I preferred to go on quietly with development work until I could be absolutely sure in the premises; and so it happened that Neil got ahead of me in this suit. I think, however, that we shall have little difficulty, when the time comes, in proving to him the error of his ways." There was cool amusement in the smile that just lifted the ends of the blond moustache.

"Do you think he can be honestly mistaken in the matter, this—person?" Dorothy asked, her cheeks flushing a little with the question, eager interest in her eyes.

"Oh, certainly. Why not? So much depends upon the point of view, you know. In Neil's place I should think the same as he does, and make the very same fight, without any question. Business is business. We can't blame a man for taking what he can get."

"Provided he gets it honestly," the young lady supplemented, in a tone of righteous severity.

"Oh, of course, provided he gets it honestly," her father agreed,

his smile rather sardonic. "Only in these times the world does not always bother itself to ask how he gets it."

They rode along for a while in silence, but Dorothy was not yet ready to abandon the subject. "I thought you said it was a regular bunco game," she presently observed.

"Did I? I dare say."

"But that would be a swindle," she persisted. "And if this man thinks he is right,—if he is only mistaken——"

"Merciful heavens, Dorothy, you make me tired!" the colonel ejaculated, his patience plainly exhausted. "The way you can harp on one string,—it is your mother right over again!"

V.

Harvey Neil rode over to Tomtown the next morning, pursuing his way thence to Orodelphia, the county seat, and the one town of considerable importance in that part of the country, where he betook himself to his attorney, Donald Bartels.

"Brigham has gone back on us," was his abrupt announcement, as he sank wearily into the chair the lawyer had hospitably pushed forward.

"No!" and Bartels looked very grave. "What are your reasons for thinking so?"

"Colonel Meredith rode over to see him yesterday. I found that out by accident, and of course my suspicions were aroused at once. To-day I rode over to Tomtown myself, and the first look at the fellow's face told me that I was right."

"Did you put the question to him straight?"

"No: where would have been the use? He was prepared to deny it, naturally. I thought it more to the purpose to raise my own bid,—and did not raise it high enough. I saw that in his face too, although he was cannily non-committal. Either he is intending to skip out before the trial, or——"

"We can have a subpoena issued for him," put in Bartels, thoughtfully. "But if he has gone over to the other side he would be of mighty little use to us. I believe you will have to raise your bid again, Neil. What did you offer him?"

"A thousand dollars if we win, and his expenses from the time I got him here. I paid him good wages as long as he was working in the Grubstake, you know."

"Yes; but you will have to make the figure a good deal more than that, I imagine, if the colonel is in the market against you. We want him, if it is a possible thing."

"Yes; but the question is, what is he worth to us?"

"Well, with the average jury, he would be worth a good deal. He not only worked in the Grubstake long enough to have the lay of the land and all his figures down pat, but he had that conversation with McCready which is worth more to us than all the rest. If we can bring him in to swear that McCready told him he didn't care

if they were on Mascot ground,—that he owed you one anyway, and he'd see that the ground was stripped so clean that there would be mighty little left for you by the time the courts could stop him,—that will be mighty good testimony for us. In fact, Brigham is our principal witness, of course, and we've got to hold on to him if it is within the range of possibility. You'd better see him and have a perfectly clear understanding at once. Find out what the colonel's figure was, and go him one better."

"And next thing the colonel will be outbidding me again, and I shall be facing the same proposition with an added cipher, I suppose," Neil gloomily rejoined. "The poor old Mascot seems to have been hoodooed from first to last."

"Oh, I don't know. I am not particularly concerned about the results in this case, I can tell you. The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Amy-Silversmith case has put a stop to all controversy in respect to an owner's right to follow his lode in its downward course beyond his side lines. The ruling is clear beyond question that the owner of a claim, where the apex of his vein crosses the side lines and not its end lines, has no extra-lateral rights at all; that is, he cannot go outside his lines upon any pretext whatever. The fact that the Grubstake was the prior location cuts no figure. As was held in the case of the Iron Silver versus the Elgin Mining Company, if the original locator of a claim cannot or does not make the explorations necessary to ascertain the true trend of his vein and draws his end lines ignorantly, he must take the consequences. The claim of the Grubstake that its vein makes a turn at the point where it crosses the Mascot, assuming that it would hold water, effectually disposes of any extra-lateral rights, by virtually conceding that the apex of the vein crosses the side line. It only remains for us to prove the continuance of the Mascot vein, which, with the developments you have been making, should be easy enough. Oh, no; if we only get the right kind of a jury, I have no apprehensions as to the verdict."

"But what possible chance have we to get the right kind of a jury?" returned the young man, dejectedly, regarding the cigar he was nervously turning in his fingers as though the fact that it had gone out was one more happening in the train of ill luck that pursued him. "It seems to me that the average jury is simply a pack of asses."

"Too true. But asses may sometimes be led by the nose, you know."

"And sometimes they are up for sale to the highest bidder."

"Oh, as to that, you know the sheriff, and if you think that Meredith is going to touch him with any ordinary figures——"

"In the case of Brigham we seem to have evidence that the colonel is capable of extraordinary figures upon occasion."

"Well, he can afford to pay a pretty liberal percentage to win, for a fact," Bartels imperturbably rejoined. "But you carry a check-book as well as he. To tell the truth, though, the jury is not troubling me; I am a good deal more disposed to be doubtful about the judge; although as to him—well, I may be borrowing trouble."

"Why, what's the matter with him?" And the match which he had lighted was allowed to burn Neil's fingers in his surprise. "I thought Duval was all right."

"Well, so he is, probably," returned the lawyer, with some embarrassment. "Only—well, I accidentally discovered the other day that he had been mixed up with the colonel in some mining deals down in Mexico. I don't know what it amounts to; I don't know that he would dare go too far anyway; but——"

"Can't we get a change of venue?" demanded Neil, looking worn and sick.

"Oh, I don't think it would do to go as far as that. It would prejudice him against the case; and if he were predisposed against us of course he would oppose the motion, and—— Oh, no; it would hardly pay us to make such a break as that, all things considered. But I was thinking, if he could be approached just right——"

"Again the check-book might prove mightier than pen or sword," exclaimed Neil, bitterly, as he bent to scratch a new match against his boot-sole. He relighted his cigar, smoking for a moment in gloomy silence before he added, "And this is justice in Colorado!"

"It is life; not much worse in Colorado than in the rest of these United States, I fancy. As Senator Ingalls puts it, 'Purity in politics is an iridescent dream.' He might have gone further and said that purity in anything is a dream little likely to be realized before the millennium. But don't take it all too seriously, Neil. As I said before, I doubt if Duval would dare go too far in any case. He is working for re-election. And our main reliance is on the jury, anyway, and with them you certainly have an equal chance with the other side."

"For which I should be lifting my eyes in thanks to heaven and devoting myself to burnt-offerings and sacrifices, I suppose," rejoined Neil, hotly. "By Jove, Bartels, look at it! Can you imagine a greater outrage? Here I give up some of the best years of my life to toiling and moiling in that mine, laboring like a convict, until at last I make a strike. A rich strike; but what has it cost me? Nobody knows, who has not tried it, what it takes out of a man to live and work for years like that. He pays the price of success out of his very arteries; he is just so much the poorer in actual life-blood; he has burned out that much of his candle of life, and it is gone, never to be regained. He is old, and all the wealth of the world will never give him back his squandered youth. It would seem, considering all things, that he should be entitled to his paltry wages; but, far from that, every highwayman in the land is at liberty to harass and despoil him, provided only the methods are chosen with reference to the accommodating blindness of the law. Colonel Meredith walks into my mine and steals my ore: I call upon the courts for redress, and justice, in beautiful impartiality, grants Colonel Meredith as well as myself an injunction, shutting me out of my own ore body until an addle-pated jury can decide to whom it really belongs. If a tramp should come along and steal my coat, I could have him sent up for sixty days, with hardly the delay of an

hour; but this high-toned thief can rob me of thousands, and my only redress seems to be to allow judge and jury and witnesses to rob me of thousands more. I tell you, Bryan of Nebraska was about right when he proposed as an amendment to the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal in small quantities.' It is enough to make a man swear."

"Well, swear, then: it may do you good," laughed the lawyer, but his glance was sympathetic. "It is tough, for a fact, Neil. But you've gone a little too far over to the pessimistic side now. It might be worse."

"That is such a consolation!" ejaculated the young man, savagely. They smoked on in silence for a few moments, when in a milder tone he went on to say, "By the way,—of course it might be worse,—but I believe the Grubstake folks are shipping ore out of the enjoined ground right along."

"You do?" and Bartels looked a good deal roused. "How is that?"

"They claim to have made a strike of low-grade truck in their hundred-and-fifty-foot level, where they are drifting east to connect with the old tunnel for drainage; and they have a couple of men ostentatiously sorting on the dump; but I have had my suspicions all along. Last night one of my men brought me a couple of samples which he had got by begging a ride down on one of their wagons and running a knife into some of the ore-sacks while the driver was at dinner. I made assays at once; and it was not low-grade stuff by a long way. The first ran a trifle over three thousand in gold to the ton, while the second went up to over seven; and if both didn't come out of the Mascot vein I would be willing to eat the whole shipment."

"But if there is any such business as that going on, we'll have an order from the court for an examination at once," protested Bartels, warmly. "It doesn't seem possible."

"I suppose you would have me take my check-book—to get the order from the court," sarcastically rejoined Neil, who was in a very ugly mood indeed. "But I think I know a cheaper and an easier way to get there. It would hardly pay to send a cat to catch your mice with a bell around her neck. By the time we could get to the Grubstake with our order from the court, the chances are that some underground telegraph would have given the alarm, and not a man would be found nearer the disputed territory than the fellows on the dump outside. The thing to do is to get there while they're at work and catch them at it; and I've a notion to undertake that same bit of sleuthing for myself. One of my men is making love to the sister of a fellow working on their night shift, and thinks he has rather a pull with the outfit. He is working up a deal to let me borrow the other fellow's clothes and take his job for a night."

"But that is nonsense," protested the lawyer, with strong disapproval. "The mine is still guarded, I suppose?" He paused for Neil to give a nod of assent. "It might be as much as your life is worth. You know the feeling of the Miners' Union toward you. Not a man on the Grubstake force, I dare say, but would jump at the chance to do you a mischief if he had a fair pretext. And I am not

afraid of their underground telegraphy. An examination would show well enough what they had been up to; and if there is a chance of Brigham going back on us, we would better have that anyway."

"Well, I have a fancy for looking into the thing myself," returned Neil, obstinately. "Your point is well taken, of course, and we'll have the order from the court for a regular examination as soon as it can be fixed. But, meanwhile, I believe I shall take a look myself if I get the chance."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," Bartels ominously persisted; "not until your estate is in better shape to stand the disturbance of a funeral, anyhow."

Neil laughed, shrugging his shoulders, as he rose to go. "But I had almost forgotten the last item of trouble," he irrelevantly exclaimed, turning about as he reached the door.

"You don't mean that there is another!" ejaculated the lawyer, with a laugh of joking dismay. "Well, I don't wonder you are down."

"I should say not. And in this instance another fellow is down as well. The superintendent of the mine is laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, and from the doctor's report to-day it looks as though there would be hardly a chance in a hundred of his getting upon his legs again in time to be in court when the case is called. His testimony doesn't amount to much, to be sure; but to have it happen goes to prove, as I said before, that the case is hoodooed from first to last."

"We need all the help we can get," rejoined Bartels, gravely. "We can take his deposition *de bene esse*, of course; but we should have to apply to the court for leave and give the other side time for cross-examination, you know. It would make delay."

"Then, in heaven's name, let us do without him," exclaimed Neil, with an air of desperation. "I would rather run any chances than drag along this way a day longer than necessary. Let us know the worst and be done with it."

"Oh, in this case it will be the best,—never fear, old fellow. Only we want to make as good a fight as we can. Perhaps we can get along without your man, though; I will think it over and decide. Meanwhile, take care of yourself, and, above all else, keep out of the Grubstake, if you value your neck."

VI.

Windy Gulch appeared bare and baking in the sultry afternoon sunshine as Dorothy Meredith idly looked out upon its one dusty street from her window at the Palace Hotel. The Palace, a flimsy, two-storied frame structure, wholly unpretentious except as to name, occupied a position well to the centre of the place, its back to the creek which disputed with the road for right of way all through the narrow defile in which the camp had located itself. Across the street was a general store, which also served as post-office, flanked on either side by saloons, that to the west being joined to an unfinished building of

which the sun-browned timbers told of work long since abandoned, the one on the east followed by a small log house set well back from the street, which gave it an air of burrowing into the steep hill-side behind. Farther along, as one looked in either direction, were to be seen other stores and saloons, the latter considerably predominating, their lines broken at near intervals by the door-yards of modest residences, where the home-making instinct struggled against heavy climatic odds in a sickly showing of geraniums and morning-glories. There were a Chinese laundry and a bakery; a rickety frame blacksmith-shop flaunting a covering of out-of-date circus-posters, and an unpretentious drug-store, developed out of the office of the one physician, who generally attested the healthfulness of the place by sitting all day long before his door, idly occupied with literature which bore no outward resemblance to medical treatises.

The houses were generally of logs, the few of frame for the most part left unpainted, and, like their more primitive neighbors, wearing an air of premature age and decrepitude from the dark brown stains which the fierce Colorado sunshine had wrought on those sides which looked to east and west. Few were of more than a single story in height, although the stores and saloons, as a rule, had reached after more imposing effect in the square sham fronts so popular in mining-camp architecture, while these had further emphasized their pretensions to style by washes of paint in which a preference for pure white had with the passage of time brought a painfully bedraggled appearance to the dusty place.

Rising abruptly behind the shabby procession of buildings on that side facing the hotel was a mighty hill terminating in castellated heights of red sandstone, a mass of color showing in superinduced brilliancy above the faded slopes which appeared dead beyond any hope of resurrection: and the stunted, dull-hued pines sparsely dotting the expanse gave scarce more vivid showing of life. All up and down this color-starved surface yawned prospect-holes beyond counting, a few gray dump piles at intervals telling of deeper work; the smaller number still that had gone so far as to erect shaft-houses being now for the most part deserted. It is the common background of the mining camp, this disproportionate showing of failure and success; and especially were failure and gaunt woe most in evidence in Windy Gulch in this summer-time of 1894, for its veins were mostly rich only in silver, the ill-omened metal at this time cast into limbo by the powers that shape the financial policy of the world.

But the camp wore an air of lethargic indifference to all its ills on this warm August afternoon. Its day began early, when the steam whistles of the working mines shrilly cried out for change of "shifts," and up and down the hills on every side the miners, always with tin dinner-pails swinging in their hands, might be seen going to or coming from their labors like straggling processions of overgrown ants. Then women, bareheaded and bare-armed, came out to fetch water from the creek or to stand gossiping at their doors, while with loud cracking of the driver's whip the stage for Orodelfia would wheel up before the post-office to have the lean mail-sack heaved on board with mighty

show of importance. And after the stage would come a disjointed following of men on horseback and dusty couples in open carts; more often still heavy freight-wagons laden with ore, and others piled high with fresh lumber exhaling clean, resinous odors; all these cumbrous conveyances with a gay jangling of bells at the horses' heads, for the road down the cañon was narrow, and for safety's sake it behooved that all give warning of their coming.

All this was in the early morning, for the majority would choose to have the day before them for the long, hard trip to town, making their homeward way when the shadows had begun to lengthen and the air had grown cool. Now in mid-afternoon nothing disturbed the sleepy calm of the place save a few children and chickens pottering about in the thick dust of the street, the one brood apparently as listless and void of purpose as the other. Across the way, the postmaster, secure in the belief that nobody would come bothering him for either mail or merchandise at this hour of the day, smoked in dreamy content, his thin form luxuriously telescoped in a wooden arm-chair, his long legs disposed across an iron wheelbarrow, which was evidently a part of his stock in trade. The saloon-man next door was visibly snoring, his mouth a very cavern of escaping sound; while so long a time had elapsed since the doctor had turned a page of his book that it would seem he might well have committed the last to memory. There was a soft, broken murmur from the creek, a drowsy swish of leaves among the cottonwoods along its banks, and the stamp-mill at the far end of the place went on in a dull monotone, like a devil's tattoo that would never stop; but withal it seemed deadly quiet.

Dorothy Meredith yawned helplessly as she turned from her outlook behind the dusty lace curtains of the Palace Hotel parlor to purposeless survey of the large, bare room. She had brought her book here in the hope of finding a cooler place than her room on the floor above; it was cooler, but the atmosphere seemed oppressively close, while there was that in the stiff arrangement of the conventional parlor suit of cheap furniture which somehow conveyed the impression that the apartment was not intended for every-day use. Now that she was here, Dorothy found herself instinctively stepping about on tiptoe, with a vague sense of intrusion, very soon deciding that even as a choice of evils the place would not do. She only halted while fretfully considering whether she should return to her room and take a nap or shake off creeping lethargy by going for a walk, determining finally to take her chances out of doors, although it seemed well-nigh like courting sunstroke.

But she loitered by the window a moment longer, now moved to idle curiosity by the sound of hoof-beats coming down the road, a small mischievous hope stirring in her mind that it might be somebody to pester the postmaster for mail or rouse the saloon-man from his dreams. But the rider had naught to do with either of these, as it soon appeared. He rode straight on to the doctor's office, a man who sat his horse with the easy, slouching grace of one accustomed to much riding, a young man at sight of whom Dorothy drew back hastily behind her sheltering curtain, her face all a warm, pink glow.

It had been three days since her adventure in the storm, and, indisposed to ride by reason of the lingering lameness of her wrist, she had kept rather closely to her room, until now seeing nothing of Harvey Neil. She caught her breath sharply, the hot flush deepening upon her cheeks as she saw him sweeping the hotel with a keen glance, guessing that his thought might be of her, and devoutly thankful for the screen of lace which afforded her safe covert to watch him undetected. He had exchanged his miner's clothes for a well-fitting suit of gray with russet leggings to his knees, wearing a soft gray hat by no means so disreputable in appearance as the one that had framed his head the other day. He had been good-looking then, but he was handsome now as he stood talking with the doctor, his attitude instinct with the unconscious grace of splendidly developed strength, as he slightly leaned against his horse, with one hand caressing its neck. Something was evidently amiss with one of the animal's hind legs, at which the doctor was looking, the two men standing for several moments in earnest discussion of the trouble, after which they disappeared within the shop together.

Dorothy could hardly have told the meaning of her sigh as after a little she saw him come out and ride away, back over the road he had come. She had so far recovered from her rancor that he no longer appeared to her the unprincipled adventurer her unbridled indignation had at first assumed that her father's enemy necessarily must be. Her father had said that the young man might well be honestly mistaken, even averring that in Neil's place his attitude might have been the same. She was glad to accept this justification for him. It reinstated her World's Fair hero in her respect, although she could not feel that it narrowed the gulf which circumstances had brought between them. To assume that he was the victim of error was to say that he held honestly to the belief that her father was no better than a common thief. To call it misunderstanding could not alter the fact of his actual attitude; and so long as this was so, Dorothy felt that any friendship between them must be out of the question. For her father's daughter, from his stand-point of belief, he could hardly have even common respect to give; while, as her father's daughter, it seemed clear to her that she could show no favor to this Harvey Neil without in a way being a traitor to her father's cause. But, while this conclusion appeared to her simply inevitable, she knew in her heart that she was sorry for it, knew that in spite of herself she must acknowledge a sort of wilful liking for him which cold reason had not power to argue down.

She was roused from her reverie by a scraping of chairs on the wooden sidewalk outside the window, and, reminded of the walk she had been going to take, was starting up-stairs to fetch her hat, when she was diverted from the purpose again by the remark of an unseen speaker, who had just established himself there in the shade.

"Pears like that horse of Neil's is kinder goin' back on him," he drawlingly observed, punctuating the remark by a sibilant expectoration of tobacco-juice far out into the street. "He does have such luck, that feller. Seems like everything is jest natchelly foreordained to go back on him the minute he gits ahold of it."

"Sandy, though; never quite loses his grip," another voice lazily supplemented, accepting the first statement as beyond argument. "Speakin' of that, how's that case of his with the colonel comin' out, d'you think?"

"Well, I ain't bettin' on that at this stage of the game," was the response, in a tone expressive of the speaker's confidence that he was cannily up to snuff; "but if I was, my money would go down on the colonel, sure. He's a bird, that old duffer. If you have any dealin's with him you want to git up pretty early in the mornin' 'n' hang on to the end of the rope that's got the knot in it, or it will be slippin' through your fingers with a 'now-you-see-it-'n'-now-you-don't!' Why, they talk about Jay Gould comin' out here to Colorader 'n' jumpin' a hull railroad: I tell you Jay wa'n't in it 'side of Colonel Randolph Meredith when he gits *his* jumpin' pants on. He'd jump a church if he took a notion, 'n' then he'd go to law 'n' beat the preacher 'n' the hull congregation. 'N' now he's took a fancy to jump the Mascot—well, Neil's a goner, the way I look at it."

"But the colonel 'ain't got no case," argued the other, dispassionately. "You know how 'twas. Never a smell of mineral in the Grubstake till they relocated, floppin' round the side lines so's to take in the Mascot's best ground."

"Well, I ain't for arguin' about that. All I'm sayin' is that the colonel says the vein's hisn, 'n' what the colonel says generally goes with a jury, I've noticed. He's got a way with him that seems to catch 'em."

"Catches 'em in their pockets," laughed the other, appreciatively.

"Sure. 'N' if Neil thinks he's playin' against a square game—well, probably he knows better'n that. Everybody knows what the colonel is. 'N' when it comes to goin' to law against him—well, Neil's bitten off more'n he can chew, in my opinion." And here for the moment the argument paused.

Dorothy turned away from the window, walking the length of the room, where she stopped, blankly staring at a group of enlarged photographs massively framed in black walnut, faces so unprepossessing that in an undercurrent of thought she was dully marvelling that family affection could be so lacking in family pride as thus to expose them to public view. But, while striving to believe that the conversation to which she had just listened had left her wholly unmoved, that she held it as altogether beneath her notice, she knew that she was trembling with angry excitement. She fairly burned with wild desire to go out and silence those calumniating tongues with such scathing reproach as now in her perturbation she could hardly compose in her own mind. It was monstrous, incredible, that she should be called to listen to such arrant falsehood, such unconscionable slander. She was almost blinded with the anger that possessed her as she stood there determinedly staring at that ill-favored group of photographs; and yet, as she grew somewhat calmer, it was straight back to the window that she went. Woman-like, she could not resist the impulse to know the worst that might be said.

She had no compunction of conscience in thus playing the rôle of

eavesdropper. So far as she thought about it at all in her disturbed condition of mind, it was to argue that a conversation thus carried on on the public sidewalk could hardly assume to be private in its nature. As in honor bound, she coughed slightly to give notice of her presence as she resumed her seat; but the cough was very gentle, and if she had been disposed to self-examination she must have owned herself relieved when presently the voices went on unheeding.

"I always thought 'twas McCready put the colonel up to that job in the first place," one was now meditatively observing. "You mind he was workin' in the Mascot when they run across that slip in the hangin' wall, 'n' 'twas then, I reckon, he see his chance. He writes off to the colonel to give him a bond 'n' lease on the Grubstake, 'n' that puts the colonel onto the fact that the old claim might be wuth so'thin', 'n' over he comes 'n' looks the ground over, 'n' they fix up some kind of a deal between 'em. McCready is superintendent of the mine, 'n' up he goes, sinkin' a shaft in about the toughest ground ever was—no sort of show of mineral at all; but that don't feaze McCready; he knows what he's about; 'n' pretty soon he's driftin' straight in the direction of that little no-account crack in the Mascot hangin' wall, 'n' all of a sudden there he is with both feet. He's struck a true fissure vein that he must natchelly foller right across the Mascot's richest ground. Oh, I tell you 'twas McCready engineered that deal."

"But I notice the colonel wasn't for givin' back anythin' when Neil come claimin' that the ore was hisn'," rejoined the other voice, dryly. "But I s'pose McCready was at the bottom of the job just the same. He's always had it in for Neil along of that dynamite business."

"Yes; he's sore about that,—and no wonder. It was a clos't shave for McCready. If the Union hadn't 'a' put in its best licks to save him, I reckon he'd 'a' been in State's prison by now, instead of swellin' round as superintendent of the Grubstake. Though, 's fur as that goes, I never quite believed he done it."

"Oh, nobody believes he done it—*now*," laughed the other. "Nobody believes he ever set eyes on the old Mascot shaft-house. But, I say, what's the matter with goin' over to Jim's 'n' havin' a game of freeze-out?"—a proposition which was promptly followed by a shuffling of feet across the street.

VII.

A little way beyond the hotel at the west, Windy Gulch appeared to come to an abrupt end, its one street dividing into a couple of no less dusty though somewhat narrower roads, of which the one at the right climbed away over the hills to meet the Old Silver trail and other remote by-ways, while the other turned down among the shadows of the cottonwoods by the creek, keeping to its wavering company for a mile or more before it too was forced to higher levels on its way to the mining camp of Tomtown. This little cottonwood grove where the road started was the one touch of sylvan beauty which Windy Gulch

might boast. There was a great unpainted wooden structure, housing an abandoned process for treating ores, just at the left of the turning-point, followed by two or three cabins likewise deserted; but beyond this the trees had been left to grow old unmolested. A little way along there was an old Spanish *arastra* fallen to ruins across the creek, while the yawning mouths of shallow tunnels here and there told of somebody's failures; but paying leads had never been discovered in this quarter, and in these days Windy Gulch for the most part passed it by unheeding. Sometimes lovers came to loiter along its shaded, grass-grown road on Sunday afternoons; and more rarely yet travellers passed that way, going to or coming from Tomtown, but these latter generally chose to go around by the newer and better road that turned off down the cañon a few miles below, so that Dorothy had discovered that on weekdays she might safely count on never meeting anybody here.

But it happened on this August afternoon that Harvey Neil had started for Tomtown, hoping to consummate some sort of bargain by which his slippery colleague Brigham might be held to his duty in the forthcoming trial. He had turned aside at Windy Gulch to consult the doctor about his horse, finding that the animal had gone lame; and he was chagrined to discover, when he had gone a few miles, that in common humanity he must turn back, the trouble being so aggravated by the bad road, which in many places was but a stretch of bleaching boulders washed bare by spring-time floods: whence it happened that Dorothy's solitude on this occasion came to be invaded by the one person who most occupied her thoughts.

She had almost forgotten her indignation on her father's account in the subtle pleasure growing out of the idea that McCready was the one person responsible for all the trouble. This view of the case exactly harmonized with her preconceived opinion. She had instinctively disliked the superintendent of the mine from the outset, and now she could take to herself credit for her penetration. Her father had been misled, deceived, mainly that McCready might profit by it, might find means to gratify a private malice against the owner of the Mascot mine. She was now impulsively persuaded that Harvey Neil had been really wronged, and all because her father had been systematically led to false conclusions by this arch-plotter, who had no care for any sacrifice of honor in attaining his own evil ends. If but the proofs might be forthcoming to prove the wrong, to induce her father to withdraw and make restitution while yet there was time to vindicate his real moral blamelessness!

Harvey Neil had dismounted to spare the horse, and for a mile or more had been plodding along, leading the animal, when, just at a turn in the road as he came down into the little cottonwood grove, he stopped short in surprise at sight of Miss Meredith seated by the roadside.

The hills had here crowded down on either side of the narrow creek, great rock masses joining hands as though it had been purposed to hold back the hurrying water, which, in but madder joy as it seemed, went leaping over the low barriers in a series of foaming waterfalls,

churned to whiteness and shimmering like liquid opal in the caressing sunshine. Here the road had been blasted out of the solid rock at one side, and the débris so formed heaped up into a low wall along the water's edge; and here it was the girl was sitting, so lost in thought as to be utterly deaf to the advancing steps above the swishing and rushing of the stream.

Neil had thought the day of the storm that Miss Meredith must look her best in her riding habit, but to-day, in the simple cotton gown she wore, she seemed to him even more daintily lovely. "Ten times more charming than her father's crabbed, and he's composed of harshness," he quoted, under his breath, loitering all he might in the pace that must presently bring him beside her. Curious as he was to know how she would greet him, he yet would gladly linger to enjoy the pretty picture she made, all unconscious of any observer.

But she seemed to feel his glance by instinct, looking up with a startled air which changed to a flashing smile of welcome as she recognized him, blush and smile so surprising to Harvey Neil that as he stopped short in the road he had hardly presence of mind to lift his hat. By no stretch of the imagination could he have counted upon such greeting as this after her stern arraignment the other day.

"I beg pardon, Miss Meredith. I hope I didn't frighten you," he presently found tongue to say, with a doubtful, deprecating smile.

"Oh, not at all; only—one never meets anybody here, you know." There could be no mistaking the friendliness of her manner; and Neil's face grew brighter.

"I am an exception to prove the rule, you see," he said. "I hope you don't mind?"

"No; I am glad to meet you," she hesitantly returned, to his further amazement. "I want—to apologize."

"To apologize,—you! I cannot possibly imagine why, Miss Meredith; though if it makes you in the least glad to see me, of course I am thankful for the notion, whatever it is. But it is I who should apologize. It has been on my mind, ever since I met you, how mean it was of me to mislead you so, to enjoy your kindness under false pretences. I told you the other day that I was not sorry, that I never should be; but all the while I think I knew that I was bound to be ashamed of myself sooner or later."

"But I do not think it was so very heinous," murmured the girl, with a little smile, as she resumed her seat upon the rock, seeming not to notice as, after a doubtful glance at her, he ventured also to establish himself on an adjoining bit of the wall. "It would have been worse if you had pretended that you did not know my name, as you might easily have done."

"Oh, no; I could not, for you told me yourself, if you will remember. You were so kind. But you are kinder now, Miss Meredith, if you really forgive me. I was afraid the other day that you never would."

"I was taken by surprise the other day," she hurriedly rejoined, her eyes upon the flowers in her hand, which she had begun rearranging. "And I knew so little about the trouble between papa and you: I

always do know so little of papa's business. Of this I had only an idea that somebody was trying to prove that he had stolen a vast sum of money out of that somebody's mine,—claiming that he was in fact little better than a common thief. Naturally, I did not feel very kindly disposed toward that somebody."

"But now your views have modified?" he eagerly questioned.

"I think I understand the case a little better," she hesitatingly returned, avoiding his glance.

"It is so kind of you to say that." He was silent a moment, absently gathering up from the road a few pebbles, which he threw one by one into the nearest waterfall. "And do you know, Miss Meredith, much as I have always regretted the trouble between the mines, I have never regretted it so much as now—since meeting you again?"

"Then, if that is so," she impulsively returned, only the deepening flush upon her cheeks betraying consciousness of the confession as it related to herself, "why will you not try to put an end to it? Why will you not see my father and explain the matter from your standpoint?—have a clear understanding and settle it all up without any more troublesome law business? I am sure it would be so much nicer."

Neil passed his hand across his moustache, brushing away as it were the smile which threatened to break into laughter at her feminine simplicity. "And I am sure also that it would be very much nicer," he agreed, his tone almost caressing in its gentleness. "I only wish we might settle it so easily; but I am afraid it would take more than my eloquence to induce your father to see the matter from my standpoint."

"But can you not see how very easily he might be deceived?" she anxiously urged. "He has not had the management of the mine himself; and if any wrong has been done——"

"You do not know how glad it makes me that you are even willing to admit the possibility of wrong having been done," he said, as she hesitated,—“to have you of your own accord giving me the benefit of a doubt, Miss Meredith. You cannot guess how sweet it is to me to feel that you are a little bit my friend in the case. Whether I lose or win, I shall always like to remember it."

"But you will not listen to any talk of compromise," she tentatively rejoined, with a disappointed air.

"Pardon me; I shall only be too glad to listen if your father will consent to such a conference. You must further pardon me, however, if I say that I am not very sanguine as to the results: though Heaven knows how gladly I would tie to any hope that—well, that would make us friends."

She did not answer anything to this; and after a moment he went to fetch back his horse, that had wandered too far, feeding by the roadside. He changed the subject as he came back. "And how is your wrist, Miss Meredith?" he asked. "It has been on my mind for several minutes that I would like to know."

"Almost perfectly well, thanks. And that reminds me—I told you that I wanted to apologize."

"And I told you that I could not possibly imagine why," smiling broadly at the idea.

"About your handkerchief, you know. I ought to have returned it to you before this, but the fact is, I did not quite know how to manage it," looking up at him with a little, embarrassed laugh, her glance shyly falling to her flowers as she went on. "You see, I did not explain to papa about meeting you the other day. I—I think it is a great nuisance explaining things."

"So it is," he cordially agreed. "And I'm awfully glad you did not bother."

"But I have been so worried about that handkerchief," she laughingly declared. "If I ventured to put it in the post-office, I knew that the postmaster would be discussing with everybody how it might happen that I, Colonel Meredith's daughter, should be sending a parcel to you; while if I sent the boy who does chores at the hotel to take it to you—well, you know the landlady's peculiarities, perhaps. She would be bound to ferret out the mystery or die in the attempt. If only I could have had a premonition that I was to meet you to-day, so that I might have brought it with me!"

"Could you not have a premonition that you would meet me some other day,—to-morrow, perhaps?" he daringly suggested.

"I had thought that I might send it to you by mail from Denver; but that would involve some delay," she returned, looking up at him uncertainly.

"But would it not be much less trouble simply to give it to me here?" he urged, ingenuously.

"You would have the trouble of coming after it," she protested, doubtfully.

He regarded her inquiringly for an instant, breaking into a hearty laugh as he saw that she was actually in earnest. "Oh, you are so considerate!" he exclaimed; "but I should not mind coming in the least. In fact, I should like it. I—think a good deal of that handkerchief, you see." And he laughed again, a glint of mischief in his eyes which called a new blush to her face.

She rose with a slight accession of dignity, hurriedly remarking that she must be going,—it was getting late.

"Must you, really?" he protested, in a tone of extreme reluctance. "But I may lead my horse along beside you, may I not? You know that one never meets anybody here."

"I suppose there is no reason why you should not come,—for a part of the way, at least."

"Thank you." He went to fetch his horse, observing as he rejoined her, thinking it wise to shift the conversation to impersonal topics for the time, "How lovely those Mariposa lilies are! I think I have never seen any quite so blue."

"Yes; are they not?" holding up the bunch for his better inspection. "I am very fond of our Colorado wild flowers,—of every sort of blossom, in fact. I would almost like to have a thanksgiving for the flowers inserted in the church service."

"Would you? I dare say we do take too much for granted in the

pleasant things of earth. But don't you think there is a certain thanksgiving that arises with every thought of appreciation? I like to feel that we do not need to put every feeling into words. Friends who love each other need not always be talking to be understood; and it would seem that the all-embracing spirit of nature that we call our God might be in such close communion with the faltering, tongue-tied soul as to understand even better than the human friend all that we leave unsaid."

"Yes,—perhaps," Dorothy murmured, eying him with somewhat of surprise in her glance.

"You do not quite agree with me."

"It is a beautiful idea," she doubtfully returned; "but is it quite orthodox?"

"Oh, perhaps not. Do you find heterodoxy unpardonable?"

"Hardly that. And such heterodoxy as yours——" She looked up at him thoughtfully, leaving the sentence unfinished. "But is it satisfying, do you think, to let things go forever unsaid?"

"Some things—perhaps not. In fact, it is extremely unsatisfying at times." He looked down at her with something in his eyes before which her glance fell, while her pace instinctively quickened. In truth, walking with her here, his thoughts had gone back to that other time at the World's Fair, when in the soft twilight she had let him walk along beside her, when in her looks, her manner, she had seemed to him the most charming bit of womankind to be encountered in the whole round world. It seemed to him now that he had been more than half disposed to love her at first sight; he was sure that had opportunity been given him then he must have wooed, perhaps have won her. And now—— "For instance, it seems a shame that I should be walking with you here and not tell you how often I have thought of you since that World's Fair night; how much I have wished that I might meet you again."

"You did not think then that I was Colonel Meredith's daughter," she impulsively exclaimed.

"And do you suppose I think of it now?—that it counts for anything as between you and me?" he impetuously replied. "To me you are simply the World's Fair lady of whom I have been dreaming for a year. You are——"

"Don't, please, Mr. Neil," she hurriedly interrupted, drawing away from him a little. "You may forget that I am my father's daughter, but I cannot. And I think I must not let you come with me any farther now: we are almost at the turn of the road, you see. Will you go on ahead, or shall I?"

"I think I would rather you did, if you don't mind. I shall see you for a few minutes longer that way." He smiled down at her rather dolefully. "But tell me first that you are not offended at anything I have said."

"No; I am not offended," she answered, very slowly, returning the smile rather against her will, as it seemed; "but—I think perhaps I ought to be—a little."

"Oh, but if you're not!" he rejoined, quickly, hesitating as though

doubtful how much of his thought he might express before he added, "It is so much that we can be friends at all."

"But the very best of friends must always part at last," she returned, her voice faltering a little, no less for the triteness of the words than for the obvious suggestion, as she stopped short in the road, rather shyly smiling up at him.

"That means that I have really reached the limit, I suppose. But you have not told me when you will come again—to bring the handkerchief." His glance dropped shamefacedly, so absurdly transparent the pretext seemed to him.

"Oh, that. I will try and find some way to send it to you, Mr. Neil. I must not come to meet you, you know. Of course it would be the simplest way, and I do not see that it would be very reprehensible, really," growing very rosy, as with the tip of one russet shoe she traced a small scroll pattern in the dust. "But it would not do; it would look—well, it would look odd, to say the least."

"And has Mrs. Grundy, perchance, a summer home up here among the trees?" he replied, his glance ranging the wooded sides of the heights on either hand, with a distinct touch of masculine contempt for such argument. "But of course it must be just as you say. And if we are not to meet again at all—well, good-by."

"Good-by," she answered, in a deprecating tone, seeming not to see the hand he held out, as she withdrew a step or two upon her way.

"The hand of Douglas is his own!" he impetuously exclaimed, refusing to ignore the little snub, which cut him to the quick. "And a moment ago I was fatuously boasting that we were friends!"

"Oh, it is not that," she murmured, with embarrassment, turning her face away. "It is only——"

"Only that, after all, you do not forget that I am really the somebody whom you have been hating, and you find that you cannot quite shake off the habit," he exclaimed, with some bitterness, though his smile betrayed a sardonic amusement at her discomfiture under the charge. "It is such a fallacy, the popular notion that woman is by nature only tender and forgiving; as a rule, I believe she is nothing of the sort, simply because she never forgets. Is it not so, Miss Meredith? Ah, well, 'By their long memories the gods are known,' and perhaps it is fitting that woman, who is so much more like the gods than we, should be particularly like them in that respect. You cannot forget the sum of my imagined offences against your father. Perhaps I should not expect it; but some day possibly time may have so far blurred the record that you can spare a thought for the fact that from the moment of our first meeting I have been your friend; that I would have been——" he stopped, startled by such a rush of feeling as until that moment he had never suspected in himself, a feeling that brought a tremor to his voice, although his eyes still clung to their mocking light, feeling so sure of utter unresponsiveness in her that he fain would laugh at his own folly—"I would have been—all that you could have permitted, Miss Meredith! But you need not look so frightened," he added, breaking off with a short laugh as he caught the

expression of her face. "I have reached the limit of my audacity, and I have nothing more to say, except—good-by."

And "Good-by" she breathlessly muttered, turning abruptly from him upon her way, with eyes fixed straight ahead in a bewildered, unseeing gaze, her thoughts flying distraught in a strange new maze of trouble, in which she yet seemed vaguely conscious of something which touched her heart with a marvellous sense of sweetness.

VIII.

If a lover could have prescience to forecast his lady's moods, he well might summon fortitude to endure her floutings, secure in compensation soon or late through her own capricious impulse; for never is a woman so disposed to sweet concession as when the sensitized conscience, in exaggerated brooding upon a past offence, has roused all the magnanimity of her nature to make atonement.

Certain it was that Dorothy would not have been quite so full of yearning kindness toward Harvey Neil that day, quite so deeply touched by his impulsive avowal of feeling, if it had not weighed upon her mind that in refusing his proffered hand-clasp she had treated him with needless severity. It had been a momentary caprice, an unreasoning impulse, to draw back somewhat from the attitude of friendly confidence in which she seemed inadvertently to have drifted somewhat too far; but now she reproached herself for the childish inconsistency, the tinge of bitterness in his tone gaining force as she repeated his last words in her mind, impelling her heart to a compunctious tenderness hitherto undreamed of. It would have been so little to concede on her part, the mere touch of her hand in a parting which might well be for all time; it would have committed her to nothing, while to him it might have been so much, because—ah, could it be true that he loved her? Considering how little he really knew her, and how irrevocably their paths were set apart by the trouble between the mines, it seemed the wildest, maddest idea for him to entertain, ridiculous to the point of pathos; and yet, remembering the look in his eyes, she could not question the sincerity of his meaning when he had said that he would have been to her all that she would have let him be. Asking nothing, expecting nothing, he had in effect laid his life at her feet,—and she had denied him even the touch of her finger-tips! And, without analyzing her feeling beyond this ground for self-reproach, Miss Dorothy felt that for her callous conduct she was but fitly punished in that she was very, very unhappy.

Colonel Meredith had been down to Orodelfia that day. Certain sounds in his room indicated that he had returned, as Dorothy passed down the hall in going to her own room; but, with a strange dread of meeting him, she hurried by, softly opening and relocking her door from the inside. And then, absently disposing of hat and gloves, she went to her trunk, searching out, in one of its many compartments, Harvey Neil's handkerchief. There was an embroidered monogram in

one corner, by reason of which, with impulsive argument quite feminine in its tenor, it had been before this settled in her mind that it was a sweetheart's gift, while with the thought had been sometimes in her mind a cavilling sense of resentment toward the young man who had been so ready to sacrifice his lady's token to the service of another woman. But now it was with an odd feeling of repugnance for the thing itself that she smoothed out the crumpled silk upon her lap, studying the interlaced letters with a new light of dreamy questioning in her eyes. Who was she, this other woman whose hands had wrought all that exquisite stitchery? Surely she must have loved him! She brought the work nearer her eyes, the better to measure the devotion told in that dainty hieroglyphic of silken threads. And he—had he once loved her? And had he perchance been false to her, this other, when he had boldly declared his fealty to her, Dorothy Meredith? And when she had passed out of his life again, would his fickle fancy perchance veer round once more to this first love? And would he be happy, forgetting the caprice of passion that had spoken in his eyes that day? Somehow this train of thought seemed to deepen the depression that had settled upon poor Dorothy; and with a rush of dislike for the very sight of the handkerchief, she hurriedly crushed it back into the trunk, relieved to hear the ear-torturing clangor that advertised to all the camp that supper was served at the Palace.

She found the superintendent of the mine, Jim McCready, closeted with her father, when presently she knocked at his door.

"Come in for a moment, Dorothy," the colonel said, wasting no words in conventional greeting. "I shall be ready to go down with you presently." And then, seeing that the door was fast shut, and the girl quietly settled in a chair, he indifferently went on with the conversation she had interrupted, giving her no further heed. "And so the Cornishman gave it away?" he observed to McCready, with a faint, sardonic smile.

"Yas," returned the superintendent, grinning broadly, with a side glance at the young lady, as though he would like to include her in the joke. "He comes to me this afternoon, 'n' says he, 'Neil's offered me ten dollars to let him take my clothes 'n' work my shift to-night, 'n' what'll I do about it?' says he. 'Give him the job, by all means,' says I, 'n' we'll try 'n' make it interestin' for him.'"

"I would not have supposed Neil such a fool," remarked the colonel, thoughtfully. "If he had come down on us with an order from the court for a new examination, there might have been some sense in it; but this——"

"Oh, it's just like him," McCready confidently declared. "I s'pose Brigham has refused the job this time, 'n' Neil has got onto the fact that we're shippin' some mighty rich truck, 'n' he's so bent on knowin' where it comes from that he'll take chances to see into it with his own eyes before he goes monkeyin' with orders from the court. He ain't lackin' sand, whatever you can say for his sense."

"What do you propose to do about it?" the colonel demanded, thrumming on the table with one hand, his air betokening a waning interest in the subject.

"Well, I was thinkin' I'd like to smash his bloomin' head for him." And McCready's face hardened to a look of bulldog ugliness, while he forgot to glance at the young lady for approval. "It would serve him right."

"And I suppose in that event the camp would like to have a lynching party on a theory that it would be serving you right," the other sarcastically retorted. "Don't be an ass, McCready, just because you may happen to find it easy. I don't see any particular object in letting him down into the mine at all; though forewarned is forearmed. I suppose you would be ready for him?"

"You bet I'd be ready for him," rejoined the superintendent, emphatically. "What he'd catch on to wouldn't be what he was lookin' for. Sure."

"But it would be liable to prejudice the case if he should get hurt too badly," the colonel testily argued. "And I can see that he is liable to, if you get him in there. There is no sense in it."

"Well, a man shouldn't monkey round a buzz-saw if he don't want to get hurt," McCready surlily retorted. "Though I hadn't really thought of doin' much of anythin' but givin' him a sort of scare, for a joke like. I was considerin' that it might be a good chance to crowd a little experience under his hat as would learn him a lesson. It might be we could leave the sump open 'n' he get tripped in, accidental-like; of course we'd fish him out before he drowned, but a few minutes' reflectin' on the uncertainties of life in ten feet o' water might be wonderfully coolin' on his character. Or there's that winze we started in the second level, the same that top-lofty minin' expert floundered into when he come with his order from the court last spring. 'You mustn't go in there,' says I, stoppin' him. 'You have no authority to hinder me from goin' where I please, sir,' says he, independent as though he owned all Denver 'n' was just goin' to fore-close a mortgage on the earth; 'I've got 'n order from the court, sir,' says he. 'Well, you'd better not go in there, just the same,' says I, aggravatin'-like, knowin' I was just eggin' of him on. 'I shall go where I d———ahem!' and McCready paused embarrassedly to cough behind his large, hairy hand. "'I shall go where I like, sir,' says he, moseyin' along straight for the winze, which had happened to be left uncovered that day; 'n' the next thing there he was, kerflump, at the bottom of that fifteen-foot hole, with his order from the court, 'n' a dislocated shoulder! Gee! how he did swear when we was hoistin' him up!—but there wasn't another straight face in the mine." And McCready roared with laughter for the pleasing reminiscence, his good humor wholly restored.

The colonel smiled amusedly, but he was not one to enjoy idle anecdotes while his supper waited. He cared as little for the pleasures of the table as any man alive, but he was methodical in his habits. "Well, so far as Neil goes, I don't care in the least what you do with him, so long as you don't carry the joke too far," he said, carelessly, rising with distinct intimation that he considered the interview at an end. "I'd stop short of the dislocated shoulder this time, if I were you.—Come, Dorothy, I am ready now. But what is the matter?"

Are you sick?" surprisedly regarding her. The girl, sitting rigidly upright, looked strangely pale.

"I believe—I think I have a slight headache," she nervously returned, a wave of red suddenly dyeing her cheeks. "The heat——" she stopped to pass her hands in a bewildered way across her eyes—"it is stifling, is it not?"

"I hope you're not going to have mountain fever," her father impatiently ejaculated, seizing upon her hand to feel her pulse.

"I don't know but we've been givin' Miss Meredith suthin' of a scare with our talk," McCready mumbled in a somewhat jocose tone of apology from the door. "Mebbe she thinks she's got in with some pretty tough citizens;" but nobody was giving heed to what he said.

"A little too fast," the colonel pronounced, releasing the wrist while he shut his watch with an impatient snap. "I dare say it is nothing; but you would better take some quinine and go to bed."

"Yes; I do not care for any supper. I will go back to my room," Dorothy murmured, hurriedly, carefully avoiding a glance at McCready as she passed him at the door.

"Take at least five grains of quinine," her father anxiously advised, looking after her. "And I will send you up some toast and tea."

Five grains of quinine! How far would that go toward sparing Harvey Neil a dislocated shoulder? how far toward saving her father from the disgrace of even tacit acquiescence in such villainous work? Dorothy laughed in hysterical amusement as she restlessly paced her room, a laugh which ended in something like a sob.

She had always been so proud of her father; proud of the instinctive refinement which spoke in the almost finical care of his person, in the temperateness, well-nigh austerity, of his living; of his fine appearance in the world of men; of his brilliant war record, when his title had been won by signal bravery in the field; of the unbroken series of business successes which had given him the power and prestige of money. However they might malign him, men treated him with a deference which she had always accepted as just tribute to his worth, looking up to him in that hero-worship which seems an innate impulse of the woman nature. That this admiration so boundlessly fostered was not all love she had hardly realized until now, when she seemed to feel herself shrinking back from him with a sort of horror. Words that in a moment of excitement her mother had uttered years ago came back to her now as she paced the floor. "I hope you have inherited your father's temperament—for your father has no heart," the unhappy wife had sobbed, bitterly regarding the child, who had been too young then fully to grasp the meaning of the words. "People who have no hearts are never hurt; they only hurt other people; and for them it is better so," she had gone on to say; and now for the first time Dorothy seemed to understand. It was true. He had no heart, no feeling; if he had, he could not have smiled in passive consent to such an iniquitous scheme as that which McCready had unfolded that afternoon; he must have felt the shame of it. Thank heaven, she had *not* inherited his temperament! It was to be a moral monstrosity,—one of Nature's most pitiable freaks.

She had worked herself into such a passion that she seemed hardly capable of coherent thought. Suddenly realizing that this would not do, she seated herself by the window, steadily gazing out at the flame-fringed clouds rimming the western hills. She must be calm to think what was to be done, for action of some sort appeared to her inevitable. The idea of appealing to her father she impatiently abandoned as useless. Far rather would she get warning to Neil himself; but where was the messenger who would serve her purpose without danger of betrayal? Could she wait until her father had retired for the night, and go herself? Two miles of lonely mountain climbing might have seemed a startling proposition at another time; but now, in her intense preoccupation, she had not a thought for her own safety, scarcely even for the conventionalities to be violated in such an enterprise. At first thought it seemed the simplest, surest way; and she only faltered, thinking what she might say if brought face to face with Harvey Neil, how to express her warning without too darkly reflecting upon her father's connection with the matter, while there was the more troublous doubt as to what might be Neil's thought of her coming. It might imply—too much! And then, worse than all else, she might, after all, be too late. The night shift went on at eleven o'clock. Some other plan must be devised; but what could she do? Despairingly she wrung her hands as she looked up at the hills, now growing dark in shadow,—“the hills whence cometh my help.” The words came to her mind, as vagrant thoughts slip in, but half recognized, in moments of keen excitement; and she repeated them over with a vague sense of comfort, until gradually their meaning seemed luminous. Ah, there must be help! God could not mean that she was to sit helpless while that great wrong was being perpetrated. He would show her the way!

And a moment later her faith seemed strangely justified in a chance remark of the servant who brought her supper. “That Chinaman was up for your pa's wash this afternoon,” the girl observed, pausing for brief enjoyment of the quid of chewing-gum in her mouth, as she leisurely disposed the tray upon a table. “But you was out, 'n' so I told him he must come again.”

“Oh, yes; the Chinaman. Tell him to come right up, please,” Dorothy exclaimed, ready to clap her hands for joy at this solution of the dilemma. Hop Sing might be trusted with a note; a carrier-pigeon could not be more unswervingly direct in executing the trust, nor more silent about it afterward. She knew Hop Sing only by sight, but this was enough to assure her that he was the one for the mission.

In a moment a few words had been written, conveying the warning in simplest phrase, the note unsigned, but so expressed that she felt its sincerity could not be questioned; and then, hurriedly pinning on her hat and seizing her purse, she flew down the stairs. She could not wait for the girl's message to bring the man to her; she would go to the laundry herself.

Hop Sing, squirting water through his teeth upon a pile of rough-dried clothes heaped up on a table before him, looked up with the me-

chanical smile of his kind as the young lady appeared in the door-way. "You wan' washee? Flifty cent a dozen," he beamingly exclaimed, as she hesitated to explain her errand.

"I want to send a note—this note—to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she breathlessly returned, showing the envelope. "You know Mr. Neil?"

Hop Sing looked faintly puzzled, but his smile was unchanging. "You wan' Misser Neil washee?" he jerkily ejaculated, mechanically going on with his work upon the clothes before him. "Where you tickey, eh?"

"No; oh, no," she despairingly murmured, glancing back at the door: somebody might be coming in at any moment. "It is this note for Mr. Neil. I want you to take it to him."

Hop Sing smiled rather more broadly, looking somewhat less like a graven image. "Misser Neil wan' washee? Where tickey, eh? Los' tickey, eh?" he chirped, with an air of having solved the problem, adding, with a series of little nods, while his beady eyes brightened, "Heap mans lose dam tickey. Too thin. No go. No have tickey, no get washee."

"O—h!" poor Dorothy wailed, in utter hopelessness turning to the door. But she could not give up; this was her only chance. She must make him understand. She turned with an inspiration, drawing a silver dollar from her purse. Hop Sing looked interested. "It is for you—you shall have it—if you will carry this note to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she said, speaking very slowly and impressively.

There could be no question that the dollar was almighty to the mind of Hop Sing. The sight of it was as a galvanic touch, sending him at a hurried shuffle to a back door. There was a brief cackling conference, at the end of which a smiling colleague appeared, his face creased in blandest smiles, his knowledge of English equal to the occasion. And when Dorothy returned to the hotel a moment later it was to see him trotting before her up the street, while she had the satisfying knowledge that her warning went safely hidden in his sleeve to be in Harvey Neil's hands within the hour.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured, drawing a long breath, as she stopped in the door to look after him. "Thank God for letting me do it!"

IX.

The years that he had passed in Colorado had been so given to unremitting toil that Harvey Neil believed he had had no time to think of women. In reality there had been no particular woman for him to think about. The rough life of ranches, the social stratum to which his work in the smelter had brought him, and the isolation of the mine, had alike been barren of such type of womanhood as alone could appeal to a taste fastidious by nature and further refined by all the training and tradition of his home life. Like any normally minded man, to love and be loved was a paramount need of his being, a need

fully recognized in his heart ; but to give himself blindly to any passion for him would have been impossible. He must look up and not down in his love. And so he had waited on, heart-free, beyond his thirtieth birthday, so philosophical under love's tarrying that to himself he had come to profess a whimsical belief that fate had willed he should die a bachelor, scarce conscious with what growing force the burden of his lonely life weighed upon his spirit, how insistently his heart hungered for the solace and sweet companionship of the not impossible she who had vaguely figured in his dreams.

But since his encounter with Dorothy Meredith in the rain he had found a great deal of time to think of women, and of the one whom his reason told him he would far better forget, his enemy's pretty daughter. The episode at the World's Fair had made a deep impression upon him. For many days he had recalled her looks, her ways, her voice and smile, tantalized by longing to meet her again ; but then, man-like, giving up all idea that the wish could ever be realized, and his mind further occupied by the troubles between the mines, which had come upon him not long after, he had almost forgotten the fancy altogether, until with a shock he recognized her as she passed in at the door of the Windy Gulch hotel one day and realized that she was Colonel Meredith's daughter. The discovery seemed effectually to dispel all the lingering glamour of the World's Fair meeting ; he had no smallest wish to recall himself to her memory. Almost he could fancy, so keen was his dislike of Colonel Meredith, that he could read somewhat of her father's character in her face ; while certain he was that she was by no means so pretty as he had supposed her that other time when he had seen her in the twilight.

And then, as though in mockery of his self-delusion, fate had brought about the encounter in the rain, when, in her appealing helplessness and the frank delight with which she had recognized him, she had seemed ten times more winsome than she had been before ; while the after-meeting in the Tomtown road, when, prepared for cold rebuff, she had surprised him with sweet gentleness, had effectually completed his conquest. He was over ears in love with her. That he had met her but three times all told, that she was to him scarce more than an ideality, counted for nothing in the mad infatuation to which he had surrendered himself. With the fatuous reasoning of a lover, he felt that to him had been given, as it were, a charmed eyesight, to comprehend her nature. It was as though he had known her and loved her all his life.

As may be understood from the brief sketch of his career, Harvey Neil was not lacking in force of character or tenacity of purpose ; and no sooner had he fairly diagnosed the sweet bewitchery that possessed him than it had become unalterably fixed in his mind that Dorothy must be his. At first thought the difficulties to be encountered in carrying out this purpose seemed but to inflame his eagerness. He exulted in the thought of combating the opposition which was to be expected from Colonel Meredith, of getting the better of that gentleman in winning away his pretty daughter from under his very nose ; it was only when his thoughts dwelt upon Dorothy herself that he

grew anxious and troubled. Marriage, rather more than any other bargain, demands the consenting attitude of no less than two; and, predisposed against him as she must be by reason of loyalty to her father, he could not but count on grave obstacles to his wooing through unwillingness which to her mind might assume the force of duty. Given opportunity, he had all confidence that he could so storm her heart, so compass her about with sweet observances, that he scarce could fail in winning love for love; but when it came to practical consideration of ways and means to attain such opportunity, he was forced to confess himself rather nonplussed. To retreat, passion said, was now impossible; but to advance at the impetuous pace his fancy would choose appeared to be equally out of the question.

So from the meeting in the cottonwood grove, dreaming his dreams, he walked back to the mine, leading his crippled horse, until, in the swift reaction common to love's incipency, his soul was sick within him, and all the harassment of the past year seemed focussed at this new trouble, in which the relations between the mines had wrought a complication so wholly unforeseen and irrelevant. And then, swinging the pendulum of feeling back to riotous gladness, had come Dorothy's little note of warning. Although it was unsigned, not for an instant did he question that it came from her. There was the heavy, creamy paper with Tiffany's stamp within the envelope flap; the fashionable, angular penmanship in which appeared no thought of disguise; while even more significant than these signs was the knowledge of Grubstake councils which spoke in the brief sentences.

"The Cornishman has betrayed you, and there will be trouble if you carry out your plan of going into the Grubstake mine to-night. Please don't." So the message read. It was with an exultant laugh that Neil lingered over the last two words, to his mind artless confession of an interest she would hardly have betrayed in more deliberate speech. She had such concern for his safety that she could be at pains to send him this message,—could so far forget blind loyalty to her father's cause, so take chances against all the unpleasantness which untoward discovery of her purpose might have cost her; while dearer than all else, to his impassioned fancy, was that sweet, unstudied "please" in which she seemed almost to beg him for her sake to take heed for himself.

He longed for an opportunity to express to her somewhat of the rapture of gratitude upon which his fancy delighted in dwelling, fondly amplifying the debt; and, although no plan had occurred to him which might not be too fraught with possible embarrassment for her, he started out for camp next morning, as soon as affairs at the mine would permit his escape, vaguely hoping that circumstances would suggest some way of communication with her. And thus it happened that he met her as she came riding up the hill with her father, his eyes keen to catch the alert flash in her quickly averted glance, the deepening flush upon her cheeks, as she passed him by with the cold, unseeing air of a stranger. Not a whit cared Harvey Neil to-day for any mask of coldness she might assume. To his fancy there was gladness in her glance that she saw him safe and sound; and so far was he sure of her regard that

had the wedding-ring of which he boldly dreamed already been upon her finger he could hardly have looked after her with a prouder sense of possession.

He turned aside from the road, thankful that the lameness of his horse had brought him there afoot, that he might with less danger of detection give himself the joy of keeping her in sight, making his way through a straggling growth of quaking aspens around the hill, where he could look up at the Grubstake shaft-house. There was a brief parley when the riders drew rein before the horse-shed at one side, McCready coming out to assist in the conference; and then Dorothy was assisted to the ground, walking away among the pine-trees up the hill, while the two men disappeared within the shaft-house door.

Neil looked after his love with all his eyes, trying to fathom her purpose, sorely fretting in the gyves that held him back from boldly hurrying after her. She walked slowly, stopping here and there to pluck a flower or two, with a purposeless air of merely killing time, while Neil in his covert longed for the gift of hypnotism to draw her to his side; but it was quite in the opposite direction that her face was set, and presently, after she had stopped, considering the landscape all around as though choosing some definite goal, she went on with a distinct influx of energy in her walk.

In an instant Harvey was going at a swinging pace around the hill, making for a draw on the other side where the ascent was easier than that at the point toward which she was headed; and when a little later, flushed and breathless, she came out upon the bare rock masses that crowned the height, it was to meet him coming toward her, such radiant gladness upon his face that she shrank back, no less in shy consternation than for the surprise of the encounter.

"Oh, I thought you were on your way to the camp!" she faltered, panting a little from the hard climb in the rare air. "How did you get here?"

He laughed, looking about for a seat for her. The rocks were water-worn into many strange shapes, and in one place a couple of sturdy pines were growing out of a crack, throwing a pleasant shade upon a sort of bench hollowed out below, a spot effectually hidden from the Grubstake side of the hill. "I think I flew—I wanted to see you so much," he gayly declared. "At all events, I must try and get my breath before I explain myself much. Won't you sit down?"

She made no objection, being evidently considerably exhausted; but an air of constraint seemed upon her as she settled herself in the place he had indicated, with a doubtful side-glance watching him choose a seat by her feet. "I thought I was on the Grubstake ground," she observed, tentatively, as he looked up.

"I dare say you are," he indifferently rejoined, but his face somewhat falling at the tone of the remark. "I cannot claim any right here, I am sure, except what you may concede. But don't send me away, please, until I thank you. You don't know—I cannot tell you—what it was to me,—that dear little note!"

She turned away her face, which was all a warm, pink flush. "I don't know—" she began, perhaps purposing to profess ignorance of

what he meant ; but, as if with a second thought disdaining such subterfuge, she presently went on : " I dare say it was childish, foolish of me, to make so much of it. It was hardly more than a practical joke to Mr. McCreedy, I am sure ; while papa—well, papa had nothing to do with it, of course." She met his glance with quite apparent anxiety that he should believe this.

" Of course not," he said, soothingly.

" I don't like practical jokes, though," she went on, as though bent on exculpating herself. " They always seem to me so brutal, so horrid."

" Yes ; and I am very thankful that you saved me from this, which might have been a sorry one for me," he cordially agreed. " But it is not that—not so much what I escaped—as that you cared enough to warn me. That is everything,—more than I dare to tell you."

She smiled nervously, plucking at a clump of kinnikinic growing out of the rock, observing irrelevantly, with very evident intention to change the subject, " Again I should have known that I was going to meet you,—that I might have brought your handkerchief. I am so sorry."

" It is not of the slightest consequence. Don't speak of it," he quickly assured her.

" I thought from what you said yesterday that it was of very great consequence," she impulsively retorted. " And I could hardly believe it otherwise, considering the lovely monogram which—somebody worked for you."

" Oh, that ; my mother did that," he rather absently returned, his eyes upon the little hand that played with the kinnikinic. " She does that sort of thing very well, I believe."

" Your mother—oh ! I did not know. I thought perhaps——" And Miss Meredith's confused remark came to an abrupt stop, while her fair face crimsoned painfully.

Neil laughed, exquisitely flattered that she had evidently given thought to possibilities of sentimental significance in the token ; but his face had grown grave, almost sad, when presently he said, " In all the world, Miss Meredith, there has never been any woman who would do as much as that for me, except my mother." Yet after a moment he added, deeper feeling in the tone, " Though why should I say that, when you—ah, it was a hundred times more than that you did for me !"

" Oh, no ; it was very little," she hurriedly protested. " And then I owed you more than that, don't you know ?" and she laughed nervously. " You had twice come to my help in time of trouble."

" And I wish that I always might," he impetuously exclaimed. " I had not dreamed of telling you so soon—but when shall I see you again ? And I want you to know it. Dorothy, you do know it, do you not ?—that I love you ?" He half reached for her hand, but then, as though in shame for the tears that had risen to his eyes, turned away his face. " I know you do not care," he added, in a muffled tone, after an instant. " Why should you ? But if I were given the chance—Oh, Dorothy, give me the chance ! Let me prove to you what my love is ! Let me teach you to care for me !"

Perhaps there is nothing more potent to stir a woman's heart than such tears in the eyes of a man whom she has hitherto seen only on the side of his strength and manful pride. Dorothy was strangely touched as she met his glance. "No; oh, no," she whispered, drawing back from him ever so little, but the tone was weak, almost tender, and despite the denial his face brightened.

"Tell me," he eagerly exclaimed, boldly moving nearer her,—“tell me, Dorothy, if I had had no trouble with your father,—if there had been nothing to prejudice you against me,—could you have learned to care for me, do you think?”

"I don't think I *am* so very much prejudiced against you," she faltered; then, alarmed for the radiancy of delight the admission had called into his eyes, she hastily added, "But of course, as things are, I could not think—— Oh, you know it is impossible."

He answered nothing, looking into her averted face with such intent scrutiny that she petulantly exclaimed, when she had endured it for a moment, "Please don't!"

Neil smiled. They were the words of her note, that had made him so glad. "I believe you do care for me just a little bit, sweetheart," he murmured, caressingly, reaching out to take in his the hand that had been playing with the kinnikinic.

"I suppose it would be superfluous to comment upon your modesty, Mr. Neil," she lightly rejoined, snatching away the hand. "But I must be going back. Papa will be waiting for me. He was going down into the mine with Mr. McCreedy this morning; and I am sure that I have allowed him sufficient time now."

He had risen, and was standing beside her, but he hardly appeared to have given heed to what she said. His face was pale, and a strange light shone in his eyes as he intently studied her face. "There is nothing on this earth that I value in the least in comparison with your love," he declared, in a tense tone which commanded belief. "You suggested the other day that I settle the trouble with your father outside the courts. If you loved me, Dorothy, it would be easy to settle it. I would concede anything,—sacrifice anything——"

He stopped, looking around with a startled air, his glance coming back to her face, which wore a strangely frightened expression. There was a strong smell of burning wood about them, while a dark cloud was streaming against the blueness of the sky back of the rock which, while sheltering them, also cut off all their view.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. But even as she spoke there was a deafening explosion, while the sky above the wall of rock was blackened by a rushing cloud riddled with myriads of darker blotches, of which hundreds seemed to be falling all about them, fragments of still burning wood.

Wild with fright, Dorothy had thrown herself into the arms that were instinctively reached out to seize her. "What is it? Oh, what has happened?" she gasped, hiding her eyes shudderingly against his shoulder.

"It is nothing, sweetheart; you are safe," he murmured, his cheek laid caressingly against her soft hair. For the moment it appeared to

him indeed that nothing counted against the fact that he was holding her there in his arms unharmed,—against the sweet truth that she had come to that shelter of her own impulse; but the man of affairs was quick to awake in him even in all the tremulous joy of feeling that in this unconsidered action she had virtually conceded his heart's desire. "But I must leave you, dearest. You will not mind if I go for a moment to see what it is," he urged, tenderly, holding her the closer to him for the thought of presently letting her go. "You will wait until I come back?"

"No; I will go with you," she rejoined, her cheeks still pale with fright. "Oh, I must," as his look seemed to dissuade her.

His thoughts had flown at once to the Mascot shaft-house, from his memory of a time when a similar explosion had rent the air to leave him almost penniless. Could it be that such devilish work had been repeated, and in broad daylight? If so, with all the men at work in the mine, there would be sights before which his very soul turned sick, sights which for the world he would not have her see. She must not come. "No, dear one. Do you not see that, whatever has happened, we should not be seen coming back together?" he breathlessly argued, knowing that here was something she would surely heed. "Please, sweetheart," he pleadingly added, as she still hesitated.

"But must I stay here until you come back?" she helplessly questioned, trembling still as she drew away from him. "Will you surely come back?"

"Surely, if I can. If I do not come—wait ten minutes and then come yourself." So he breathlessly planned, moved to take her again in his arms, impetuously showering kisses upon her hair, in spite of all the awful possibilities of the moment, mad with joy that she did not repulse him. "Whatever happens, sweetheart," he passionately whispered as he left her, "remember that now you are mine, —mine!"

Dorothy waited, nervously pacing back and forth, for a few minutes, trying to think what she had done, what it meant, and to what end it all portended. Did she love him? Had she loved him all the while? And what would her father say? But, unnerved as she was, with the dense clouds of smoke still rising and the confused sounds of crashing timbers and hoarse cries continually growing louder, coherent thought was out of the question. Half of the time for which Neil had stipulated had not passed by before she could endure the suspense no longer and was hurrying down the hill herself, now filled with alarmed vexation that she had been induced to delay her coming at all, since it needed but a glance in the direction of the fire to tell her that it was the Grubstake buildings which were going. She knew enough of the costly machinery there housed to be appalled at her father's loss; but it did not occur to her to think of the graver menace until she met Harvey Neil coming back to her and somehow comprehended the awful tragedy in his face. She stopped as though turned to stone, staring at him with wild eyes, her lips parted but incapable of uttering any sound.

"You see—it is the Grubstake," he panted, his eyes full of pity

and yearning tenderness as he took both her nerveless hands in his. "They say the fire caught in the boiler-house and spread to the shaft-house in an instant. There were powder and giant caps stored there in the back room,—that was what we heard. It was criminal of McCready, having such stuff there." He lingered over the broken sentences, warding off the question he knew must come.

"And papa—?" she gasped, withdrawing her hands and making as though she would rush on down the hill to see without waiting for his answer.

"It is hoped that they are all right," he reluctantly returned, his eyes entreating her to have hope. "There are ten men down the shaft; but if the air holds good—it must be all right. There is sure to be time enough to save them."

"They cannot get out?" Her white lips formed the words, but he guessed rather than heard them.

"The steam connections and hoister, everything, went to pieces in the explosion," he slowly explained, his voice eloquent of compassion. "It was impossible for anybody to get out after the alarm was given. But as soon as we can get the fire out— Oh, darling, darling, don't look at me like that! Don't think of giving up until we know. The men were working in the levels quite away from the shaft, and the inference is that your father and McCready were with them. There is no reason to believe that they will not be gotten out all right."

"But you do not believe it! I can see in your face that you do not!" she passionately exclaimed, drawing back from him with a look of horror. "He is dead, and you know it! And to think that at the very moment that he died I was— Oh, go away from me! I never want to see you again!—never, never! To think that I should have turned against him for you! And he the dearest and best of fathers,—always so good to me, so good! It makes me hate you!"

He looked at her with pitying tenderness as at one distraught. "You do not know what you are saying, dear," he murmured, soothingly. "And you must not give up. I would not tell you so if it were not true. Your father is probably alive and unharmed. And in a little while he may be with you to laugh at all your fright. Don't give up yet, sweetheart."

"How dare you call me that—you?" she bitterly retorted, her eyes flashing blue fire upon him, her face like stone. "Do you not see that it is a judgment upon me for caring for you, for being untrue to him? Caring for you, did I say? Oh, how could I ever dream of such a thing! To care for you, you who brought him here, who were the cause of all this trouble!—you who, if he is dead, have been the cause of his death! I tell you that I hate you—I shall always hate you!"

As she went on in this growing frenzy she had been blindly hurrying down the hill, Neil keeping beside her with watchful eye upon her heedless steps, but now he stopped, his peremptory look bidding her also pause. His face was white and set, his eyes were full of sadness beyond words, but still his tone was very gentle as he said, "You must not come any farther, Dorothy. It is not fit for you." They

were now so near the fire that burning bits of wood littered the grass all about them, while the smoke and heat from the well-nigh burnt-out shaft-house made the air stiflingly oppressive. Crowds of men were hurrying up the hill, many turning curiously to stare at the colonel's daughter. "You must not come farther," Neil said again, gently authoritative. "You can do no good here. I wish you would let me take you down to my cabin."

"To your cabin! no," she implacably returned, glancing away from him as though her eyes loathed the sight of his face. "But I will wait here—if you will go away."

He hesitated, reluctantly regarding her for an instant, but then, with a face as sad as her own, he walked away, to send to her a woman he had discovered among the crowd. It was a Mrs. Morrison, who kept the Mascot boarding-house, a motherly soul, though her appearance always promised ill for the cleanliness of her cookery. Panting with good-humored hurry, she came up the hill to where the girl was standing, a sort of beaming pity upon her round, rosy face.

"Dear! dear! but we'd ought to be thankful it ain't no worse!" she fervently exclaimed, energetically stamping out a smouldering fagot that threatened to set her gown afire.

Dorothy turned upon the intruder with a stony stare; but then, curiously touched by the look of kindly commiseration, her expression changed, her face nervously working in lines of pain as she replied, in a strange, choked voice, "But it could not be worse! oh, it could not!"

"Well, now, it might," returned Mrs. Morrison, in cheery argument. "I reckon there's never anything so bad that the Lord couldn't 'a' found a way to have it worse if he'd 'a' had a mind. If there'd 'a' been an explosion in the mine 'stead of on top, that would 'a' been enough sight worse. But bein' it's the nature of powder to blow up 'stead of down, why, it jest natchelly stands to reason that them men ain't hurt a mite. Oh, you ain't no call to take on, honey,—sure. I'd bet a dollar against a doughnut with anybody that they're all down there as live 's crickets this minute,—jest natchelly swearin' 'n' rampagin' round, like enough, because it's gettin' on toward dinner-time 'n' them without a bite. That's the man of it, you know. Nawthin' riles 'em quite so much 's gettin' left at meal-times."

Dorothy looked at her with a sort of dazed bewilderment for an instant, breaking out then into wild, hysterical laughter, which almost instantly changed to uncontrollable sobbing. Stirred to quick sympathy beyond any thought of social difference or arm's-length ceremonial, the woman caught her in a warm, motherly embrace, and, equally oblivious of the strangeness of such resting-place, the girl hid her face against the ample shoulder with the simple abandon of a child.

"There, there, honey, that's right. It'll do you good," murmured the woman, understandingly, soothingly patting Dorothy's back, while at the same time bestowing a nod of intelligence upon Harvey Neil, who had rushed up with an anxious, pained face, although too discreet to utter a word of his eager sympathy, his wild longing to be of some

service to his love. "Women's hearts is like that. When they're full to bustin', nawthin' eases 'em up like a good cry."

Continually the crowd was increasing. A line of willing hands quickly formed to convey water from the Mascot pumps; while mothers, wives, and children of the imprisoned miners, surrounded by sympathetic friends, looked on, sobbing and moaning. Hardly any impression seemed to be made on the flames until, after what appeared a long time in the possessing impatience, the extinguisher arrived from camp; and even then, when the fire was conquered, progress was tediously slow. The heavy, blackened timbers were hot and difficult to handle, while, for want of space, only a few could work at clearing away the debris which choked the mouth of the shaft.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that an attempt could be made to enter the mine, and then it was Harvey Neil who came forward, the first to go down. A solemn hush fell upon the crowd as they watched him step into the bucket, while the crude hoisting apparatus, hastily constructed, creakingly passed him out of sight. Everybody knew that if the air below had turned foul, as many held must be the case, another victim might be added to swell the horror of that day; and hardly a whisper broke the stillness until the signal came to bid them draw him back. Then, as he reappeared, a wild cheer broke from lips turned pale, and women sobbed for joy when he told that the air seemed good, which promised well for the men below; but he had found, some forty feet down, fallen timbers so wedged across the shaft that there must be more hard work before the full descent could be made.

The sun was setting when finally the way was clear. Again Neil laid his hand on the side of the bucket, although now there were others who would have gone; but there was that in his manner which gave him the place without discussion; and again the crowd, in awed expectancy, watched him out of sight.

He was gone much longer this time; and when at length he reappeared, the first look at his face told the staring eyes what it was that, covered by a coat, lay huddled in the bucket at his feet,—the dreadful something that but a few short hours ago had been his enemy, Colonel Randolph Meredith.

"Dead,—every one," Neil whispered to those nearest as he stepped out upon the ground, baring his head before he turned back to help the other hands that were reverently outstretched to lift to earth the burden he had brought.

Long before this Mrs. Morrison had persuaded Dorothy to go home with her, and Neil would permit no one to go there with the dreadful truth until teams had come to carry the dead down to camp. Then, with a slow step, lagging no less because of the painfulness of his errand than for the utter physical exhaustion following the frenzied toil and excitement of the day, he betook himself over the hill to the Mascot boarding-house.

Recalling with sharp sense of dread Dorothy's mood of the morning, he thought it better to let her receive the awful truth from Mrs. Morrison, who, however uncouth in speech and manner, had yet a

woman's heart to tell her how to soften the blow for the unhappy girl.

He sat down upon the steps outside when he had sent her with the message, his heart aching for his love while he waited to hear how she bore it; meaning by and by to beg a word with her, to learn if she would have him ride to Orodelfia that night to telegraph her friends, or what her wishes might be respecting her father.

A long time he patiently waited, after Mrs. Morrison had reported that the girl was crying "fit to break her heart;" refusing the good woman's urgency that he should come in to supper, although to please her he accepted the tea and toast she brought him at the door, feeling the better for the refreshment which he had been too much wrought up to think of needing.

It seemed to him hours before Mrs. Morrison, listening at the door and hearing no sound, finally decided that Miss Meredith might now be calm enough to hear that he waited to see her; but it was with a frightened air that, after a considerable delay, she came back.

Miss Meredith had begun taking on, crazy-like, at the very idea of seeing Mr. Neil, she reported, with evident reluctance, pitying the pain and mortification she could not but see upon his face. "She says as how you hated her father 'n' she mustn't never forget it. Of course she don't rightly sense what she's sayin', 'n' bein' you're a stranger to her 'n' all," the good woman soothingly and in all innocence argued, "mebbe it's nateral she should be prejudiced. Anyhow, she is: there's no blinkin' that, Mr. Neil; 'n' she's so sot, I don't believe there would be no manner of use your seein' her anyhow. I'll take her back to camp 'n' do for her 's much 's I can. She don't seem to sense that I belong to the Mascot; but you—why, it's onreasonable, of course, but what you goin' to do about it? I s'pose her pa's set her up to it, 'n' it's only jest natchel, her feelin' so. You can't blame her."

"No," said Neil, wearily, his face as dulled and set as those which had been brought up out of the mine that day, "I can't blame her."

X.

It was late October, but summer seemed to have forgotten that it was time to leave the Colorado world. Day by day the sky was of an intense, exquisite blue, the heat at mid-day oppressive, although at morning and evening there was the chill in the air that called for fires. The hills had turned to duller browns, splashed here and there with a touch of red, more often with the dark disks of dead sunflowers bent low on their shrivelled stems. Behind them the mountains had caught a misty blue that changed to rich lapis-lazuli in the shadows, fading all day long to paler tints, until with the going down of the sun they seemed to shiver and turn blue again with cold. The quaking asps flaunted in lines of flickering yellow flame up every gulch, a flame that daily burned more low; and down by the creek the cottonwoods, erstwhile clothed in palest yellows and faded greens, were leaved all

over with shimmering bits of bronze just touched with gold where the sunshine played. Even in the blossom-time of summer there had not been so much of brightness nor of beauty; but withal Windy Gulch looked only a shade more dull and lifeless than it had been before, its old weather-beaten face borrowing new ugliness from contrast with the evanescent glory of its background.

Harvey Neil, bolstered up with many pillows in his bed at the Palace Hotel, looked out at the small segment of landscape to be seen between the looped-back curtains of his window, with an apathetic disgust for it all that hardly took shape of words even in his thoughts. He had been ill of that form of typhus known as mountain fever, and the doctor, in order to give him all possible attention, had induced the young man at the outset to allow himself to be brought here from his cabin at the mine. Here he had been for nearly three weeks now, his perceptions for most of the time dulled beyond heed for anything outside of the hot discomfort of his bed and the growing grievance of over-much beef-tea; but now he was fast mending, the protest of his appetite taking form in an intense desire for varied and generally tabooed forms of refreshment, while other interests of life were gradually reawakening.

He had made his nurse move the bed nearer the window, that he might look out; but there was little of entertainment to be derived there. The room was at the back of the house, overlooking the creek and a few straggling cabins, their back yards abruptly sloping to the stream, while behind them showed the dreary sequence of bare, barn-like buildings housing the abandoned process for treating ores, each addition in the line a little lower and smaller than its predecessor, so that the whole wore an air of having been drawn out like a cunning contrivance of Chinese boxes. Beyond the mill were the tree-fringed tops of the hills hedging the creek where the Tomtown road crept along by its side; and many a time, as he looked, it had seemed to Neil as though the old mill had dissolved to nothingness, so clear before his staring eyes was the shaded vista of roadway where a young girl in a broad-brimmed hat and dainty muslin gown seemed forever looking up at him in smiling greeting.

To-day, however, he was hardly thinking of the Tomtown road or even of Dorothy Meredith; hardly thinking of anything beyond the soul-sickening weariness of this environment which held for him nothing that at the moment he was willing to reckon good. He was so tired of it all; so heart-sick; so home-sick. He had spared his mother knowledge of his sickness, sitting up in bed now and then to pencil her brief scrawls for which he apologized on specious pleas of haste; but now, lying here alone in the dreary little hotel chamber, he felt himself fairly starving for her sympathy, her encompassing love. He longed to go away, to be at home, to forget Windy Gulch, the Tomtown road, —everything. His mind was so weary of traversing over and over the same treadmill round of thought, thoughts which began and ended with her, Dorothy Meredith. Why should he keep alive a memory which could hold for him nothing of sweetness that was not swallowed up in chagrin? It was time he learned the lesson of forgetting; but

here, where everything served to recall her, it was impossible. He must get away. He would tell the doctor so when he came again.

He turned restlessly on the pillow, listening for the nurse's returning step, with an invalid's peevish fretfulness that she stayed so long away. There was no sound in the house save a faint clatter of dishes in the distant kitchen, where preparations for supper were evidently going on. Outside sounded the faint systole and diastole of some far-away engine and the regular dull munching of the stamp-mill on its endless hard pabulum; while every now and then, as though feeling bound to rouse the place from its sleepy lethargy, a tame magpie down the street would vent its whole *répertoire* of speech in a series of shrill halloos, like a telephone-girl gone mad. Just so, Neil remembered, that miserable bird had been screaming when he had looked his last upon Dorothy Meredith, when she was coming out of the hotel door in her black gown, seeming like the ghost of the girl whose wild-rose loveliness had been clasped to his heart but the day before. They were taking her dead to Orodelpia to be made ready for the long journey East, and in company with her father's attorney, who had come to her at once upon learning of the awful tragedy, the girl was just entering the carriage that was to follow the hearse down the cañon road.

She had to the last refused to see him, even though he had poured his heart out in a letter that pleaded his right to comfort her, begging for but one kind word. She had merely answered him in a few curt lines which had neither formal beginning nor signature: "It may be my fault if you have been mistaken, but I do not care for you in the way your letter would imply, and I owe it to him never to see you again. It is the only atonement I can make."

And she had meant it, every ruthless word. If there had been any question as to that in Neil's mind, he must have been undeceived when her eyes, all red and swollen from weeping, were inadvertently raised to meet his glance, so much of cold aversion her look expressed. If for a moment she had ever really loved him, he felt, she could not have turned against him so, could never have looked at him like that, feeling that she was looking upon him for the last time. She had never cared for him. He had been befooled, misled by his own blind infatuation. But it was over now. In the long days and nights of lying here it seemed as though passion had burned itself out with the fever's flame, leaving him wearily indifferent. There was even a dull wonder in his mind that he had ever cared so much, that she could have had power to hurt him so; and yet, as he remembered, there was such an ache of pity in his heart for the old self that had been given over to the folly of such suffering, such a pang of pain recalled, that weak tears were welling up from his eyes, to be shamefacedly wiped away as he turned back toward the door. Surely Themistocles was wise when he begged for the boon of forgetfulness.

The nurse was just coming with the broth she had gone to fetch. She was an elderly widow, with a heart in the right place, as the saying is, but with a tongue too voluble for Neil's peace of mind. He fretted when she left him long alone, but he groaned in spirit when she kept him company. She was talking now the moment she set eyes on him,

never stopping for breath while she put into his hands the bowl she had brought, fussily beating up the pillows behind his back.

"Did you think I was goin' to be gone all night?" she cheerily cackled. "Come pretty near it, for a fact; but Mis' Morrison 'n' her man drove up jes' 's I was comin' out from the kitchen—she wanted to git out, but Morrison says no, sir, there was the milkin' 'n' chores to home waitin', 'n' if she once got up here a-talkin' land knows when he'd ever git her started again. He's the bossiest man, considerin' that he don't know enough to chew gum 'n' ain't no account nowadays; but little men generally *be* that way, if you've noticed. They've been down to Orodelfy, 'n' she stopped to bring you—now I think of it, I wa'n't aimin' to tell you what she'd brought you till I'd seen the doctor about it. But that's jest like me,—forever givin' things away. It's jest natchelly a wonder I kin keep my vittles down, I've jest so ever-lastin'ly got my mouth open. My husband used to say——"

"Is it grapes?" demanded Neil, eagerly, over the rim of the bowl.

"Land, no; nawthin' half so good, in my opinion, though perhaps you, bein' from the East, won't look at it that way. It's oysters fresh from Denver; that's what it is."

"Oysters fresh from Denver." And Neil laughed, no less for the incongruity of the statement than for delight in the promised treat. "And when can I have some?"

"Well, you mustn't, you know, till the doctor says so," the good woman urged, deprecatingly. "Goodness knows, if you was to go eatin' the half that folks send in to you, you'd be a dead man,—everybody so anxious to do for you. And oysters—well, I don't care if there is an *r* in the month; they don't look to me none too wholesome no time. Of course Mis' Morrison meant it kind, though. She is the best-hearted soul, always wantin' to be doin' for somebody. 'N' that reminds me—she was tellin' me she'd had a letter from that Meredith girl that was here, thankin' her for what she done for her at the time of the fire 'n' all,—a sweet, pretty letter, she says. I must say I wouldn't 'ave expected it, the way that girl behaved when her pa was lyin' dead. It did seem as if she hadn't no proper sense of manners at all, shettin' herself up in her room 'n' refusin' to see anybody except the doctor 'n' her lawyer, refusin' to wear the mournin' we'd borrowed for her to wear till she could git to Orodelfy 'n' git some made, 'n' goin' off when she went in an old Injy silk—it jest looked scandalous to me, I don't care if 'twas black. 'N' then the way she wouldn't even say thank you for them flowers you sent her when you'd rode to Orodelfy by night to get 'em for her, 'n' when you was plum wore out workin' in that Grubstake all day to save her pa,—'n' she orderin' them flowers carried right out of her sight. Everybody was talkin' about it——"

"Oh!" groaned poor Neil. "My head is too high. There—that is better," settling himself back fretfully, when the mountain of feathers had been cut down by half. "I wish Mrs. Morrison had come upstairs," he went on, more peevishly, after a moment.

"Well, she wanted to, 's I was sayin', but her man wouldn't hear to it. She'd brought Mis' Meredith's letter in her pocket to show you, too, thinkin' you might be interested; said she'd let me bring it up to

you, bein' she couldn't come; but we got a-talkin', 'n' she plum forgot it."

Neil threw himself over violently in the bed, with a muttered exclamation, at which Mrs. Bowen looked startled.

"Why, what on earth——" she began, but Neil fretfully interrupted.

"Oh, nothing. I am restless; that's all. Do go down and have your supper, Mrs. Bowen. Isn't it time for supper? Well, don't let me keep you waiting. There is nothing you can do for me just now."

"Well, if you say so," the woman doubtfully returned, taking up the emptied bowl and edging toward the door. "Though I can jest as well wait till the doctor comes to set with you. He'll be over pretty soon with your mail, I presume; the stage was jest a-drivin' up 's I come up-stairs. It's early to-night,—a good half-hour."

"No, no; don't wait. I shall be all right alone," protested Neil, impatiently. "I prefer to be alone. Do go."

"Well, what on earth!" muttered Mrs. Bowen to herself, as she took herself away, too much accustomed to sick-room eccentricities, however, to wonder long at Neil's sudden captiousness.

Left alone, the sick man, his face white and rigid in lines of pain, turned over impetuously, smothering a groan in the sheet he huddled about his head. What was it he had been saying a moment ago?—he had got over it? he had ceased to care? Great heavens, what a lie it had been! He would never cease to care,—never!

Half an hour later, when the doctor came in, it was with a start scarcely disguised under professional nonchalance that he met the strange glitter in the patient's eyes. "You've been sitting up too long, old man; or have you been visited to death? Who's been here?" he demanded, sitting down beside the bed, with a finger on the wrist that lay outside the clothes.

"No; I was only bolstered up a little while; and nobody has been here except Mrs. Bowen, though she's a host in herself," Neil protested, with a wan smile. "Don't try to persuade me that I am having a relapse, doctor. I'm better,—so much better that I am thinking of going home next week. What do you say to that?"

"I say, wait till next week," laughed the doctor, his eyes intently studying the face upon the pillow. "Meanwhile, I've brought you over something new," producing a bottle from his pocket and critically eying the contents as he held it up before him. "A teaspoonful of this every hour will help you along on the way toward home amazingly, I think."

"But is that all you brought?" returned Neil, disappointedly. "Did I have no mail?"

"Mail! One would think you were expecting to hear from your sweetheart, the way you cry for mail," laughed the doctor, in good-humored raillery, feeling in the side-pocket of his coat for a couple of letters, which he laid upon the bed. "You see she hasn't written to you this time, at all events. Those are obviously nothing but business. But, by the same token, I had a letter from a pretty girl myself to-night: you would never guess from whom."

But Neil had torn open the first envelope, his breath coming quicker, his eyes riveted to the page which he was holding with a hand obviously trembling. "I cannot read it,—such a villainous hand the man writes!" he pettishly exclaimed, after an instant. "Here, doctor, see what you can make out of it."

"Why, it is from her lawyer,—Miss Meredith's," the other remarked, with surprise, as his glance fell upon the first line; "and he doesn't write a Spencerian fist, by a long shot. But this seems to be what he has to say:

"MR. HARVEY NEIL,

"Windy Gulch, Colorado.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I am instructed by my client, Miss Dorothy Meredith, to confer with you as to such terms of compromise as would seem to you just and fair in the suits now pending between the Mascot and Grubstake mines. Miss Meredith's idea is that you should take the Grubstake lode at a fair valuation as part satisfaction of your claim, the balance to be settled in cash as may be arranged. The books of the mine having been destroyed in the burning of the shaft-house, at Miss Meredith's desire I have been at pains to procure from the smelters a statement of all shipments of ore and moneys paid therefor, the full amount of which for the year ending Aug. 28th, 1894, is \$57,364.76, smelter charges and freights deducted. The expense of mining is next to be considered, in which the wetness of the mine and demand for much machinery which has been put in during the year should be counted. As a practical mining man you are in a position to estimate these several items; while as a business man you can figure what advantage it may be to you to hold the two properties and forever quiet all controversy. I should be glad to have from you the best proposition you can make to this end. I may add that Miss Meredith's attitude in the matter is against my best judgment and advice, my opinion being that she must inevitably win should it be left to the courts to decide the points in controversy. She, however, desires to avoid litigation if possible, and to such end is willing to make reasonable concession. Trusting that I may hear from you without delay, I am

"Very truly yours,

"J. J. LISCOMB."

There was silence for a moment as the doctor ceased reading, and then Neil broke into a strange laugh. "So she would like me to propose terms of compromise, would she?" he exclaimed. "Well, I can."

"I suppose so," the doctor smilingly agreed, a gratulatory note in his voice. "But you observe that she wants you to take the Grubstake at a fair valuation. Evidently she considers it a valuable piece of property." And he laughed as at a good joke.

"Oh, I shall be willing to take it, provided other conditions can be satisfactorily arranged," Neil declared, laughing in turn.

"But we cannot have you figuring over this deal now, old fellow,"

the doctor declared, his face growing again grave. He had long been Neil's most intimate friend in the camp, of late acting as clerk and amanuensis no less than as physician, and he considered himself privileged to advise in the one capacity as well as in the other. "This thing will keep. I will write that you are too sick to give any attention to business at present, but that as soon as you are able——"

"I want her address, doctor," interrupted Neil, eagerly, his eyes very bright. "Tell him that I prefer to arrange terms with her personally."

"Oh, as to that, I should think——" began the doctor, in rather a shocked tone of protest; but, with a vague sense of bewilderment at something in the sick man's face, he stopped short, hesitantly adding, "I have her address, if you want it; but—— Well, she did not strike me, you know, as being much of a business woman."

"You have her address!" exclaimed Neil, his glance suspicious, his tone aggressive, as he almost sat up in bed. "And how came you by her address, pray?"

"She wrote it to me, if you please," the other replied, rather sharply, nettled at the abrupt manner. "I had a letter from her this evening, as it happens."

"You had! And I did not even know that you knew her!" Neil was looking up at his friend, realizing, perhaps for the first time, that in a woman's eyes he might be considered a handsome fellow. The doctor had come to Windy Gulch, renouncing his profession in favor of mining ventures, which had resulted disastrously so far, but to which he was sticking in hope of some day recouping himself for his losses, meanwhile keeping the wolf from the door by falling back upon his legitimate calling. He had nothing of worldly advantage to commend him, but he was a good fellow and a good-looking one. Any woman might fall in love with such a man; and Dorothy Meredith—— Neil laughed, a strange, hysterical outburst, turning away his head. "And I did not even know that you knew her!" he said, again. "You never spoke of it before."

"Oh, I met her when she was here," the physician nonchalantly explained, but eying the sick man with furtive intentness. "I did not mention it, I suppose, because you naturally hated the whole outfit so. I felt I could choose more agreeable subjects to talk about."

"Yes, I hated the whole outfit so." And Neil laughed again, that odd, mirthless laugh. "You were so considerate."

"But you are talking too much now, old man," the other observed, repressingly. "I'll be over in the morning and answer your letters; meanwhile you must not let yourself think about business at all. Here comes Mrs. Bowen to turn over your pillows and make you comfortable, and you must compose yourself and go to sleep. Good-night."

There was a low-voiced conference in the hall between nurse and physician, and then Mrs. Bowen came to the bedside, looking somewhat anxious. "About those oysters," she began, "the doctor says——"

"Oh, hang the oysters!" Neil peevishly ejaculated. "I wish you would go down-stairs and get one of the boys to come up and help me

dress. I'm going East in a few days, and it is time I was sitting up. It is weakening lying here; I never shall get strong if I don't get a move on me. Go after Murphy, please: he's the man I want."

"But the doctor——" began Mrs. Bowen, looking frightened.

"Oh, I talked it over with the doctor. I told him I was going." Neil laughed excitedly. "And I am. Nothing on earth shall stop me. Will you go after Murphy now, or must I go myself?"

XI.

But Harvey did not go East as he had planned.

The very vehemence of his desire to escape an environment he had come to loathe, whipped to a frenzy by the sudden, unreasoning jealousy aroused by the doctor's statement that Dorothy had written to him, defeated itself by its own impetuosity. Thinking it best to humor the sick man's whim, if only to convince him of his weakness, Mrs. Bowen had allowed him to be dressed and to sit up for a little while that evening, with the result that her argument carried beyond her expectations, the over-exertion bringing about a relapse, when, as is usual in such cases, the conditions were far more grave than in the first illness.

Now he was delirious, babbling of his World's Fair lady, his Dorothy, his sweetheart, until his voice had grown to be but a husky whisper as he sank down into the very shadows of death, while the doctor, listening, understood, comprehending what mischief he had inadvertently wrought by his half-truth about Dorothy's letter.

It was an amazing revelation to him, a revelation that left him very grave. He had not been a man if he had not perceived that Dorothy Meredith was a rarely beautiful girl, if he had not felt the winning sweetness of her personality. He had enjoyed but a bare speaking acquaintance with her during most of her stay at Windy Gulch; but he had fallen into a habit then of watching to see her come and go as he idled away the hours before his office door, his thoughts lingering about her more than he had perhaps quite realized at the time, and he had eagerly seized upon the opportunity to be of service to her at the time of her father's death. They had parted on the footing of friends as a result of the small favors he had been permitted to render then; and afterward, when of her own sweet will she wrote to him first a little note of thanks and later a letter of inquiry in respect to a work of charity which had occurred to her, only he could ever know what vista of hope had opened before his dazzled imagination. The doctor was man enough to feel that she was a woman whom for herself he might love with all his heart; while he was moreover sufficiently practical not to overlook altogether the wealth which by her father's death had become hers, a consideration delightfully restful to contemplate after the long years of struggle against poverty and disappointment which had been his. And so he had builded his fair air-castle but to see it fall like a house of cards before the sick man's unconscious bombs of truth. But the doctor was a good fellow, and, better still, a good

friend; and so he only called himself a fool for his dreams and thanked heaven he had excuse to write a certain letter which he hoped might bear good fruit.

And soon after this Harvey began to dream of seeing Dorothy standing now and then by his bedside, a dream which seemed to fill him with a peace more potent for good than all the doctor's medicines,—the fancy so possessing his imagination that when one day he awoke, his great, hollow eyes, eagerly searching the room, came back to the doctor's face with a look of helpless disappointment. "I thought she was here," he whispered, weakly. "I have been dreaming."

"Oh, it's all right, old fellow," his friend returned, swallowing something in his throat as he clasped the poor thin fingers in a tremulous grasp of gratulation. It was as by a miracle that poor Neil had been saved. "It's all right. Go to sleep, and dream that she is coming by and by." And, faintly smiling, as though he accepted the promise with the simple credulity of a child, Neil closed his eyes obediently and slept again.

He did not speak of the fancy when next he awoke, seeming listlessly to accept the conditions as he found them,—the trained nurse, a deft, quiet fellow, who had replaced loquacious Mrs. Bowen, the doctor coming and going, the flowers on the table, the recurrent broth and potions. But in a few days the doctor, sitting by the bedside, cheerily observed, "By the way, you're getting almost strong enough to begin to think about business a bit, aren't you, old man? The terms of compromise between the mines, now,—you remember that Miss Meredith's lawyer wrote you about it. Of course you haven't been giving it any thought, but—er——"

"No, I haven't been giving it much thought," the invalid returned, a shade passing across his face. "They must see Bartels, if there is any hurry."

"H'm, yes," the doctor indifferently rejoined. "But—well, you remember my telling you that Miss Meredith had written to ask me about the families of the men who were killed in the mine; she wanted to do something for them."

Neil looked up with a startled expression in his great eyes. "I did not know," he faltered, plucking nervously at the bedclothes. "You said she had written, but——"

"Possibly it did not occur to me to explain," the doctor nonchalantly rejoined, staring hard at something out of the window. "But she wrote to ask about that just at the time of her lawyer's letter suggesting terms of compromise,—just before you were taken down with this relapse, owing to your confounded lunacy in rampaging round when you should have been in bed. I dropped a line to the attorney telling him you were beyond business *pro tem.*, and then, as I was answering Miss Meredith's letter, it occurred to me to explain to her as well why her proposition must be laid on the shelf. But her heart seems to have been set on arranging that compromise somehow; when a woman will, she will, you know; and so—well, you recall how Mohammed went to the mountain under the stress of circumstances."

"Do you mean—oh, what do you mean?" gasped Neil, his gaunt

features strangely working, his eyes hungrily questioning. "Is she here?—Dorothy?"

"Yes; she is here,—with her aunt, a typical society old maid. She will amuse you, that aunt." So the doctor placidly went on, thinking it wise to say no more of Dorothy for the moment. "She is so obviously out of her element here, so uncompromisingly down on the West and all things Western. I fancy she leads Miss Dorothy rather a dance with her protests and aristocratic agonies, but——"

"When can I see her?" demanded the sick man, in a tone of breathless pleading. "Will she see me?—will she come?"

"Why, certainly. As I said before, I rather think she has come on purpose to see you, old fellow. And if you feel well enough—though I cannot have you talking business to-day—but if you would like to see her for a moment——"

"Like to see her! Great heavens, doctor, don't keep me waiting. I have waited so long!"

And a moment later Dorothy was standing by the bedside, her two hands clasped in his, her eyes looking down upon him with such love-light in their soft depths that it seemed to his dazzled vision as though it could not really be,—he must still be dreaming.

"It is you, really you?" he incredulously whispered, with trembling touch caressing the little hands as though he would assure himself of their reality. "You, here! Why are you here, Dorothy?"

"The doctor wrote me that you were sick," she faltered, her fingers tightening about his with a sort of shuddering tenderness, as at a remembered terror.

"And you came for that? Dorothy, sweetheart, the last time I saw you, you told me that you hated me. It was not true?"

"I think—I think more of you—than I thought I did," she murmured, bending toward him like a wind-blown rose in the shy confession, her eyes downcast, her cheeks aflame.

"Ah, the happy thought! God bless you for it, my sweetheart—mine!" Impossible to convey the gladness, the rapture, of that impassioned whisper, punctuated with soft kisses upon a small pink palm. But he was laughing too for gay amusement at her pretty embarrassment, in such lightness of heart as he had thought he could never know again; and with characteristic impetuosity he would follow up his triumph with the swift demand, merrily mocking her shy hesitancy, "And do you think—do you think enough of me—to marry me—soon, darling? Oh!"—and now the laughter had left his voice, while a glint of sudden tears enforced the impassioned earnestness of the low cry,—“I have so hungered, so starved for you, Dorothy!”

But, though he laid bare his heart in that brief pleading, he was for the moment stunned by the swift granting of his prayer. "I will marry you whenever you like, dear," she whispered back, her eyes, alight with a glory of boundless tenderness, resolutely bent to meet the dazed wonder, the rapturous questioning, of his.

It was his look more than his voice that presently spoke in his worshipful "My darling." And then he was silent for a while, covering impulsively with her dear hands his eyes, from which the

glad tears were welling over. "If you were my wife now," he tentatively muttered after a moment,—“if I could have you with me all day long——” He broke off with a little sigh, his glance ranging about the small, bare bedroom. “But I could not ask it, sweetheart; of course I could not.”

“But if you do not ask it, I don’t know how I can say yes to it,” Dorothy murmured, drooping toward him in sweet confusion until it needed but the yielding of an inch to answer the pleading of his eyes and lay her hot cheek against his in soft caressing.

“Dorothy!” It was all he could say, but all his doubt, his eager questioning, his tremulous joy, found expression in the one word.

“You see—” and the girl drew back from him a little, striving to assume a more matter-of-fact air for the explanation which she could yet hardly put into coherent phrase,—“auntie—I made her come with me; I could not come alone, you know; and she hates the West so much; it is so hard for her to become reconciled to my staying here,—so hard for her to understand that I *must* stay here to be happy.” Harvey had not been a lover if he had not interrupted here with a murmur of new love-words and more kisses for the little hands. “And she feels it her duty to say so much,” went on Dorothy, when she could be sure of his calmer attention. “Of course she means it for the best—she cannot understand; but it would be so much better if it were arranged so that she might go back East and leave me. And then—oh, don’t you see, dear?”—and again the blushing face bent to hide itself against his cheek,—“I want to be with you! I must!”

And so there was a quiet little wedding in that bare hotel chamber one gray November morning, the room made bright with a wealth of the fairest flowers that Denver could contribute, brighter still in Neil’s glad eyes for the bride who came to his bedside to be wed, the sweet radiancy of her happiness beyond clouding even by such gloom as her relative, Miss Van Derlynde, wore for the occasion.

It was a sore trial for that good lady. That a niece of hers, a Van Derlynde on her mother’s side, should come to this rude mining camp to marry this common miner,—for no explanation could make it clear to her that Harvey Neil was anything else,—that she should be wed in this off-hand fashion, was a shock to her aristocratic soul from which she felt that she could never quite recover. Had she been fully cognizant of such awful possibilities, sure it was that she had never been brought to play the part of chaperon; but now that she was here, powerless to interfere, she submitted herself to the martyrdom of giving away the bride, with a feeling—as she expressed it afterward in pathetic accounts to all the members of the family—as though she were assisting at Dorothy’s funeral, her manner throughout wholly in keeping with that idea.

And quite as disapproving, though from a very different standpoint, was Windy Gulch, when its first surprise had subsided to the plane of coherent comment. Public opinion had undergone a change toward Harvey Neil. The time had been when even his best friends

would deprecate his attitude toward the Miners' Union, so pregnant of trouble, regretting his independence of spirit, his obstinacy of temper; but now no word was heard save in his praise. The Grubstake disaster had made him a hero in their eyes. The way he had worked throughout that awful day, as though with the strength of three, planning, directing everything; the way he had coolly faced the chances of death by going down into the mine alone, when of all those he would succor not one was bound to him by any tie of kin, not one but had been his enemy; the way he had afterward come to the relief of the families left in want by the taking off of their bread-winners,—these things, for which enthusiasm grew with every reiteration, suggesting a hundred other little happenings which the people were now glad to recall in his favor, all augmented by the sympathy and concern for his long and serious illness, had lifted him to a point in popular favor well-nigh equivalent to canonization. It might have been difficult at just this time for any woman to rise to the camp's ideal of what Harvey Neil's wife should be; and Dorothy Meredith was regretfully regarded as falling a long way short of it.

Everybody was sure she could not be half good enough for him, mainly because she was her father's daughter, the evil that the colonel had done now living after him in the merciless gossip of many tongues. But the camp, through much buffeting of fate, had grown philosophical; and, although it could not altogether approve, it was presently ready to admit that possibly this might be the best way to settle the trouble between the mines, while as to the rest, Mrs. Bowen but summed up the general conclusion when she was inspired to ask, "What's the odds, as long as they're happy?"

THE END.

ENGLISH MEDIEVAL LIFE.

LEARNED writers would have us believe that the Middle Ages were an era of almost universal goodness, comfort, and content. Other writers, equally learned, would have us believe them an era of almost universal wickedness, penury, and despair. I cannot believe either of these things. I am going to venture the suggestion, though, that life may have been quite as interesting in the Middle Ages as it is to-day,—quite as interesting, that is, for the bulk of the community.

The fourteenth century may be taken as typical of the Middle Ages. It was a period of religious ideality. There were prayers, fastings, flagellations, relics, images, vows, miracles, faith, wonder, worship, self-abasement, ecstasy. Old men saw visions, and young men dreamed dreams. Scepticism appeared here and there, to be sure, but it was a fresh, eager, child-like scepticism, not at all *blasé*, not at all the modern product, "serenely cold and imperturbable." "It was," says a critic of the times, "a violent movement of the whole nature which feels itself impelled to burn what it adores; but the man is uncertain in his doubt, and his burst of laughter stuns him; he has passed as it were through an orgy, and when the white light of the morning comes he will have an attack of despair, profound anguish with tears, and perhaps a vow of pilgrimage and a conspicuous conversion." The Crusades were over; the spirit of the Crusades remained. Kings were still planning them; monks were still inciting to them; the common people were still dreaming of them; small bands of knights continued to go to the Holy Land to fight for the tomb of the Saviour. Christ and the Christ-mother and the saints were very near and very real to the world still.

In lieu of the Crusades, pilgrimages were made to famous shrines in France, Spain, and Italy, and even to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Some of the craft guilds, for instance, made special provision for pilgrimages by its members. A Lincoln guild had this rule: "If any brother wishes to make pilgrimage to Rome, St. James of Galicia, or the Holy Land, he shall forewarn the guild; and all the brethren shall go with him to the city gate, and each shall give him a halfpenny at least;" furthermore, if the pilgrim returned on a Sunday or a holiday, the guild went outside the gate to meet him. Religious symbolism appeared everywhere. Parish boundaries were marked by crosses; there was a cross at every fork in the road and in the heart of every village. Under the village cross, business contracts were made, as well as religious vows. Escaped criminals found in churches the right of sanctuary. The Passion Play was given yearly during the religious feasts. St. Francis's glorious object-lesson of service was still before the eyes of the people, and the mighty truths of the teachings of St. Dominic were still echoing in their ears. In Monk Samson, Carlyle has typified the age's mystical might.

"The great, antique heart!" he exclaims; "how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men; that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God. Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendor over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!—'The imaginative faculties?' 'Rude poetic ages?' The 'primeval poetic element?' Oh, for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that. It was not a diletantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all time and all eternity!"

It was a period of chivalric romance. Many English knights of this time were true knights-errant. Yielding to an impulse that seems to have been about three-quarters love of adventure and one-quarter tender passion, English noblemen scoured Europe and the East, ready "to do and sacrifice as much to recover a fugitive girl as to take a town." Sir John Hawkwood and William Gold became famous *condottieri* in Italy, and de Werchin challenged to a friendly combat at arms any knight for whom he should not have to turn aside more than twenty leagues from the road to a certain shrine in Spain. King Edward had at Kenilworth a Round Table about which one hundred knights and ladies clad all in silk were wont to gather. The poor man in whom the same chivalric spirit stirred was free to enter the green-wood and lead the life of an outlaw with his "nut-brown maid," as Hereward, Fulk Fitz-Warin, and Robin Hood had done in the earlier centuries. Bravery has existed for dire need in all the centuries since, but there was so much of glamorous ritualism about this fourteenth-century chivalry and outlawry that bravery would out for the most trifling affair. Just now the only hope for the chivalrous soul is to become a tramp or join the fire-department—or, for a small portion of *la gloire*, the force.

The period was pre-eminently spectacular. It was replete with splendid pageantry, which all the people might witness. The journeyings of the king and his court were almost incessant; in fact, there were few sections where the royal train was not a familiar sight. Edward I. changed his residence seventy-five times in one year, an average of three times a fortnight. He always had with him, besides his favorite knights, twenty-four archers on foot, the chancellor and his clerks, the steward, the chamberlain, the outer and inner marshals, the treasurer of the wardrobe, and many more minor officers and their attendants. Knights had curled hair, long beards, ring-laden fingers, jewelled girdles, purses embroidered with gold arabesques, red shoes, much slashed and long-pointed, and short silk or fur-lined coats with wide-flowing sleeves. Special officers wore special liveries. The *ensemble* must have been unspeakably brilliant.

The bishops, besides making episcopal visitations, had to look after their landed property; and a bishop never travelled without much splendor and a great retinue. The Bishop of Hereford, for instance, had in his pay a duel champion, squires, clerks, carters, falconers, porters, grooms, messengers, bakers, kitchen servants, and pages, full forty persons in all. Even common monks, when they took long journeys from the cloister, sometimes assumed the garb of knights.

Queens and great ladies, splendidly attired, often travelled in carriages drawn by five horses fastened in a row. These carriages had carved wheels, gilded beams, tapestry hangings, silk curtains, and embroidered cushions.

There were tournaments of brave knights witnessed by fair ladies, vigils at arms, hunts with hawks, horses, and hounds, miracle-plays in the church-yards, midnight exhumations, *Te Deums*, and popular games. There were the merry, bustling, clamorous, parti-colored fairs (patronized by all England, and contributed to by all the world), where were displayed, besides the staple products, leather-work, embroideries, tapestries, silks, velvets, exquisite glasses, porcelains, mitres and coronets ablaze with gems, jewelled gloves, rings, choice wines, spices, frankincense, wood and ivory carvings, marvellous work in iron, bronze, and pewter, stained glass, and illuminated missals. Above all, there were the public ceremonials of the guilds, very splendid, particularly in London.

"In their processions to church," says Timbs in his "*Curiosities of London*," "the companies were joined by the religious orders in their rich costumes, bearing wax torches and singing, and frequently attended by the Lord Mayor and great civic authorities in state. Funerals were as religiously observed by them; and to celebrate with becoming grandeur the obsequies of deceased members, almost the whole of these fraternities kept a state pall or hearse-cloth; members of superior rank were followed to interment by the Lord Mayor and civic authorities; and it was the custom to provide funeral dinners with sums left by the deceased, or sent after death by the relatives to their halls."

Their parades sometimes took place on the river, where they had barges "freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts." There were pageants on the return of the king after a foreign victory and on his setting out for foreign conquest. Coronation processions, though less frequent, came quite often enough, and were participated in by all the crafts. At the coronation of Henry IV., in 1399, Cheapside, according to Froissart, had "seven fountains running with red and white wine, and the craftsmen, clothed in their proper liveries, bore banners of their trades." These guild processions, often called "*ridings*," were a delight to all classes, whether they shared in them or not. How they appealed to the city apprentice we are told by Chaucer:

When there any ridings are in Chepe,
Out of his shoppe thider would he lepe,
And till that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he would not come again.

The stone cathedrals, castles, monasteries, guild and town halls, and bridges, the massive beauty of which is the marvel and despair of the present, were part and parcel of the pageantry of the period. Architecture is one of the most direct means of expressing life, and there must have been something surpassingly strong and fine and aspiring about the life that expressed itself in forms like these.

The less imposing features of the century's activity were quaintly picturesque, and so were as important as its splendid pageantry. That both the picturesque and the gorgeous elements of the spectacular were amply appreciated is clear from the annals of the times. Such an environment contributes to zest, and zest is a much larger part of life than is generally imagined. Notice the *personnel* of a fourteenth-century highway. Swift-footed, professional messengers sent out for sundry purposes by abbots, bishops, nobles, sheriffs, or by the king, to command prayers for a dead member of the royal family, or to convene Parliament. Swarms of peddlers with their packs, every one an Autolycus, a haunter of "wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings." He has with him "ribands of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't." And when he is not talking or displaying his wares, he is singing:

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Chapmen (regular merchants) with their boxes from the Rhine country, Gascony, Spain, Flanders, the Hanse towns, Lombardy, and the East, forced by the conditions of the times to travel like the peddlers if they will merchandise. They wear Flemish hats and forked beards for the most part, and look sleek and prosperous. Herbalists and every kind of travelling quack, shrewd, loquacious fellows then as they are to-day. Listen to a part of the harangue of a medicinal herb-seller known to Rutebeuf: "Take off your caps, give ear, look at my herbs, which my lady sends into this land and country; and because she wishes as well to the poor as to the rich, she told me that I should make penny-worths of them, for a man may have a penny in his purse who has not five pounds. . . . These herbs, you will not eat them, for there is no ox in this country, no charger, be he never so strong, which if he had a bit the size of a pea upon his tongue would not die a hard death, they are so strong and bitter. . . . You will put them three days to steep in good white wine; if you have no white, take red; if you have no red wine, take fine, clear water, for many a man has a well before his door who has not a cask of wine in his cellar. If you breakfast from it for thirteen mornings you will be cured of your various maladies. . . . If my father and mother were in danger of death and they were to ask of me the best herb that I could give them, I should give them this. This is how I sell my herbs and my

ointments; if you want any, come and take them; if you don't want any, let them alone." Long-robed burgesses. Peddling friars, their wallets stuffed with petty merchandise. Franciscans, barefoot and meanly clothed. Pardoners displaying relics of the saints. Hermits standing before their little huts "at the most frequented parts of the great roads or at the corners of bridges." Returning pilgrims with staff and scrip, their dusty garments bedight with the signs and medals of their pilgrimages. Gaunt-featured alchemists and crooked beggars. Minstrels singing, to the accompaniment of harp, lute, or guitar, of the heroes of classical antiquity, of dragons and golden-haired princesses, of Arthur and the Table Round, of Roland, of Tristan and Isolde, of Charlemagne, of Robin Hood; inciting to popular revolt against the lords; elaborating the details of a ludicrous situation; dwelling fondly upon the sweet scenes of romance. These are the popular exponents of literature and music, the apostles of war, love, and laughter. What matters it that men can neither read nor write, when they can listen and dream and think? Buffoons, mountebanks, mummers, tumblers, owners of dancing bears, bull-baiters, conjurers, ribalds, and dancers, the last as clever contortionists, after their fashion, as the favorite dancers of our contemporary stage.

It was a period of good-fellowship. Whatever else the little-understood guilds were or were not, they were convivial. In fact, "to drink the guild merchant" meant simply to hold a meeting. At Southampton two gallons of wine each per evening was the allowance of the alderman and steward, and one gallon the allowance of the chaplain, the usher, and each of the skevins. An old record tells of the "drynkyns with spiced cakebrede and sondry wines, the cups merrily serving about the hous," and of "eating frometye, rost byffe, grene gese, weals, and spyce cake."

At an election feast the *menu* was likely to be still more elaborate. A London craft, for instance, had "ribbes of beefe, boar, frumentie with venison, sea hog, brawn with mustard, swan standard, capons roasted, great birds with little ones together, rodde of spice bread, ypocras, great custards, pears in syrop, fritters." The election ceremonies took place after the feast. The officers elected were crowned "with garlondes on their hedes," and the great loving cup of sack was passed from member to member around the table,—a beautiful custom, symbolizing perfect brotherhood.

General hospitality was exercised both by monasteries and by castles. The inns and roadside ale-houses patronized by the lower and middle classes witnessed scenes of the most roistering, tumultuous mirth while the big bumpers of ale were being drained, and story-telling both there and elsewhere was a pastime the popularity of which it is now difficult to gauge.

In the fourteenth century the people of London had not lost all appetite for the fields and woods and birds and brooks, as William Clark tells us they have now, nor had Sunday taken on its present unnatural seriousness. Even beggars and outlaws had their rituals of mirth. Geoffrey Chaucer, the good-natured, gossipy, companionable, thoroughly human story-teller, beautifully illustrates the good-fellow-

ship of the age in which he lived. England was "Merrie England" then, not only to herself but to all her neighbors.

"It is only necessary," says Whately Cook Taylor, "to compare this estimate of us with that of any foreigner of to-day, to add to the astonishment with which we must regard this fact. If there is one thing that invariably strikes every intelligent visitor here now, it is the exceeding gloom of our life, the absolute incapacity for joyousness which the national character displays. Merriment is the very quality of which the modern Englishman seems to know least. Wealth has vastly increased since then; the standard of comfort has been immensely raised, political freedom is general, and yet at the end of a century of enormous prosperity the country which once—at the conclusion of a time, too, all the reverse of that [referring to the famine and the Black Death]—was 'Merrie England' is now the gloomiest, weariest, least-enjoying on the face of the earth."

The guild system brought the spirit of fraternity into the common relations of life, gave the workman a live interest in the quality of his work, and assured him a certain social position. Thorold Rogers has shown that the hours of the English town laborer at this period were short, and that his wages, purchasing power considered, were certainly higher than they were in the eighteenth century, possibly higher than they are to-day; that, furthermore, the agricultural laborer, besides getting good wages, generally worked a small plot of land in connection with his house and had free access to a common and an unenclosed forest for wood and pasturage. Taylor seems to attribute the merriment of England solely to the prosperity of her laborers. This may have been a reason for it, but it certainly was not the only one. In the first place, the Norman influence was so fresh, strong, and pervasive that it would be strange indeed if England did not display at this time something of the gayety characteristic of the French people. In the second place, there is good reason to suppose that the English climate was considerably milder then than now; wine was certainly produced in considerable quantities. Finally, England, notwithstanding the scepticism of the Lollards, was still several generations from becoming Protestant, and Roman Catholic countries are so light-hearted that they laugh in the midst of misfortune, of positive distress even.

Neither England at large nor laboring England was laughing out of the compulsion of complete prosperity. How to reconcile it with Thorold Rogers's convincing figures I do not know, but the fact is that poverty was frightfully prevalent both in city and in country. Figures, perhaps, when they are not allowed to lie, take revenge by telling half-truths.

"The roads," says Thomas Wright, "appear to have been infested with beggars of all descriptions, many of whom were cripples and persons mutilated in the most revolting manner, the result of feudal wantonness and vengeance." Many of these beggars had originally been wandering laborers. The unemployed flocked to the cities, exactly as in our own time and country.

"Forasmuch," reads the preamble to a statute of 1359, "as many men and women and others of divers Countries, who might work, to

the help of the common people, have betaken themselves from out of their own Country to the City of London, and do go about begging there, so as to have their own ease and repose, not wishing to labor or work for their sustenance," etc. And in 1376 the Commons petitioned the king "that Ribalds and Sturdy Beggars might be banished out of every town."

Piers Plowman realistically describes a typical poor family :

"No man knows, I think, who is worthy to receive; but if we take good heed, the most needy is our neighbor, as prisoners in dungeons, and poor people in cabins, burdened with children and chief rent to be paid to their lords. What they may save by spinning they spend in house-rent, in milk and in meal to make their cakes, to satisfy their children who cry for food. Themselves also suffer greatly from hunger and much distress in winter from watching at night, that they may rise to the reel, to rock the cradle, to card and to comb wool, to mend and wash clothes, to rub and reel yarn, to peel rushes for lights, so that it is pity to read or declare in rhyme the misery that those women who live in poor cottages and many men beside endure, both galled in their fingers with frost and forced to turn the best side outward.

"Such are ashamed to beg, and would not have it known at their neighbors' houses what their wants are at noon and evening. But I certainly know, as experience in the world teaches me, what are the wants of others who have many children and no cattle, and nothing but their own craft to feed and cloath them, with many to depend upon it, and small wages to receive, for there is bread and penny ale taken as a treat, and cold meat and cold fish, instead of baked venison. For such a family, on Fridays and fast-days, a farthing's worth of mussels and as many cockles were a feast. True alms it were to help those who have such charges, and to comfort such cottagers, together with the blind and decrepit.

"There are beggars," he continues, "who seem to be in health, both men and women, yet want their understanding. Such are lunatic vagrants, and wanderers about, who are more or less mad according to the phases of the moon. These care for no cold, nor reckon aught of heat, and move after the moon, wandering without money over many wide countries, without understanding, but with no evil intent."

Asylums for the insane did not exist. Leprosy prevailed. Medicine was helpless before the Black Death, which swept away from one-third to one-half of the entire population, as indeed it was before most diseases, and society was helpless before a famine. Brick and stone were only just beginning to supplant wood and mud as building materials in common houses, and the homes and habits of the people were, viewed by the code of to-day, filthy in the extreme. Roads and bridges were at times in such a condition that travel was delayed for days. All evidence—histories, church and court records, Latin, French, and English ballads, and romances—concurs in putting the *morale* of the clergy very low. Carlyle's Samson would certainly have been the exception in the fourteenth century: his "red bottle-nosed Willelmus Sacrista, who sits drinking nightly and doing more *tacenda*," would, I

fear, be nearer the fourteenth-century type. The extent of the clergy's moral weakness is evidenced by a document of 1372, in which the Commons pray the Parliament "that the prelates and ordinaries of Holy Church may no longer be allowed to take money payments from the clergy and others for leave to keep concubines and other offences for which money ought not to be taken."

The nobility were little if any more temperate or chaste than the clergy, and the records of the ale-houses show that the lower classes in this as in all ages followed as closely as might be the moral examples of those in authority over them. "At these taverns every day," says Christine de Pisan, "you will find them [the peasants] remain drinking there all day as soon as their work is done. Many find it the thing to come there in order to drink; they spend there, 'tis perfectly true, more than they have gained all day. Do not ask if they fight when they are tipsy: the provost has several pounds in fines for it during the year."

Justice was shamelessly perverted by every court from the Royal Chancery down, and retribution rarely came to these judges. "The Royal Chancery," says Jusserand, "willingly granted charters of pardon, because they must be paid for, and the Commons unweariedly renewed their complaints against these crying abuses." By all classes who had money to spare, judgments were purchased; those who had no money had to suffer cruelly. Embezzlements were common. In noting these facts and the further fact that nearly every right won by the Commons from the nobles or the king was secured by bribery or purchase, one is tempted to call the period venal. It was unquestionably cruel. At a time somewhat later in English history two hundred and twenty-three crimes were punishable by death. The number of these at this time was less, but it was for all that considerable. Mutilations, brandings, tortures by the press and other instruments, and burnings, were much in vogue. Conviction of a theft of twelvepence was followed by hanging; the stocks and the pillory were used on the slightest pretext. Robbery, especially highway robbery, was carried on with practical impunity by men in every grade of society. A law was therefore passed that all highways leading from one market town to another should have no bushes, woods, hedges, or dikes, by which robbers might hide, for two hundred feet on either side; and another law, somewhat unjust in its workings, that a stranger might be arrested and held on suspicion.

Gosseline Denville, a knight, after wasting his inheritance, took to the highway with a band of followers. He was joined by his brother Robert. Other bands became affiliated with them, and Sir Gosseline, like Edmond About's King of the Mountains, Hadji-Stavros, terrorized a large district. His bands robbed two cardinals. They broke open houses in the daytime, taking what money and plate they could find, and killing any who opposed them. They invaded monasteries and nunneries and despoiled church altars. Disguised as friars, they robbed the king himself. "In 1347," according to Ribton Turner, "the English countries beyond the Severn were overrun by a band of out-laws. In Gloucestershire they had joined together and elected them-

selves a chieftain, to whom they gave sovereign power, and in whose name they issued proclamations; and, setting at defiance the king and his laws, they infested equally the sea and the land, capturing and plundering the king's ships on one element, and murdering and robbing his subjects on the other." Mr. L. O. Pike in his "*History of Crime*" devotes especial attention to the year before the Black Death. His showing of the immorality of that year is so dreadful that a superstitious man would see in the plague a visitation of the just wrath of a righteous God.

Even the things that made life interesting had their seamy side. Miracles were manufactured, and frauds to encourage pilgrimages were deliberately perpetrated, by self-seeking abbots. Pilgrims were in some cases shiftless beggars or lawless adventurers. Some hermits made their garb an excuse for laziness, drunkenness, and idle and licentious living, and many pardoners were the worst sort of swindlers and blacklegs. Chivalry was at times a shameless travesty, and at others an instrument for such brutalities as the abduction of heiresses and the marriage of women by compulsion. A royal progress was, in point of fact, a very high-priced show. "Parties with a law-suit, various petitioners, women of ill life, quite a herd of individuals without character, persisted in escorting the prince and his courtiers," says Jusserand. "They quarrelled among each other, robbed by the way, sometimes committed murders, and did not contribute, as may be imagined, to render the news of the king's arrival welcome." "When men hear of your hour of coming," wrote Archbishop Islip to Edward III., "everybody, at once, for sheer fear, sets about hiding or eating or getting rid of their geese and chickens and other possessions, that they may not utterly lose them through your arrival."

Tournaments might be occasions for vice, many of the fair women who participated being "not of the best," as a protest of the Commons expressed it.

Stone castles were apt to be foul, bare, and squalid within, and stone bridges to be decorated with the heads of executed criminals. Stone churches had a special lepers' window on the north side of the chancel, about which the wretched, uncanny heads of the lepers might be seen crowding during a service. The picturesqueness of the highway became too grim to be altogether agreeable when its gibbets were kept supplied with mutilated remains and when messengers were carrying over it to the great towns the quarters of a traitor's body.

The gorgeous guild banquets can have been but sorry affairs after all, for what is conviviality without tobacco, which no less an authority than Carlyle styles "one of the divinest benefits that has ever come to the human race"?

Taverns must have appeared much less desirable when such talk as the following was overheard in them: "William, undress and wash your legs, and then dry them with a cloth and rub them well, for love of the fleas, that they may not leap on your legs, for there is a peck of them lying in the dust under the rushes," and when a host's proudest boast is, "I make bold that you shall be well and comfortably lodged here—save that there is a great peck of rats and mice." Fairs would

have proved more bewitching had they not been intimately associated in the minds of their patrons with oppressive regulations, fines, and confiscations.

But, somehow, in spite of all these seamy sides of things, life was very well worth living five hundred years ago. Somehow religious idealism and chivalry and pageantry and picturesqueness and good-fellowship, slight as their worth is now, did make life a fresh and fair and desirable thing for men and women, and that, too, without the adventitious aids of telephones and typewriters, lifts and lightning-rods, cigars and the Charity Organization Society, science and the theory of evolution. It is good to take a careful look backward into the days when these boasted products of our nineteenth-century civilization did not exist, if only to be reminded that these are not life nor any considerable part of it.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

WHERE THE CLUES MET.

THE pine logs, seasoned in many a summer of hot sunshine, yielded their resinous hearts to the eager flames that, leaping high in the air, poured great spirals of black smoke here and there as the breezes willed it. In the darkened sky the boldest stars were mere points of light to the men who lay in the ruddy glare of the flames; the more timid were quite eclipsed. A few heavy cloud-banks drifted slowly into the north. Not far away was the profile of the cypress forest which walled in the open field. At hand were the dead cotton-plants and girdled pines, the scraggy arms of the latter lifted white against their dark background.

The sportsmen reclined on the ground, for the Georgia December carries a dream of summer with it. One or two were busy with their equipments.

Several deer hung from an improvised rack not far away, and from the throat of one blood still dripped into the black spot toward which its extended tongue pointed helplessly. Within the circle of light a gaunt negro cheerily carved away upon its mate, and behind him a gigantic hound held between his forefeet, as large as a woman's hands, the severed head, which he easily crushed in his massive jaws. Ever and anon one of the lesser dogs wandered near him, wistfully scenting the feast, and from his nervous flanks a warning rolled forward and out between his two ranks of glistening teeth.

"Try the horn again, Mingo." It was the elderly hunter who addressed the negro. Mingo took from the rack a cow-horn scraped to the thinness of paper, and sounded upon it three long blasts that echoed and re-echoed bewilderingly in all directions, until the swamp was filled with the fantastic combinations. To the younger men the effect was weird and startling. They turned their faces in the direction the negro's position indicated as that from which a reply might be expected, and waited with strained attention. At last the tumult

ceased, and the dogs grew quiet, but no answering blast, no human voice, no crack of rifle, came out of the black depths; only the whirring boom of a night-hawk plunging down from the spaces above into the lightened shadow of the field.

"Ainty no use: buckra mon he los' he way sho'! Swamp fool um baird. He yarry wan horn yander, he yarry narrer horn yander, an' 'fo' Gord 'e ainty know wan fum tarrer!"* It was the gaunt negro who spoke, and he nodded his head right and left to indicate the several directions. His remark was followed by a low growl from the great hound: his eyes were fixed upon something behind them. Every face was turned quickly. There was a moment's profound astonishment and silence. Standing in the circle of light was a man in faded homespun, his head surmounted by a coon-skin cap, the fur out and tail pendent. He had rested his rifle upon the ground; the muzzle reached his face, although he stood more than six feet and seemed taller in that wavering light.

"Good-evening, Maddox. Come up and have a seat." It was the planter who spoke, and he added at once, for the ears of his guest alone, "Don't notice him." Thus addressed, the stranger came into the circle and seated himself on the ground, resting his arm upon a log. Those who from time to time stole glances at the singular figure saw that the face was covered by reddish-brown hair that completely concealed its expression. But under the shaggy brows shone keen uneasy eyes that searched the faces about him. To one man of the party the key to the situation was almost instantly known. The doctor sat oiling his gun when first he encountered that level searching gaze. It was the inquiring look of a mentally unbalanced person, and, realizing it, he turned his attention to other matters. But from time to time he felt the look upon him, and, despite his resolution, could not resist the queer attraction which compels response to a fixed gaze. Suddenly, as they talked, the stranger extended his limbs slightly, drew his arm and rifle against his breast, and closed his eyes in sleep. The closing of those eyes seemed to lift a spell from the party.

"Then, Colonel Walters," said the doctor, addressing the planter, "you do not think the boy in any danger?"

The gentleman addressed lifted his face and turned reassuringly toward his guests.

"No, indeed! If he has any judgment, he will pick a good tree, seat himself with his back against it, and nod the night away. In this case we will get him out soon in the morning. The chances are, however, being a boy and not familiar with the country, he may have tried to find his way out and instead wandered a long way in. If this is true, I will send home for a dog I have and trail him."

"Allen was beyond me, and, I think, on the end stand." The information came from under a hat that covered the face of one of the tired party.

* Dialect of the coast negro: "No use: white man has surely lost his way. The swamp fooled him bad. He hears one horn yonder, another yonder, and doesn't know one from the other."

"That then would have put him next to the river, and may simplify matters. He could not go east, because of the river, nor south very far, because of a creek. If he had gone west he would have come within hearing of our signals. He either is asleep or has gone toward the north."

"Buckra mon he young!" laughed the negro, who caught snatches of the conversation. "Deer he long time coming. Sleep he come quick."

"Yes," said the planter, "Mingo has about hit it. Young Allen fell asleep while waiting for the drive; when he awoke it was dark, and in trying to come out he went astray."

"And how far, colonel, could he go northward before reaching a settlement?"

"Oh, there is no telling. The Altamaha is a great river, and its swamp almost endless. Up to where the Oconee and Ocmulgee unite to form it, it is a bad country to travel. Innumerable watercourses lead into these rivers, and, with the exception of an occasional plantation or log-camp, unless you get away from the waters, it is many miles between settlements. If it were not so we would not have the deer. I should say your city, Macon, about two hundred miles by rail, is six hundred by river; and it is possible for a man to travel the whole way in concealment,—that is, supposing he could travel at all, for as a matter of course he could not, in many places, without a boat.

"That is the reason," continued the speaker, becoming himself interested in the subject, "so many of your up-country criminals escape arrest. If I should wish to run away from Macon, I would take a bateau, travel by night, and drag my boat into the cane-brakes during the day. Many negroes do this. You know all through this South Georgia country, up and down the streams, log-getting is the negro's occupation. The outfit is an axe and a frying-pan, and men come and go without questioning. Rafts furnish convenient transportation to the coast, and there is always a demand in the harbor for sailors. Criminals once in this swamp are safe. Before the war, a runaway slave was regarded as lost after he got in here. He might live a lifetime without being seen."

"I have often thought of that," said the doctor, with interest, as he put together the parts of his gun and returned it to the case. "One flight from Macon was made, I am confident, in just that way. About twenty years ago there was an elopement that upset the community and baffled the best detectives——"

"Doctor!" He looked a moment toward one of the party, who was regarding him with a peculiar expression, nodded his head as a thought occurred to him, and after a pause brought the narrative to an end as briefly as possible, though not without perceptible embarrassment.

"They disappeared as completely as if wiped out of existence, body and soul. I had no personal interest in the matter, although all parties were well known to me; but out of curiosity I questioned some of the little colony of fishermen who tend trot-lines in the river, and ascertained that upon the night of the elopement a boat had been taken.

I am confident that they went in this boat. Both were very young and romantic, and the gentleman had little idea of what he was undertaking when he set out for Darien on the river; though it may be that he intended leaving it at some town and travelling across country. The husband disappeared soon after, it is said in search of the pair, and has never been heard of." He was evidently glad to finish the narrative, and welcomed the trivial incident that cut off any question that might have been asked of him. The sleeper stirred, stretched himself slightly, and said, in a querulous tone of voice,—

"Well, well, what of it?" The party were startled, but it was evident the man talked in his sleep.

"Well, I for one am in favor of going back to the stands to-night and making an effort to find the boy." The speaker, a younger man, brought himself to a sitting position and kicked a blazing chunk back into the fire. "I don't like the idea of leaving Allen out yonder in that swamp all night." Several voices seconded this energetic proposition.

"I could not undertake to find the place to-night,"—the planter spoke slowly and very courteously,—"and it would be useless to endeavor to get the only man who could succeed, to attempt it. These people about here have certain prejudices and superstitions hard to overcome, and when you touch a cracker's prejudices and superstitions you touch him in tender places. It is not always a good idea to even argue the matter with one of them."

"How about your friend over there, colonel?" said the doctor, nodding toward the sleeper.

The planter shook his head. "Nothing would tempt him, I think. He is a weak-minded hunter and trapper, and has this one peculiarity: no matter where he is in the swamp at night, he is bound to come out and stay out until daylight."

"Queer!"

"Yes. He has a singular history. Many years ago he made his appearance in this neighborhood, and for a long time was greatly feared, but it was soon seen that he was perfectly harmless. Now he finds a welcome where he chooses to drop in, cabin, log-camp, or farm, and generally he has a deer or a turkey or game of some kind that pays for the little he consumes. He is a marvellous woodsman, and a dead shot with that long muzzle-loader of his. But he is evidently too superstitious to like the swamp at night."

"And these superstitions, do they take any particular form, colonel?"

"Well, yes." The speaker glanced carelessly at the recumbent figure of the woodsman and continued: "The native generally has an aversion to the swamps after dark, but the particular trouble here arose from events which occurred many years since. I was sent for, one day," he said, seeing his listeners awaited the story, "by the negroes in a log-camp a few miles away, and, going there, found in one of their little huts, made of sod and pine bark, a young white woman delirious with fever. She was in a pitiable plight, doctor; her garments were reduced to rags, and her face and hands and feet, which were bare, were covered with wounds she had received in her wander-

ings. I had her removed to my house, where she died without recovering consciousness. Nothing could be discovered from her dress or her words to prove her identity, and she had no jewelry about her. One thing, however, I noticed closely, and it impressed me: she used refined language, even in her ravings. Another thing impressed my wife: she did not possess that broad smooth pronunciation common to all the people hereabouts; but I was not convinced on this point. A notice of the affair was published in the county paper, but it evidently never attracted the attention of her friends, if she had any."

"And now," said one of the party, lightly, "I suppose there is a woman in white who walks the swamp after dark."

"So they say. But that is not all. Two or three weeks later, after a heavy freshet, a boat was found lodged in a dense canebrake some miles above where our young friend ought to be sleeping now. It was half full of mud, and in it was the body of a man so mutilated by buzzards as to seem scarcely human. Nothing would have been thought of this circumstance, for boatmen are occasionally drowned by being drawn into bad places during freshets, but in this case the head was missing. Some one advanced the theory that possibly it bore evidence of a crime, and that the guilty party had, finding it later, secreted or buried it. Whether or not there was any connection between the two tragedies I can't say, but I am inclined to think there was. From gossip of the negroes, gathered at various places, I inferred that a man and a woman had been seen in a boat on the river about that time, and one who claimed to have passed them in his bateau said that the woman was lying in the boat, her head at the man's feet, and seemed to be ill. All this I gathered little by little, and long after the occurrence."

"And, in addition to the woman in white, the swamp is now inhabited of nights by a headless man."

This new sally from beyond the log fire provoked a smile from several. But one or two of the group had arisen to a sitting position and were gazing thoughtfully into the flames. The doctor was one of these. He turned carelessly to the narrator:

"About what year was this?"

"Well, I should say it was somewhere in the neighborhood of '70, —'69 or '70,—and in the fall of the year." Then, as no one else broke the silence, he continued. "I said there was no clue to the woman's identity, and really there was none. She was buried out in our little cemetery, and only a mound marked the spot. I did not have occasion to visit it for probably a year, but when I did you may judge of my surprise to find a rude head-board by this mound, and upon it carved neatly the name——" The speaker pressed his hand to his forehead and smiled. "The name slipped from my tongue as I was about to pronounce it."

He looked up inquiringly. The silence was now intense. Every man had half risen, and every eye was fixed upon the planter as he sought to recall the forgotten name; but the woodsman slumbered on. Presently the doctor turned, and, looking the planter steadily in the face, paused a moment and quietly said,—

"Was it Eudora?"

"Eudora! Eudora!" exclaimed the planter; and then, in great excitement, "You knew her?" The eyes of every man were turned away. Some looked upon the ground, some into the fire, and some through the gloom at the stars. While thus they sat, suddenly the lone sleeper moved uneasily.

"Well," he said, in the sonorous, musical, but impatient tones of the cracker when he argues a point, "well, how'd I know she was ersleep in th' boat? Warn't no way ter know hit, 'lessen she'd raised up. It was er two-hundred-yard shot." The words, spoken at the moment when the nerves of the party were strained, sent a chill to every heart, and brought every gaze upon the extended figure. There was no mistake; he but rambled in his dreams.

At this moment the great hound lifted his head and bayed loudly, bringing the startled watchers to their feet.

"Huh!" The negro paused in his labor and listened intently. The woodsman arose and gazed about him fearfully. Then, as the dogs, great and small, plunged off northward, out of the gloom a boyish face was seen approaching. The doctor turned quickly and whispered to the planter,—

"Colonel, not a word of this story to the boy."

"He is——"

"His mother's name was Eudora," said the doctor, after a moment's hesitation.

The next instant the youth was among them, beaming with happiness.

"Starved! starved!" he said, gayly. "Cold, thirsty,—especially thirsty! Will nobody give me a drink! You Mingo, you black rascal, it is no time to grin: get me some Scotch whiskey, or you will see a man drop dead.—Ah, that's it. Now fill it up again. The conversation between the Governors of the two Carolinas has fitted my case for about ten hours." Thus running on gayly, he betook himself eagerly to food and drink, and presently stretched his legs toward the fire. The high wine was evidently at work upon him, and his tongue rattled incessantly. In every party there is one who carries things before him by sheer force of animal spirits and fun, and this one was the incarnation of merriment. To use his own epigram, which summed it all up, he had "been born three drinks above par." For a few moments he fought off the running fire of banter and rillery, and then came his rapid narrative. The attention of all but one man was fixed upon him, and this one was the doctor. When the eager face of the young man appeared in the light, he had seen a most remarkable pantomime. The woodsman dropped to his knee and crouched back, his eyes riveted upon the boy and blazing with excitement. As the story progressed, some invisible, irresistible force seemed to be pressing upon him and holding him down. The look upon his face gradually changed to one of horror, and then came the final act.

"Of course I was frightened at losing the way, but that was nothing to the shock I got later. You see, doctor, I fell asleep upon my stand, and when I woke up it was far in the night. I thought I

understood it all, listened for signals, and then started to find my way out. Accidentally leaving my shells by the tree, I was afraid to fire the two in my gun: I might have needed them. After an hour I came to an impenetrable canebrake, and knew I must give up. I tried camping on the ground for a while, but my old Maummy had told me too many horrible stories, and I soon found that wouldn't do. Near me was a muscadine vine that climbed all over several haw-trees and was as thick as the roof of a house. Well, I got up on top, and found it as good as a wire mattress. I was just stretching out for the night when through the larger trees I saw over this way a distant glow upon the clouds. Then I almost shouted, for I knew it was your big fire. I began to grow calm again and prepare for the long journey. 'I will smoke a cigarette and rest awhile,' I said to myself, for I knew I would have to climb trees along the way to find my bearings; and then I struck a match. Well, now for the shock! Something rolled against me, and what do you reckon it was? It must have been thrown up there, for I'll be hanged if it could have climbed." He was up now and tugging at something in his game-bag, which he had thrown aside upon his arrival. "See," he continued, producing a whitened skull and holding it at arm's-length. "I knew you fellows wouldn't believe me, so I brought it along. And the strangest thing of it all is, there's a bullet-hole clear through it. In the language of Dr. Faustus," he said, striking an attitude and apostrophizing the ghastly relic,—

"Hollow skull, I almost fancy I divine
A meaning in thy spectral smile.
Saith it not thy brain, like mine,
Once loved the true and beautiful——"

A cry, half laughter, half fear, interrupted him. The faces of his hearers were averted as he turned to them, and the form of the woodsman, gliding out of the circle of light, faded like a phantom in the gloom beyond.

Harry Stilwell Edwards.

IN A MINOR KEY.

THERE is no music in my heart to-day:
Although my fingers idly touch the strings,
Each answering note some bitter memory brings;
And yet you bid me sing a joyous lay.
How can I sing when hope has flown away,
When sorrow chokes my voice with half-formed sighs?
How can I play when tear-drops blind my eyes?
There is no music in my heart to-day.

Alice I. Eaton.

SHRIVED.

THERE cam' a knock to her silent door
 (An outcast woman was she):
 "Lord John lies low, and he canna pass
 Till that he speak wi' thee."

She's ta'en up her black mantle
 (Her smile was ill to see):
 "Nay, weel I ken he canna pass
 Till he tak' leave o' me."

When she cam' to Lord John's castle,
 She stood beside the bed,
 An' she luikit lang in her fause luve's face:
 "Weel are we met!" she said.

"Oh, I hae wranged ye sair," he said
 (His speech cam' thick an' slow);
 "An' ye hae cursed me sairer yet,
 And ye hae brought me low."

"I dinna ask for life," he said,
 "I ken 'tis na for me;
 But I canna pass while your curse lies hard;
 Sae let my spirit free."

She luikit in his anguished face,
 And lichtly turned her head.
 "Ye micht hae spared your page's legs,
 If that's your will," she said.

"For ye hae cursed my life," she said,
 "An' killed the soul o' me;
 An' my wee deid bairn will curse ye yet
 When I am done," said she.

"If I hae cursed your life," he said,
 "The sin has cost me dear;
 An' gladly will I wed wi' ye
 An' leave ye mistress here."

She pushed awa' his trembling hand,
 An' lauched licht laughters three.
 "The bridal comes but late," she said;
 "Too cauld the cheer wad be."

He cried out like a stricken thing :

“Christ Jesus, grant me grace!
What can I gie will break her curse
An’ send me to my place?”

“Gie back my maidenhood,” she said ;

“Gie back my conscience free ;
Gie back my mither’s tender kiss,
My father’s pride in me ;

“Tak’ back the guilt that burns my soul ;

Tak’ back the scorn I see ;
Tak’ back the little outcast bairn
That died upon my knee!”

He turned his wan face to the wa’,

But, oh, ’twas not for sleep ;
An’ the great sobs tore him ane by ane
As if his heart must weep.

An’ still as any carven saint

She watched by him alane ;
But her face was like the sheeted snaw,
An’ her heart was like the stane.

Between the hours o’ twal an’ ane

She felt great heart-beats three ;
An’ in there cam’ her wee deid bairn,
Stood just beside her knee.

“Oh, luik on me, my mither,” it said ;

“Turn ance your een on me ;
For I hae nae rest in earth or heaven,
A’ for your crueltie ;

“I canna rest in my grave by day,

I canna rest by nicht ;
I canna win through the gates o’ pearl—
I haena yet the richt ;

“I canna play i’ the fields o’ heaven,

Or lie in sweet Mary’s breast ;
I hae nae grace, an’ I hae nae place,
Till ye let my father rest.”

She luikit into the deid bairn’s face,

An’ her ain grew sweet to see ;
She tried to speak, but the words stuck fast,
Sic luve frae her heart burst free.

"Oh, come to me, my dear, deid bairn!
Come bide a' the time wi' me!
What's heaven to thee in thy mither's arms?
An' fair will I comfort thee."

"I canna bide wi' ye, mither," it said
(Its een were strange and bricht),
"For a gulf is fixed twixt the deid and quick,
An' I crossed in pain the nicht."

"But tak' the hot flame frae your brain,
An' the cauld stane frae your breast,
An' let my father's spirit pass,
An' sweetly shall I rest."

She turned her where her fause luve lay,
An' then on the bairn luiked she;
For Luve an' Hate had met an' gripped
To fight for mastery.

Three times she tried to say the words,
But her set lips wouldna move.
She fell on her face an' cried to God,
"Kill Hate, for my deid bairn's Luve!"

She laid her hand on the dying man,
An' she turned her face away.
"For the child I luve—pass—shrived!" she said,—
An' she touched but lifeless clay.

Margaret Gilman George.

GUNNING FOR GOBBLERS.

ABOUT the year 1410, according to Shakespeare, Act II., Scene 1, of the First Part of "King Henry IV.," a party of carriers, on their way to London, stopped over-night at an inn in Rochester, and he reports a conversation which took place between some of them early next morning, from which the following is taken:

"*First Carrier.*—What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

"*Second Carrier.*—I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-Cross.

"*First Carrier.*—God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler!"

Now, it is very improbable that, even at the date when Shakespeare wrote, the turkey we know to-day had become a marketable commodity in England, although it is possible; but it is quite certain that

the bird was not known at all there at the time the carriers are reported to have had the talk above quoted. The existing turkey is an American bird, and America was not discovered until about eighty years after the carrier-scene at Rochester. The bird these market-men speak of was probably the great bustard, once very plentiful in England, but now very rare there,—as another species of bustard, in Australia, is now called the wild turkey.

The American turkey, domesticated, has become cosmopolitan, and even in his wild state he is not so rare in his original habitat as is generally supposed, being still numerous in some parts of Virginia and other States. But did you ever kill one,—a real, old gobbler, in all the majesty of his strut and in all the glory of his winter plumage? If not, then indeed has your life been a failure. You may have been President of your country and slain wild ducks by the score; yet all that is naught, if no wild turkey has fallen before your gun. Even if you have slaughtered wild turkeys by the hundred, and have not got an old gobbler in the number, all is still mere vanity and vexation of spirit, lacking that crowning conquest. An old neighbor, who for forty years has been accounted a very successful turkey-hunter, told me a few days ago that he had always felt baffled and beaten until the day after last Christmas, when he secured his first old gobbler and realized the ecstasy of supreme success.

I reside in a central county of Virginia, in which and the counties adjacent the wild turkey may be said to abound,—if last winter's deep and long-lying snows did not starve him or drive him away. This is the region in which the local tradition runs that old Tom Jerkin, having once gone out to his "blind" at daybreak, returned home an hour afterwards without gun or turkey, and much dejected. He finally confided to his "old woman" that he had had such bad luck that he had concluded that both he and his gun were "played out," and he had thereupon broken his gun and forsworn hunting forever.

"Why," he said, in great disgust, "at least twenty-five turkeys come up and went at the bait in two rows, with thar heads all together; and when I fired, they all flew,—'ceptin' nine on 'em, 'cause I counted 'em. Only nine!"

Old Tom's boys went out with a cart and brought in the birds and the fragments of the gun; but old Tom always held to it that after such an instance of failing luck or skill it was time for him to quit.

That occurred some time ago,—when hunters were fewer and game, perhaps, was more abundant and less shy; yet an old friend tells me he once killed seven turkeys at a shot; and within the last hunting-season (here, from October 15 to January 15) several of my neighbors more than once killed two or three at a shot. In such cases the turkeys are baited, and shot from a blind. A trail or toll of corn or other grain is dropped along a road, path, or fence-opening, where the game uses, until it is evident that the birds come regularly there. Then you select a blind (the top or lap of a fallen tree, or an old log, stump, or cluster of bushes), if you can find one that will serve; or you make one. The blind may be of any shape, size, and height, but the less noticeable in structure, material, and location the better. Sometimes

it is made to screen the hunter in front only, sometimes also on the flanks; but it is always best to fashion it so as to hide the hunter from every point of view,—even from a flying turkey,—if one has time to cover the ambush over. It must be large enough to hold the hunter and allow of careful movement of himself and gun, he crouching or sitting. A triangular blind is most readily prepared with old boughs or poles reaching from a tree, or stump, or bush, to others, or to “stobs;” against this frame limbs and twigs of the most available kind, still bearing foliage, are laid, until the covert is close and sufficient all around. As small an outlook as will serve must be made in the blind towards the approach of the turkeys on the road, etc., for watching and shooting; and at an easy shooting distance on the line of approach must be placed the bait, so as (preferably) to have a diagonal fire at the birds as they come or leave. This grain may be in a heap, or scattered thickly, or placed between two rails or saplings laid longitudinally pretty close together and in line with the hunter’s outlook. The last style of bait is the most murderous; but it takes some time for the turkeys of this hunting age to get over their fears and suspicions about it; and in any case the bait must be partially concealed by earth, leaves, snow, or something, otherwise the wily game will begin to look about for the man and gun they are so apt to connect with anything unusual that appears in their haunts, especially if there be an old gobbler in the gang, or, indeed, any turkey that has been shot at.

Having discovered, as near as may be, at what time the birds come to the trail, or bait (for it is best to discontinue the trail after the bait has been placed), the hunter must get in his blind before they get near, even if he have to rise before daybreak. Water-proofs, rubbers, overcoats, robes, blankets, hot bricks, etc., he can provide for protection and comfort, as occasion require; but a fire in the blind is not advisable, although turkeys have been killed by hunters so provided. A bag, folded, or stuffed with dry straw or leaves, is good to sit on, and it will serve to carry the turkey or turkeys in, if success attend the vigil. As for shooting, turkeys should be shot in the head or neck, and when and where their heads and necks offer thickest; for if shot penetrate to the intestines there is a mess that will try the patience of the cook, if it do not spoil the bird; and, in any case, in eating, it tries any one’s temper to bring the teeth together upon even the smallest pellet of lead. Of course a flying, running, or distant bird is to be shot wherever you can best hit him, and then No. 4 shot are best; but for close bait- and blind-shooting (especially at the heads of an eating gang) use No. 6.

Another way, much used, to hunt the wild turkey, is to scatter a drove, and then “yelp” them up within gunshot, the hunter being concealed behind a tree, log, stump, or bush. Usually he goes on horseback, having one or more trained dogs along. The dogs find the turkeys, and chase them, causing them to run and fly in all directions. Then, or early next morning, the hunter, dismounted, with his dogs at his feet, uses his yelper, generally with some success.

Occasionally in old fields, where there is a rank growth of broom-sedge, weeds, or bushes, turkeys, being surprised, may be “set,” or

"pointed," and shot, just as partridges and quails are ; but this happens rarely.

On the 16th of October, 1894, I had been still-hunting for squirrels,—my near-sightedness greatly unfitting me for any other kind of hunting,—and was on my return home, when I heard the low call of a wild turkey-hen. All the cries of the wild turkey are very similar to those of the domestic turkey,—the only exceptions, if any, being in the wild bird's alarm-cry of "phit! phet! phut!" and his warning-cry of "yare! yare!" the latter made by the old gobblers in a strident, rasping tone. Even these, however, the domestic fowl does not use, perhaps because he is not subject to the perils that beset his untamed kindred.

When I heard the turkey-hen, I remembered that I had a yelper in my pocket. Yelpers are various in material, construction, and operation ; but, as Byron's eagle furnished the feather that "winged the shaft" which slew him, so the turkey usually supplies the bone that lures him to his death. This bone, from wing or leg, being well cleaned and made open at both ends, is held at one end in a partially closed fist, while the other end is placed loosely between the lips. The yelping is then done by sucking the air through the bone in rapid successive efforts, and is modulated and regulated by the lips and fingers in a way only to be shown by an expert or acquired by diligent practice. My yelper was a piece of school-slate, fitted to the hollow of the left hand, and a short bit of hardened wood inserted firmly into the smaller end of a corn-cob whereof the larger end was hollowed as for a tobacco-pipe. The slate being roughened by sandpapering, or otherwise, and the bit of wood sharpened to a point, the yelping was done to a charm by scraping the wood across the slate. With this, after a few trials, anybody can imitate the call of scattered turkeys so as to deceive even the cunning and suspicious ancient gobbler himself.

When I heard the turkey, and remembered I had a yelper, I looked around for a covert. I was in a field thick with dead pines, one-half of which had fallen, crossed and piled. In a tangle of the prostrate trees I hastily concealed myself, and began yelping. The hen responded at once, and soon I was greatly delighted and excited at seeing by the movement among the weeds and bushes that she and her whole gang were coming confidently towards me. All at once, with a suddenness that startled me, I saw at least a dozen turkeys before me, led by the hen, with the old gobbler bringing up the rear. This was my first experience of this sort, and I had wholly forgotten my gun until the old hen halted and looked squarely at me, the others huddling up behind her, with intermingling necks and heads. Then I seized my gun and fired at the nearest bird,—the hen. She leaped up, and then fell, flapping and scrambling about. While the other turkeys scattered and flew, I ran up to the wounded bird and fired my remaining barrel at her head ; nor was I satisfied until I had her, dead, by the legs. An experienced hunter would have got two or three, or more, out of that drove at the first shot ; and I was much laughed at afterwards for securing only one bird and for shooting that one twice. But I was proud enough. It was my first wild turkey, and I could hardly be-

lieve in my great good luck until I had other witnesses to it. I lugged the turkey home, a growing burden at every step; but I managed to march up in triumph, as the whole household came out to greet me. While I rested on my laurels and the steps of the back-porch, I garrulously fought the battle over again.

That afternoon I took the field again with my yelper; but, although the turkeys came around and behind me, they were very shy and suspicious, and I got no shot at them that day, nor for a week afterwards, except at a distance, and then at running or flying birds, which got away. On one of my yelping expeditions I took my youngest son, at his urgent entreaty, and it was well I did; for, as I yelped, we heard and saw something creeping through the bushes, twenty-five or thirty yards off. Not being able to see well, I felt sure it must be a turkey. Throwing up my gun, already cocked, in another second I would have pulled trigger, when my son cried,—

"Papa, don't shoot! It's Jimmy Brown."

Jimmy Brown, a very small Nimrod truly, bent double, was stealing through the undergrowth to get near a squirrel he saw at a distance.

I had tasted blood. Abandoning the yelper, I resorted to the bait and blind. In late October and early November the forests and hedgerows of Central Virginia are gorgeous with yet unshed foliage, and at that time the wild turkey makes excursions from the old fields (his favorite range for chinquapins, berries, grasshoppers, and other insects) into the big woods for acorns, chestnuts, the mast of the long-leaved pine, beech-nuts, etc. My first blind was made, therefore, near an old forest-road, of the variegated bushes that form the undergrowth of the woods. But the old gobbler (who had been my constant marplot in every yelping venture after the first one), now accompanied by one hen, discovered me as I came away from the blind on completing it; and, though he and she ate my corn daily (trail and bait), I could never get a shot. The hen several times would have come in range, but he invariably gobbled her back, or, if that did not serve, he screamed, "Yare! yare!" As soon as I left, they would come and eat my grain. I used corn, but sheaf-oats would have been better, especially for a wary old gobbler, as he, while apt to couple a hunter and gun with scattered corn, seems to think that only a wagon can drop straw along a road. Any trail or toll for turkeys should be scant,—one or two grains, or heads, every four or five steps, and this especially where hogs range, as these are not likely to notice a grain here and there. Where hogs may come to a bait, this should be an ear of corn, stuck upon the sharpened end of a bush, out of their reach and sight. The turkeys will be sure to find it.

My first blind proving a failure, I put a trail of corn along a moss-grown track leading up to my outer rail-fence, hoping to lure some of the younger turkeys from which the old gobbler and his companion had separated. Twenty yards from the fence I laid my bait, and at once I hastily constructed a blind on the inner side of the fence by leaning two rails against it, four feet apart, placing pine and cedar boughs against these inclined rails, and filling the cracks of the fence

in front with pine-tags and dead leaves. The rear was completely open, and the sides were very low, except at and near the fence. Having finished it thus, I sat down in it, on the bag I now always carried, not only to rest, but to see if game might not come as soon as all grew quiet. Hardly a half-hour had elapsed when a number of dark objects appeared at the bait. I thought they were turkeys; but my sight, bad at best, had become blurred and confused by looking steadily through the spy-hole; and then, with a shudder, I recalled how near I had come to shooting little Jimmy Brown. They might be hogs. At last, when they had finished the bait, I saw they were three turkeys, as they filed away. I fired at the hindmost one, and got him,—a very handsome young gobbler. Subsequently I killed two others at that same blind, and broke both wings of another,—the last one getting away from me; but a neighbor, with his dog, secured this wounded bird next day. And now again the old gobbler came to thwart me, and after his appearance the blind became worthless. I made or repaired several other blinds, but in every case there was bubbly-jock, like Monsieur Tonson, "come again." How I yearned for vengeance upon him! How I thirsted for his blood!

The old fellow had come very near me several times, but always behind me or at one side; and on my slightest motion he never failed to hear or see me; or, if in doubt, he boldly strode to my outlook and stared me in the face. I never could get my gun to bear on him in time, and he always got off, crying, "Phut! phut!" in a tone that seemed to me very mocking and insolent. And here it may be noted (as it has often been noted by others) how blindly, apparently, nearly all wild animals, unless they scent you, will come right up to you, if you keep perfectly still and have nothing striking in your costume. But the difficulty is to keep still; and on the slightest sound or motion they are gone,—nothing appearing and disappearing more suddenly, despite their size, than wild turkeys.

About Christmas the snows began to come and lie, and the turkeys, as well as myself, were driven from the forest. They returned to the old fields, not only as better shelter (among the cedars and pines), but because in them they found, for a while, a plenty of persimmons, haws, gum-berries, brier-berries, buds, and leaves, with no few bugs in the dead and fallen pine-trees. In this latitude, too, even with snow deep on the ground, the toothsome grasshoppers in the fields crawl out at mid-day into the sunshine, to fall an easy prey to gallinaceous gourmands. But I tried several baits and blinds inside the fields, without success, except that a friend I placed one day in one of them was lucky enough to bring down a fat hen.

Finally, on the 14th of January, 1895, the day before our turkey-hunting season expired, I noticed that an old skeleton-blind, many years disused, had become so coated with snow on all sides that it made an excellent covert, and all the more so as the most wary turkey would not be likely to suspect a hunter within it. This blind was near the main road from the woods, in an old field grown up with pines, cedars, and a few oaks. Dropping a trail of corn from the woods-gate to a point on the road in easy shot of the blind, I there placed the

main bait. Getting carefully into the long-abandoned ambush, I waited and watched. I had sat there an hour when I saw what I took to be a parrow at the bait. Looking more closely, I perceived that it was the head of a turkey, busily pecking at the grain. Drawing back with anxious care, I put gun to shoulder, and then cautiously pointed it through the outlook. The whole turkey was by that time in evidence, and I blazed away at him. He made one cry and ran some steps. I stood up, ready to fire again, but I saw that he had enough. He soon fell, fluttering, and then lay still upon the snow, about fifty yards away. Hurrying to the spot, I found, to my great joy and triumph, that the old gobbler—my long antagonist—lay there before me. I had got him at last, when another day would have placed him in safety (from me, at least) for another year. He weighed twenty-five pounds, and his beard—which I have hung in my study as a trophy—was ten and a half inches long. I had killed and secured only five turkeys during the season, but my sport had been unlimited, and the final capture of the old gobbler was a climax of gratification and glory.

There is no handsomer bird than the wild turkey, and no other so graceful, stylish, and *chic*, when he feels that no man is looking at him. Not only in these respects, but in the flavor of his flesh, he is far superior to the domestic turkey; and, as game, it requires patience, perseverance, and endurance, as well as unwinking vigilance, to capture him,—unless in rare instances like that of my first turkey. The history of the sport is full of adventure, and of moving accidents by flood and field, both comic and tragic. To hunt the turkey by yelping is sometimes very dangerous, especially when two parties, unaware of each other, are pursuing the same birds over the same territory. In such cases many persons have been killed and wounded. Nor, whatever it may be to others, is it altogether hilarious to the actor (as happened to a friend and neighbor of mine) to take off your boots in a blind, so as to wrap up your feet more comfortably with a hot brick, and then, having discharged both barrels of your gun, to have to jump out into the snow in your stockings to chase a broken-winged turkey that finally escapes you through a crack in a fence.

All game had a very hard time after last Christmas, and thousands of partridges and hares in Virginia perished of cold and hunger. But the turkey, of all game, can best take care of himself under all circumstances; and, though he may have migrated, he has neither starved nor frozen,—thanks to his size and plumage and his capacity to scratch and dig through snow, and to live, if necessary, even on buds of trees. His greatest danger is from the skulker who shoots him out of season, when the bird, being a gentleman himself, too confidently supposes that all hunters are gentlemen.

William Cecil Elam.

THREE FATES.

IDA MERRILL sat on the front veranda one summer morning, looking dreamily out over the level fields. The hot air of the Sacramento Valley shimmered around her, turning to a golden haze in the distance, and hanging a warm mist over the purple heights of the Sierras. There was no movement, no stir of life, anywhere in sight, save now and then the flutter of little wings and the twitter of birds among the rose-bushes. Even the dogs in the corral were quiet, stretched lazily in the sun; and the barley across the road in front of the house was motionless.

There was no sound of labor on the ranch that day; only the faint, distant noise of the water running through the irrigating ditches, and the occasional creak of the windmill as it turned slowly in the still, hot air.

The girl on the veranda sat thinking vague thoughts that were half dreams,—mingled visions of past and present and future. She did not know what a pretty picture she made, in her wrapper of white lawn and lace, with her bright brown hair gathered in a shining coil and parted in front with dainty little combs. The color came and went in her fair face, changing with every transitory thought; and her blue eyes brightened and dimmed, full of lights and shadows.

She was still very young; and she stood almost at the threshold of life, with all the hopes and dreams and sweet expectancies of youth. But more than this common heritage of young womanhood, she possessed wonderful gifts, talents that lay yet half buried in her rich but undeveloped nature. She was capable of great things,—great love, great sacrifice, great achievement. There was a voice within her, the voice of genius, as yet half heard by her own soul, that might some day bring the world to her feet; and there was the tender heart of a woman, that might inspire and hold the love of a great and noble man. But she was as yet only half conscious of the wonderful powers she possessed: she was dreaming away a holiday in the quiet of her own home.

She had just finished her first term of school-teaching, and had come home to rest a week or two while deciding upon some plan for a summer trip. She was the youngest daughter, and none of the responsibility of assisting in household tasks devolved upon her. She felt that she was useless at home, and sought for a place in the world outside; she thought with tremulous wonder of the two experiences of love and fame.

As the morning passed, she began to gaze down the road with some eagerness. She was looking for her father to come back from town with the mail. What limitless possibilities were represented by the expected mail! Some sudden, unexpected good fortune might come to her,—some legacy from a distant and unknown or forgotten relative, some offer of a position that would bring her splendid opportunities.

And if one day failed to bring the wonderful possibility into the realm of actual experience, there was still the same chance to think of the next day, and every day following, throughout her life.

At last, in the distance, at the bend of the road, she saw a cloud of dust, out of which the forms of the buggy and the old family horse slowly defined themselves. As they drew nearer, she ran out to the corral and opened the great gate.

"Was there any mail for me, papa?" she asked.

The old man in the buggy smiled down at her as he drew some letters out of his pocket and leaned over to hand them to her. When he had driven on, she closed the gate and went back to her position on the veranda.

She turned the letters over in her hand, and examined the post-marks.

"Santa Barbara, Cold Springs, San Francisco," she said. "They must be from Nettie Miller, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Aunt Belle."

She opened them and read them one after another. Then for a long time she sat with them in her lap, absorbed in thought. She rose at last, and went into the house. Her mother was in the kitchen, making jelly.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, as she burst in upon her, "Nettie Miller has invited me to visit her in Santa Barbara, Mrs. Hutchinson wants me to join a camping-party at Placerville to go to the lakes, and Aunt Belle has asked me to spend the summer with her. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Merrill looked up from her work and smiled.

"You are a very fortunate girl," she said, "to have so much to choose from. What do you want to do?"

"I don't know," said Idah, meditatively. "The Santa Barbara trip is the most fascinating, but it would cost the most, and I would have to get some new summer dresses. If I went camping, I could take my old summer clothes; and for San Francisco, I could make over my winter dresses. Amy Walters is in the camping-party, though, and she will be sure to be disagreeable; and I always have a good time in San Francisco, but I have been there so often it would be nothing new."

They talked a while longer, but could come to no decision.

"Suit yourself, my dear," Mrs. Merrill said, at last. "Think it over, and do just as you please."

The girl returned to the veranda and sat again with the letters in her lap. Had psychic power been given her to read the result of actions once set in motion, and to follow the subtle operation of cause and effect, she would have seen, through the three invitations, three avenues leading to entirely different lives. And what she would have seen would have been something like this.

THE FIRST FATE.

She had accepted the invitation to Santa Barbara, and after a week of preparation set out on her trip. She stopped in San Francisco a day or two with her aunt, and took the steamer to Santa Barbara.

There followed two days and nights of wonderful beauty and charm, whose lovely pictures never faded from her mind. The beautiful curves of the Golden Gate, the wonderful waters, sunlit, and moonlit, and starlit, and again black under the heavy fog of night; the glimmering lights on the coast, and the rugged forests and rocky line of shore, over which the morning rose, and at evening the sinking of the red disk of the sun into the boundless stretch of waters; on the boat, the music of the guitar and the sound of singing at night; the promenades on the upper deck, the hurried excursions on shore when the vessel stopped to put off or take on cargo; the strolls on the beach, the visit to the old Mission at San Buenaventura, the swimming-match in the surf, the delicious rocking of the boat at night when she was lying in her berth, and the freedom from sea-sickness that made her a favorite with the captain and the officers of the boat; a little watermelon feast that the purser gave to a few of the passengers one evening; the forming of friendships as ephemeral and enchanting as the blowing of the salt winds over the seas and the breaking of the tide; the unwearied delight of watching the ever-changing beauty of the sea, and the variety of its interests; the splashing of a great school of porpoises, the glimpse of flying-fish flashing silver in the sun, the spouting of whales in the distance, and the slow flight of white pelicans and gulls: all these made up the mystic wonder of the days and nights.

Her friend met her at the wharf and took her home. It was a beautiful, balmy day; the fine foliage of the pepper-trees just stirred in the soft breeze, and the air was filled with the heavy odor of trumpet-blossoms, hanging pendulous from the trees.

The house to which Nettie Miller took her guest was a pretty cottage, covered with blossoming rose-vines; the garden, too, was full of roses and fuchsias and geraniums.

In the garden, underneath a pepper-tree, among whose slender leaves peeped the pink, star-shaped blossoms of a taxonia-vine, was stretched a hammock, in which a man was lazily swinging. As they approached, he rose in haste and stepped forward to meet them.

"My cousin, Mr. Willard," Nettie introduced him.

He was handsome and still young, though his dark face, grave when not lit up by his winning smile, showed the subtle but ever recognizable traces of travel and thought.

The lovely days passed like the days of a dream. There was bathing in the surf in the morning, and boating in the evening, with the strum of the banjo, and a trio of young voices floating out over the moon-enchanted waves; there was the visit to the fine old Mission, and the exquisite view from its tower, out over the sea, across the quiet town that lay between them and the waters; there were horseback rides in the cool of the mornings, along the coast, and back toward the hills; there were drives over the country roads between the grain-fields; in the warm mornings, there was the hammock to swing in, with an open book turned face down, and a handsome man looking up from the ground where he was lying, and discoursing of literature, and art, and travel, and the wonders of the great, unknown world; there were moonlit strolls under the pepper-trees and palms, where only two

shadows were cast over the dim lattice-work made by the leaves upon the grass; and over it all and through it all were the wonder and enchantment of love.

There came one perfect night, when the two stood alone together under the stars, and the smell of the salt sea and the heavy perfume of the trumpet-flowers on the trees mingled together in the balmy air. Idah was going away in the morning, and her heart was strangely heavy and sad at the thought. And yet, with it all, she was conscious of a subtle, unacknowledged joy. He bent towards her and took her unresisting hand.

"I cannot let you go away from me—forever," he said.

She did not drop her head, or avert her gaze; she looked up in his face, her eyes swimming in tears.

There was no need of further speech, for she was in his arms.

A brief separation followed, bridged by letters and filled with dreams; then a quiet wedding, and a new life, that was broader and sweeter than anything of which Idah had ever dreamed. Her ideal of love was realized. Poetry and romance and the instincts of the heart were true: she had found a perfect union.

The broad, sympathetic mind of her husband had discovered the genius that lay, half afraid, waiting in silence behind her lips. Wealth and leisure and travel and study, with an appreciative guide, encouraged and developed her rich nature. She began to write, and gradually won success. Many a time she would have stopped but for the hopeful word and the steadfast faith of her husband. But at last she achieved a success that made hers one of the great names for all time.

In the mean time she had visited many foreign lands and learned to speak many tongues. She had familiarized herself with all the great literatures, and with the learning of the ages. And over all, and through all, as in the days of her courtship, were the wonder and enchantment of love,—no longer its first wild, delirious dreams, but the blessed serenity of perfect fulfilment.

One child had been born to her, a beautiful boy, whose education was a constant delight, shared equally by his parents. He grew up, a strong, gifted, serious lad, eager to think of the great practical questions of the day; and in time, in the maturity of his manhood, he became a great reformer, whom the world honored and loved.

Ever, as the years passed, the hearts of the wedded lovers seemed more united; and peacefully at last the current of their undivided lives drifted into the calm of old age. The last scene was in the quiet of her own home, just as the sunset lingered, shining through the open window against the pillows where her peaceful face lay. Her husband sat beside her, holding her hand and stroking it gently, with the old, familiar caress. On the other side of the bed stood her son, and through the window, on the veranda, she saw a touch of vivid gold,—the floating curls of his child. She had spoken to her son with a smile on her lips; then turned to the lover-husband by her side. He put his arms around her in a last caress.

"Oh, love," she murmured, "how full my life has been, how full!"

With those words she died, and the whole nation mourned her, not only for the greatness of her own life, but for the grandeur of her son's.

THE SECOND FATE.

She had laid the Santa Barbara letter aside, and had written that she would join the camping-party. She met them at Placerville, from which place they went in wagons and on horseback to their camping-ground by the lake.

Idah was a perfect horsewoman, and the rides among the magnificent forests of pines and firs, over winding mountain roads, where the scent of the pines and the odor of bay filled the air, were new revelations of nature to the valley-girl. Then there was a strange, half-comprehended feeling struggling to define itself in the girl's impressionable nature. A young man of the party, Oscar Field, had an unaccountable fascination for her. Her first impression of him had not been favorable; he had stirred her with a feeling of vague distrust. But he was entertaining, well read, witty, and from the first singled her out for his attentions. Gradually the half-conscious distrust of her first impression was succeeded by a feeling of admiration, and by a sense of blankness in life if he were away from her.

They reached their destination at last, and camp-life began, with all its varied pleasures; tramping over the hills at early morning, breathing in the fragrant breath of the pines, and watching the sun rise over the snow-crowned peaks; sketching and writing and idling during the day, sailing at twilight on the lake, with the soft shadows deepening over the waters, until the great moon rose, and touched the landscape with a wand of witchery; trout-fishing on dark nights, when none of the party could see that the two sitting together on the rock had forgotten their lines and were leaning together, cheek to cheek.

The days passed in a wild, delirious excitement to Idah, whose heart beat ever faster at the oft-repeated words, "I love you, I love you."

It was the last night before they broke up camp that Oscar Field asked her to walk out with him in the moonlight.

"Only a little way," he called back over his shoulder to the half-doubtful protests of Mrs. Hutchinson, as he drew Idah's hand through his arm.

They stopped under the shadow of a cluster of pines, the moonlight whitening the ground around them and accentuating the darkness of their retreat. The wan light lay on the crags and in the distance etched the outline of the mountains against the star-lit sky.

Idah's heart stirred with strange, conflicting emotions. Her companion had told her many times that he loved her, but he had never asked her to be his wife. At first, in her girlish innocence, she had thought it tacitly understood; but more recently she had grown sick with wonder and vague fears.

Now, as they stood in the shadows, he threw his arms around her, and drew her passionately to him.

"Darling," he said, "I cannot give you up."

Startled, she tried to draw herself from his arms, but he held her fast.

"No," he whispered, "it is here, with your head on my breast, that I must tell you."

He interrupted himself with passionate kisses that burned her face. She lay passive in his arms, wondering and afraid.

"Will you ever forgive me?" he said. "I was weak; but I could not give up these days of happiness."

She did not speak, but a look of alarm swept across her face.

"I cannot speak the truth unless you promise me forgiveness," he continued, bending back her white face and looking in her eyes.

With a sudden, passionate movement, she threw herself on his neck.

"I forgive you, I forgive you," she said.

He strained her to his heart, then bent his lips to her ear and whispered the fateful words.

"I have a wife in the East," he said.

She broke away from him like a startled wild thing of the woods, and for a moment stood looking in his face.

"I forgive you," she repeated, mechanically; then, as he sprang forward, she eluded his arms, and ran back over the tangled pathway to the camp.

The days grew to weeks, the weeks to months. The winter passed, slow and monotonous, in the valley. Idah had tried to forget,—to absorb herself in her work, to take up new studies and live her own life. But everything was changed. Each morning her waking was a new, keen agony; each night she sobbed herself to sleep with longing and despair. One day a little note was brought to her at the school-house by one of the boys, who passed the post-office on his way from home. Although she had never seen the writing before, she knew before she tore open the envelope from whom the message came. It was very brief,—only the words, "Let me write sometimes: I cannot live without you,"—and signed with his name.

That night she slept with the note in her bosom.

A year had passed; for Idah Merrill, a time of battle and defeat. The strong forces of her nature, love and imagination, had been drawn into a dangerous channel; and at last she was swept away by their resistless force. In reply to the importunity of her lover's last appeal, she had sent him simply a stanza from Tennyson:

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

And one dark night they fled and crossed the mountains to a strange city, and settled themselves in a new home.

Two years more, and Idah Merrill stood with a young child in her arms, alone by a deserted hearthstone. The past lay behind her like an evil dream. Disillusion had been followed by mutual reproaches that had grown to bitter quarrels and at last culminated in his desertion of her and her child. The unhappy woman realized now that she had never really loved him,—that she had been held by an attraction of the senses, which her affectionate and imaginative nature had idealized. It was all gone now; nothing remained but regret and anguish for the past, and uncertainty and despair for the future.

For many weary months she strove against her fate; but the blackness of her path grew ever deeper and denser. One night she faced alone the horror of the streets. The hours passed, slow and merciless.

"Move on," a policeman called to her roughly, as she crouched in the shadow of a building.

For a moment the lights of the streets swam in a confused blur before her eyes; then, pressing her child to her breast, she fled swiftly into the darkness. She came at last to a bridge, which she crossed midway. She stood a moment silently watching the reflection of the lights on the river-banks, trembling and breaking in the water, that flowed swift and black under the bridge; then, holding her child against her throbbing heart, she leaped into the rushing current. For a moment there was a vision of a pale, uplifted face; then the waves closed over her.

THE THIRD FATE.

She had sent regrets to her friends at Santa Barbara and Cold Springs, and had written her aunt that she would spend the summer with her. A week later she arrived in the city, and entered at once into the pleasures of sight-seeing, shopping, calling, and helping her aunt receive her friends.

Among the most frequent callers at her aunt's house was Edward Nelson, junior partner in a small business on Geary Street. He was good-looking and agreeable, and planned many delightful excursions on the bay and to the beach for Idah's pleasure. He was companionable, and he interested her, but he never stirred her emotions.

"After all, he is commonplace," she said to herself one night, as she took down the heavy coils of her shining hair.

Her aunt came into the room in her dressing-gown and sat down in a rocker.

"I think Mr. Nelson is interested in you," she said, tentatively. "He would be a good match."

"Aunt Belle," said the girl, turning round upon her suddenly, "please don't talk to me as though it was a generation ago. Girls don't have to make a good match now, nor any kind of a match, for that matter. They can take care of themselves. Consequently, the matter of courtship and marriage is changing from a business to a sentiment."

"But, my dear girl," protested her aunt, "you certainly don't want

to teach school all your life, and you know you would not be happy if you never married."

"Happier than if I married a man I did not love," returned the girl. "Why, Aunt Belle," she continued, "there is not a particle of sentiment about Mr. Nelson. He is one of the most practical men I know."

"That is the very reason he would make a good husband," was the rejoinder. "You would always have plenty."

"The chief end of matrimony," said Idah, sarcastically, "is to have jam on your bread and butter, and china dishes to play with."

Her aunt sighed, and pursued the subject no further, but she did not relax her efforts at match-making.

It was one night when they were on the ferry, returning from Oakland, that Edward Nelson first spoke seriously to the girl. They were sitting alone in a dark nook on the deck. The wind was cold, and Idah's aunt, with the most of the passengers, had gone into the cabin. There was no moon, but the clear stars twinkled overhead, and on the hills before them shone the lines of lamps that marked the city streets. He took her hand, but she withdrew it from his clasp and looked off across the dark water, whose gloom was broken by a single track of light, ploughed up by the passing of the boat. He did not notice the rebuff, but leaned nearer in the darkness.

"I love you," he said. "I have tried to tell you many times, but you would not let me. You shall put me off no longer. I want you for my wife."

A sort of dull anger against fate rose in the girl's heart at the words. Why was it not some one she could love that uttered them to her? She had dreamed of such a scene for years; but always it was a lover by her side that would move and thrill her to her inmost being. Now her pulses beat no quicker; the blood flowed tranquilly through her veins. She turned and looked at the face beside her; and she noticed that it was too broad, and some of the features did not please her.

"I do not love you," she said, with cruel candor; "you are not my ideal; I cannot marry you."

"You will never find the ideal of whom you have dreamed," he replied. "It is only in poetry and romance that such things occur." And against her higher instincts she was convinced that he was right.

Notwithstanding her repeated refusals, he continued his suit, even after she had left the city and returned home. As time passed and the ideal for whom she waited never came, her faith failed her, and at length she yielded to him,—not for the sake of support or to escape the odium of spinsterhood, but with the common human impulse of an affectionate nature that seeks a lover and a home.

She was married at her aunt's house, and began her new life in a pretty little cottage on one of the pleasantest suburban streets of the city. Her husband was thoughtful and kind, and she was fond of him; but on many subjects they were worlds apart. He had no sympathy with her literary tastes, although, in a way, he was proud of them. She

continued her studies alone, and as her genius began to make itself felt she tried to find publication for her modest little stories and sketches. The failure of these first attempts was followed by the absorbing experience of motherhood, and henceforth her life flowed in a different channel. Her aspirations for literary achievement were laid aside with the dreams of an ideal love; and, in spite of her joy in her child, she felt disillusioned and old.

The years passed in quiet, peaceful monotony. Idah had adapted herself to her environment, and her husband congratulated himself many times upon the treasure he had found in his wife,—never knowing or dreaming that any part of her nature had hungered and starved in the midst of his care for her.

And so she grew old, and all that remained of her early aspirations and hopes was a vague feeling of something wanting in her life, a hunger and a thirst unsatisfied. She could not fully analyze and comprehend the feeling, but somehow it seemed to her that she had missed the fulfilment of all her best desires and aims; she had come almost to look upon the hopes of her girlhood as fallacious dreams, incapable of realization; and many of them had faded almost imperceptibly from her memory.

Of the four children that had been born to her, the world at large never heard. They were fairly successful as the world goes, and did nothing to bring her anxiety or sorrow; but the precious genius that had remained latent in their mother's soul had not been transmitted to them. The two sons went into the business house of their father, and the two daughters married men that were neither above them nor beneath them in financial and social position. Much as she had loved her children, they had always seemed strange to her; there was no bond of intellectual sympathy between them.

As she came near the end of her uneventful life, and lay delirious in her bed, her husband bent his ear to hear her words.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "where are you? I have sought you so long, and I have not found you."

"Idah," he said, taking her hand, "I am here."

She looked at him with strange, incredulous eyes.

"Oh, no," she said, "you are not my love." And so she passed among the shadows.

Silent and thoughtful the young girl sat on the veranda of the farm-house, unconscious of the invisible presence of the Three Fates and the tremendous consequences of her choice. At last she rose and went into the house.

"Mamma," she said, as she stopped in the open door-way of the room, "I have decided. I am going to San Francisco."

The moment of destiny had passed. The angel of darkness and the angel of light fled from her life, and she was left to walk the common path with the common throng.

Virna Woods.

ORCHIDS.

IN the Eastern cities the orchid seems to be the fashionable flower : it has grown rapidly in popularity, and the desire of the florists to keep pace with the demands of the public has not only brought into the market a number of new varieties, but has also reduced the price of the commoner kinds.

Dame Fashion might have made a much worse selection, for in all the floral kingdom there is nothing to compare with orchids for conspicuous shapes, magnificent coloring, and fragrant perfume.

Ten years ago little was known, except by experts, about the way in which orchids grew, and they were generally regarded as costly flowers, in most cases resembling some insect, such as a butterfly. When first introduced they were called air-plants, because some of them send out roots which require no earth as a covering.

Orchids are found all over the world, except in the highest latitudes ; they are most numerous in the tropics, where the flowers are more brilliant in color than those found in temperate countries, as is the case with other plants and with insects. The hot and damp parts of the West Indies and of Madagascar, the moist forests of Brazil, and the western part of Mexico furnish the majority of the orchids which since the middle of the century have been so highly prized both here and in Europe.

When first introduced, these beautiful flowers commanded such extravagant prices that none but the wealthy could possess them ; but Yankee enterprise has altered this, and while some rare specimens still command enormous prices, yet many orchid flowers may now be purchased for about the same figure as the best roses.

The orchid family is a very numerous one ; there are now known to botanists about three hundred and thirty-five genera and about five thousand species, by far the greater part of these having been discovered since the time of Linnæus, the great botanist, who died in 1778. The orchid family may be roughly divided into two great classes. Those growing on the ground and having no aerial roots are called terrestrial orchids. When these are placed in pots, nothing is used except coarse peat fibre, sphagnum moss, and some lumps of charcoal, so that their nourishment does not appear to come from the earth, but from the moisture in the atmosphere. Thus "terrestrial" is a misnomer.

The other class is the epiphytal orchids, which are found in their natural state hanging to trees, their roots being firmly fastened into the bark. A few varieties of this class have been found east of the Rocky Mountains, but the climate is not sufficiently hot or moist for the growth of the most magnificent of these plants.

Both the terrestrial and the epiphytal classes have bulbs in which supplies of moisture are stored up as a provision for the dry season, the bulb of the latter species being large and green, while in the former it is under some slight covering and more white than green.

The chief point of interest about orchids is, of course, the flowers; they are more remarkable in form and have a higher organization than those of any other plant. The late Charles Darwin, who devoted a great deal of attention to these beautiful plants, tells us in his work upon the fertilization of orchids that certain species can be fertilized only by some one insect,—the *Epipactis latifolia*, for example, being propagated by the action of wasps, which enter the blossom at one place and leave it at another. If, then, the insect which conveys the pollen mass to the stigmatic surface should become extinct, the orchid would produce no seeds, and would in time become extinct also. This is not the case with all orchids, although it is believed that none fertilize themselves.

Orchid flowers exhibit such remarkable variation that it is often difficult to find two flowers exactly alike in size and color. Moreover, some remarkable changes have of late years been effected by expert gardeners by the process of cross-fertilization, this plan having produced plants bearing flowers varying in some respect from either parent, yet retaining a certain similarity to both parents.

The most prominent feature of an orchid blossom is usually the lip (*labellum*). This is large and beautifully colored, the color being often different from that of the rest of the flower. Some orchids produce flower-spikes bearing only one flower, others three or four, while a few have even a hundred flowers upon one branching spike, and when in bloom they remain for a long time—some of them for months—in perfect condition. The chief reason for their remarkable popularity among the wealthy seems to be that they differ from all other flowers in having sprays sometimes over three feet long, bearing a solid mass of bloom more than a foot in circumference, and being even more fragrant than roses, for at least a couple of weeks after they are cut.

Orchids are now imported in large numbers, but many die in transit, although not so many as formerly, when their nature was little understood. Many of the tropical varieties are subject to a period of rest, during which no growth takes place; this is in the dry season of the year, the growth being made in the rainy season. It is during this resting period that the plants are collected for shipment. In the case of orchids coming from countries in which no definite dry season prevails, the greatest care has to be taken, as these plants grow all the year round.

The orchids most commonly found in the New York florists' stores are cypripediums; yet some species of this genus are very high in price, one of them being a pure yellow without a mark of any other color. This variety comes from the north of India, or, rather, it did originally. The "lady's-slipper" is the variety of cypripedium which is the most abundant and the cheapest, usually costing about twenty-five cents: it will retain its freshness for fully a week, while a rose would wither in a day.

The *Odontoglossum* can be grown all the year round in any moist atmosphere of the proper temperature. The name means "tooth-tongued," and has reference to the tooth-like projections at the base of the flower. This species grows in a state of nature upon the

American continent alone, in Mexico, Peru, and perhaps parts of Central America. The *Odontoglossum* was found, I believe, by Humboldt about 1817, and in the following twenty years not more than half a dozen species were discovered. Since that time, however, fully ninety different varieties have been shown, having been either artificially cultivated or found in the wild condition.

The butterfly orchid, *Oncidium Papilio*, is a curious freak of nature. At the tip of a long slender stem is perched a representation of a gorgeously colored butterfly. This stem is at times as much as four feet long, and almost invisible. Unless careful notice be taken, the impression is given that the flower is a butterfly remaining stationary in the air. This orchid is comparatively common in Venezuela and the West Indies. It is said that the *Oncidium Papilio* became fashionable in England in consequence of its beauty having attracted the late Duke of Devonshire, who was so fascinated by it that he determined to make a collection of orchids at Chatsworth, his country residence in Derbyshire.

The moth orchid, *Phalænopsis*, originally brought from the Philippine Islands, and having white flowers, is another species so closely resembling a living insect as to deceive anybody who is not a careful observer.

Cattleya is perhaps the most gorgeous and striking specimen of the orchid family, and can be bought at a reasonable price; it comes chiefly from Brazil, although it has been found in all South American countries. For the winter *Cattleya Trianæ* is a desirable variety, being light brown, with darker lips and golden throat. *Mossiæ* is a summer species, having large blossoms, beautifully colored and very fragrant.

The difficulties and dangers of orchid-hunting are considerable. The hunters,—if one may use such a term,—of whom there are not over thirty, are, of course, men of experience and botanical knowledge, who often run great risks in order to reach unexplored ground, so that they may send home new varieties; and in this way thousands of specimens are sent to London and New York every year to be crossed, or divided, thus making new and distinct plants. These men sometimes die of fever, and sometimes are killed by accidents; consequently those who survive command high salaries.

In the Peruvian Andes orchids are common at ten thousand feet above the sea-level, and grow at as great an elevation as fourteen thousand feet. Native labor is employed to gather them, the most serious difficulty being, perhaps, the swarms of ants and other insects which almost devour the men when they climb up the trees. The orchids are conveyed to the sea by mules,—a very slow mode of carriage. As a consequence, a long time elapses before the plants are placed under conditions at all favorable to their growth. In some instances a lasso is used to get the orchids from high trees; it is thrown over the branches with a weight attached to the end of the rope, and is afterwards drawn down, thus scraping off some of the plants.

The demand for orchids shows no decline, and as much as fifteen

hundred dollars has been paid for a single specimen. When their infinite variety of shape and color is considered, together with the length of time they remain in perfection and the sweet perfume which they emit, one cannot be surprised that so many lovers of flowers wish to possess them.

Lawrence Irwell.

THE END OF CAPTAIN FERGUSON.

“THERE are many people?”

“They fill the Grosse Ring and the streets round about; at the outskirts of the crowd they jostle and quarrel with one another for places whence they may see; towards the centre they stand closer,—so close that a man might walk from the council-house to the fountain upon the heads. They gather closest of all about the—the scaffold.”

“And why not? Nine men to die! It’s a brave sight.” Ferguson leaned back comfortably in his chair and put his feet on a neighboring stool; to see him you scarcely would have suspected that he was one of the nine. “No common malefactors, either, but some of the best swords in Bohemia, ay, or in Europe, too; officers of the great generalissimo Waldstein himself,—curse him!” Ferguson relapsed into his native tongue and rolled off several honest Scotch oaths.

Dietrichstein faced about with his back against the window: “We have been gallant followers of the duke,—eh, Ferguson? We did not run away from the field of battle; we were not condemned to death for cowardice.”

“Cowardice! His grace the duke galloped from Lützen as if the devil himself were on his crupper. He was here in Prague a good three hours before me.”

“The better for you, then,” said Dietrichstein, miserably. “I could bear this myself if I were guiltless. But I—I was a coward; I have disgraced myself and the blood from which I spring; I have betrayed the cause of my Church and my Emperor.”

An expression of amusement at this novel manner of viewing the situation passed over Ferguson’s hard face; his lips twitched into a smile under his reddish-brown moustache. Dietrichstein’s face flushed. “You do not understand me,” he said. “How can you? A soldier of fortune, a mere hired sword——”

The stool went crashing to the floor as Ferguson started to his feet. “Now, by the Lord, that is too much, Albrecht Dietrichstein. Though there is not an hour’s life left me, I will have satisfaction for those words.”

The halberdier posted at the other end of the long room came hurrying to the spot; behind him the priest, saying something about leaving the world at peace with God and man. Ferguson sat down again sullenly; it vexed him to hear the man in the black robe talk of eternity. Evidently it affected Dietrichstein differently, for he spoke

out frankly: "I am sorry, Ferguson; I hardly knew what I said. What does it matter now, anyway?"

"A man's honor matters to him as long as there is a breath of life in his body," muttered Ferguson.

Dietrichstein did not hear him: he was standing side to the window once more, with his face pressed close against the little panes. "They are bringing Von Kroneberg to the block," he said, dully.

"The turn will soon come to us, then," said Ferguson, gazing curiously at his companion; something about the short, almost boyish figure reminded him of his friend Rupert von Lobkowitz. A friend, indeed! Von Lobkowitz had not been near him for three days. Oh, it was cautious of the fellow: he might compromise himself by showing interest in a condemned man. Yet Ferguson could not but think he would not have treated Rupert so. An odd, choking sound startled him; Dietrichstein reeled in his place, clutching at the sill for support; his face was grayish white. "Is it over?" Ferguson asked.

Dietrichstein nodded, swallowed, and said, faintly, "It took five blows,—five; I counted them."

"The more fool you!" said Ferguson, roughly, because he felt just a bit sick himself. Dietrichstein stood there a moment, moistening his dry lips with his tongue; then he staggered across the room and flung himself full length at the feet of the priest, burying his face in his arms. "Mary Mother, take pity on me," he groaned. The priest knelt beside him. Ferguson jerked his chair around noisily: he wished to see and hear nothing more of Dietrichstein; he despised such snivelling knaves.

The wintry sunshine, streaming through the window, threw a checkered patch of light upon the dingy floor. Ferguson vainly sought to count the little squares: his thoughts would stray. So Fritz von Kroneberg was dead, jolly bottle-companion though he was. Death and he seemed incongruous associates. Dead and done for now; and it took five blows. Ferguson drew his hand slowly across the back of his neck; that was where the axe would strike; it would all be over soon: yet—five blows. He had planned quite a different end, a good, soldierly death on the battle-field, or, better still, to live and go back to his native town some day with his pockets full of money. He doubted if his father the dominie would be over-glad to see him; with his mother it was different. His thoughts turned to the good Calvinist creed in which she had instructed him. Scraps and ends of that belief of his youth came drifting across his brain, lakes and pools of fire and brimstone, wailing and gnashing of teeth. The black abyss of eternity down which he was to plunge was all alight; he seemed to see the long, red flames coiling in its depths. He thought of the witch they had burned at Dusselhaus, and how she had writhed and cried out in the midst of the fire: must he suffer like that through a whole eternity? He felt indignant against the saints; truly, they ought to save him; he was fighting their battles. Perhaps they were angry because of the silver candlesticks from the church at Rosendorf,—a small thing to let a man be damned for! They had brought him but a paltry hundred gulden, which he had lent to Rupert von Lobkowitz, and now Rupert

had deserted him. He began counting the squares on the floor again, but the pain and fear of death and the bitterness at his friend's desertion would not be driven from his mind. He felt it almost a relief when he looked up and saw the officer of the guard standing beside him.

Ferguson rose quickly, cast one last glance about him at the great, dim room, the patch of sunlight on the floor, and Dietrichstein's dark, motionless figure; then he followed the officer. "It will be over soon," he repeated to himself, and persistently drove all other thought from his mind. In the next room was a door through which came the sunshine and the subdued buzz of the many-voiced crowd. Ferguson hesitated a moment; then he threw back his head and stepped firmly out upon the scaffold. The peaked roofs of the tall houses of the Grosse Ring were outlined sharply against the blue sky; the throng surged about the scaffold, the halberdiers at its foot kept order with difficulty. Ferguson saw all this at a glance; then everything else was blotted out at the sight of the low, dark block. He walked up to it and eyed it long, twisting his moustache the while. He had meant to kneel and end it at once, but "Five blows" rang in his ears, and his knees refused to do his bidding. For a moment he wished himself back in the Council House: then he cursed himself as a weaker coward than Dietrichstein. He turned to the officer and said, forcing his voice to sound steady and calm, "I may speak a word to the people?"

The officer nodded. Ferguson walked slowly to the edge of the scaffold. The great crowd was silent and expectant. He stood a moment, biting his moustache, and then, of a sudden, swung himself down from the scaffold to the ground. He heard cries of astonishment, saw the crowd rock and jostle; then a halberdier came at him with levelled partisan. Ferguson's blood tingled joyously; it was to be no helpless submission to slaughter, but a good, grim fight to the death. He wrenched the partisan from the soldier's grasp, set his back against the scaffold, and struck furiously about him. The soldiers closed in upon him; he saw blood streaming from his arm and shoulder, he felt it trickling down his face, yet he suffered no pain. Then his strength seemed to leave him all at once. He dropped the partisan and fell to the ground, instinctively flinging out one arm to save himself. He saw above him fierce, angry faces, the dark shadow of the scaffold, and above it all a bit of the quiet blue sky and a fleck of white cloud gliding across it. The sky grew dark, too, and he heard, faint and far off, a familiar voice crying, "Hold! in the name of the Duke of Friedland! I bring a pardon for Captain Patrick Ferguson."

"Rupert remembered me, then," was his last thought.

Beulah Marie Dix.

FAITH.

FAITH shuts his eyes, and says, "I know! I know!"
Because his weakling heart would have it so.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

JAPANESE SWORD-LORE.

IN ancient Japan the sword was held in pre-eminent distinction, scarcely less for the religious and patriotic sentiment that attached to it than for its practical usefulness as a weapon of war. What the cross is to Christian nations the sword was to old Japan. It was the emblem of divine authority, of temporal sovereignty, of aspirations and ambitions for all that is best in this life and most to be desired in the hereafter; it was the symbol of all power and greatness. Scarcely could a deity win the meed of reverence that was voluntarily accorded the sword. Great heroes who were deified after death had their glorification completed only when their private swords were either buried with them or else hung in the temples near the tombs of their former owners, there to be admired and revered by the people.

In the temple at Ise, first of all Shinto shrines and especially consecrated to the worship of Ten-shoko-Daijin, the Sun Goddess, tutelary divinity of the country, from whom the Mikado is held to descend, are three precious objects, guarded with reverential care. These are a crystal, a mirror, and a sword, which according to Japanese mythology the Sun Goddess gave to the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno. The crystal typifies justice, the mirror is the symbol of purity, and the sword is the emblem of strength and skill. These three objects have been the distinguishing insignia of nationality in Japan.

The sword in particular became the badge of the divine authority of the Mikado, and soon grew to be an essential element in the early life of the Japanese people. Gradually mythology, history, and tradition began to cluster about it, and in the course of time the influence emanating from it in a purely sentimental way pervaded and moulded all Japanese life.

The literature of the sword would alone make a large library. The weapon figures in tradition, song, and story. It fired the imagination of the poet and the romancer, and challenged the historian to recount its deeds. Sword-songs were the most popular lyrics of the people; hundreds of them are classics. One of the most famous has recently been done into English for the *Atlantic Monthly* by a translator who has admirably preserved the martial spirit, the dash and swing, and the mystical feeling of the original. Two verses of this inspiring song may well be quoted here:

(Hush, listen—my Soul, my Sword!)

Not molten with toil of days
Was the steel of your fashioning,
But with labor of strenuous years,
And the steel was a living thing.
Through your eager, thirsting veins
The red drops hissing ran,
Pure blood of a fiery Soul,
Proud spirit of a Man.
(His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen—my Soul, my Sword!)
 You writhe in my grasp, my Own—
 He is near, the fox we snare!
 You lift your quivering length,
 One moment—one chance—if he dare!
 The blood that is in you gleams
 Wicked red, with flashes of light—
 Now, Sword, my Soul, cleave clean!
 Revenge is new life, new sight!
 (His life for life of my lord.)

This song was based upon an old Japanese motto, "Loyalty to my lord and vengeance upon my lord's slayer," which expressed the highest conception of the swordsman's duty. "The sword is the soul of the samurai," was another Japanese proverb, and the weapon was also spoken of as "the precious possession of lord and vassal from times older than the divine period." Such sentiments as these were inscribed on the blades of the weapons: "In one's last days one's sword becomes the wealth of one's posterity," and "One's fate is in the hands of Heaven, but a skilful fighter does not meet with death."

Voluminous treatises were written on the subject of the sword, and the art of determining the make and date of a blade was as closely studied as philosophy or the sciences. Sword-lore was a matter of infinite research and erudition, and was deemed not unworthy of the greatest intellects of the empire. There were official examiners of swords, and these experts could tell the make of a weapon and its complete history by merely inspecting five or six inches of the blade. A record of all weapons was kept in the government archives as carefully and completely as real-estate deeds are registered in any other country. Each sword was fully described, and all its parts and ornaments pictured by hand-paintings, in this record, so that even at the present time it is possible to prove the authenticity, the origin, and the history of all important weapons. There were books by the thousand treating of the use of the sword.

Sword etiquette, in its extent, was something imposing to contemplate. It was so elaborate that years of study would scarcely suffice for its mastery. A Japanese writer says, "To clash the sheath of one's sword against that belonging to another person was held to be a grave breach of etiquette; to turn the sheath in the belt as if to draw was tantamount to a challenge; while to lay one's weapon on the floor of a room and to kick the guard with the foot in the direction of any one else was a deadly insult that generally resulted in a combat to the death. It was not thought polite to draw a sword from its sheath without begging the permission of any other person present." When a samurai went to make a call he left his large sword in the hall with the servant; if he was calling upon a high official, both swords were thus left. This practice was held to declare the peaceful intention of the visitor and his implicit confidence in the person upon whom he was calling.

For generations down to the abolition of the feudal system in 1871, the sword held its pre-eminence as the chief distinguishing possession of the noble and gentry class of Japan. Only a man of gentle birth had the right to carry this weapon, and he esteemed this privilege as a

patent of nobility. He loved his sword as he loved his own child, with an affection as deep and as enduring as life; if for any untoward reason he felt compelled to give up either, he would almost as soon sacrifice his offspring as surrender his cherished weapon. It might with much truth be said of a Japanese nobleman that "If he hated not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also," he was not worthy of his sword.

Every gentleman wore two swords, a large and a small one, and owned as many more as circumstances would permit him to acquire and hold. There were many varieties of these weapons, such as the ken, made before 1603 A.D., long, straight, and double-edged; the katana, or new sword, single-edged and slightly curved at the point; the wakizashi, a short sword or dirk, worn with the katana, to indicate aristocratic or military eminence; a short dirk without a guard, which doctors, artists, and members of the fourth and fifth ranks were required to carry; and stilettos a foot long, which were part of the dress of an officer or a nobleman.

Naturally, when so much importance was attached to the sword, its manufacture and whatever pertained to it in any way became matters of great concern and enlisted the attention of the most accomplished artisans in the empire. The occupation of swordsmith was so highly esteemed that even princes were proud if they could achieve proficiency in forging. Sword-making in all its branches was a science, and the most skilful smiths made blades which were renowned the country through, and which to-day rival the best in their kind that the world has ever known. Princes and nobles fought for the good will of the most famous makers, and he who succeeded in attaching one of these men to his court was regarded as favored of God and man. Personal pride, family inheritance, all things for which men care most, would be cheerfully sacrificed if thereby a Masamune or a Muramasa blade might be obtained. Every sword became popularly endowed with a sentient individuality, and the best ones had each its own distinctive name, as was the custom in old times in Spain.

The most celebrated sword-maker of Japan was Masamune, who lived and worked in the fourteenth century. His weapons were marvels of forging, and many of them were of almost priceless value. As much as one thousand dollars was often paid for one, and in that age and country one thousand dollars was a large fortune. Little is known concerning this famous swordsmith, but no rivals ever excelled him in his profession, and though, according to custom, his trade was handed down in the family generation after generation, none of his descendants ever attained to skill equal to that of their great progenitor.

Little if at all inferior to the Masamune blades were the Muramasa swords, forged by Senju-in-Muramasa at Ise early in the fourteenth century. There is a difference of opinion among the authorities regarding the relative greatness of these two celebrated swordsmiths and their work, but they stood pretty nearly side by side in professional attainments, while both maintained themselves in positions that were unapproachable by any other rivals, of whatsoever period. A Muramasa sword also represented a fortune in its day. Men of wealth

would beggar themselves to obtain one, and nothing short of death would induce them to part with the prized possession when once it was secured. Marvellous stories regarding these weapons have been handed down from the far-off shadow-land of romance and tradition, and no Damascus blades ever rejoiced in a greater reputation in their own land than did these in old Japan.

Outside of Japan the sword has been studied almost entirely as an art product of the country. Very little attention has been given to it otherwise, and the traditions and literature pertaining to it have been scarcely brushed over by the rest of the world. A few years ago Mr. Louis Wertheimer, for many years a resident of Japan, published through a Boston house an agreeable story entitled "*A Muramasa Blade*," dealing with this side of Japanese life. Mr. Wertheimer is an eminent authority regarding Japanese products, particularly swords and porcelains, both historically and artistically, and his work was not only an entertaining romance, gracefully told, but a unique and valuable exposition of recondite knowledge upon the subject.

According to this authority, a Muramasa sword would cut a hair floating in the air, cut through an inch-thick copper bar, or sever four blades of inferior make at a single blow, without dulling its own edge or even dimming the lustre of its surface. Again, it would cut pieces of paper that were sent floating down upon the surface of a river against its keen edge.

In course of time these swords came to be regarded with superstitious awe, and people began to believe that they had supernatural qualities and were capable of endowing those who wielded them with powers such as the individuals otherwise were not known ever to possess. In supreme moments, when the owner of a Muramasa blade was battling against fearful odds in the cause of honor and justice, his sword seemed to be itself possessed of life, and would strike off head after head of its opponents without the least volition on the part of the doughty warrior who carried it, or even, perhaps, in spite of all his best efforts to control it. At such times the swordsman declared that he seemed to lose consciousness as soon as his hand grasped the hilt, while the weapon, now quite beyond all control, moved up and down, doing its bloody work with celerity and precision, as if impelled by some unseen agency. Again, it was said that a man on the eve of a duel could look into his Muramasa blade and see reflected in its mirror-like surface his own face or that of his enemy, as the wraith of the one who was to fall in the impending conflict.

Strange stories were whispered after dark about the mysterious composition of these blades, by which they gained their phenomenal power, and it was said that the smith needed newly-shed human blood to mix with the metal in welding the steel to its highest possible perfection. Dead bodies were found from time to time in the streets near his house, cut and slashed so that no blood was left in them; these, it was generally agreed, were the smith's victims, who supplied him with the essential compound for his forge-work. Human life was cheap then, and the samurai could be depended upon to regard its use to temper their blades, if so needed, as in the highest degree justifiable.

The possessors of these weapons were never so happy as when using them, and it was rare indeed that victory did not perch upon a Muramasa blade. The bravest warrior shrank from a duel with the wielders of swords which held such mysterious and irresistible power. At times the blades became a frightful source of accident. Even their bearers, although invincible against all enemies while using them, could not always govern them. When once drawn from the sheath, death to some one must result ere the sword would permit itself to be replaced. It seemed to be imbued with a Frankenstein spirit, and many a roisterer and breaker of the peace would at times find his blade turning against himself and wounding him.

A common story was to the effect that a Muramasa sword was once on a time pledged to a pawnbroker. The fellow thought this a fine opportunity to parade himself as a gentleman, and accordingly on a festival day he wore the sword. Quarrelling with some idle fellows, he essayed to use the weapon, but his unfamiliarity with it betrayed him and excited the derision of the bystanders, who unmercifully ridiculed his bungling manner. But the merriment of these individuals was short-lived. The sword itself took the matter in hand, as though the taunts impugned its own skill, and soon laid low all its traducers. Then it turned against the unfortunate pawnbroker and killed him.

Another story is the basis of a popular Japanese drama, and tells of the adventures of a samurai with a strange sword which he had borrowed from a pawnbroker. He lightly hit a man with the blade without apparently wounding him in the least. Some time after, the man suddenly dropped dead, and it was found that the sword had inflicted a mortal wound even when it had scarcely drawn blood. Upon examination, this was found to be a Muramasa, which, though coming from the dishonor of a pawn-shop and carried in the hands of an incompetent, had thus made manifest its power.

The popular admiration and love of the sword led to its lavish ornamentation, until all its decorations and trappings shared in the high esteem accorded the weapon itself. The demands thus made in the direction of decorative art developed a class of skilled artisans not inferior in repute to the forgers of the blades, and stimulated all art pursuits to a wonderful degree. Carving, an art in which the Japanese excel other nations, owed its origin to the desire to give a fitting setting to these blades, and the highest attainments of the people were displayed in the ornamentation of their scabbards. This ornamentation alone constitutes a rich store of Japanese history and mythological lore. The engravers and carvers were something more than mere decorators. Their work was always informed by some significant underlying scheme of intellectual treatment, and in their hands the sword became an artistic and enduring record of Japanese mythology, life, religion, war, and social conditions.

State swords abounded in crests. Each noble had his own great family crest, and also smaller and less important ones for each fief of which he became possessed. Some had fifteen or twenty of these lesser crests, but, be the number great or small, place was found for them all on their owner's scabbard. The sword-hilts were generally covered

with shark-skin overwound with silk braid. There were grades in these skins, and happy was that man who could boast of one of the choicest on the hilt of his weapon. The pieces most highly esteemed were those that had three prominent protuberances in a row, an inch or so apart, that at the top being a trifle higher than those below it. The best shark-skins available for this use were very valuable, being rated as high as one hundred dollars each, and that at a time when one hundred dollars was as good as ten thousand dollars is now.

In the scabbard of a sword were one or two sheaths, into which small knives were thrust. These were called the *kagatana*, and were used freely in battle, being thrown with unerring aim to transfix an enemy. In cases of vendetta a *kagatana* was left sticking in the head of a victim. As each weapon bore an inscription indicating its ownership, this practice might be construed as a polite method of leaving a card by way of acknowledging responsibility for the bloody deed.

Lyman Horace Weeks.

ATHLETIC SPORTS OF ANCIENT DAYS.

WHILE athletics are almost daily assuming greater prominence in this complex, end-of-the-century life of ours, and spirited competitions in every branch of sport are continually occurring as incitement to fresh feats of record-breaking, the coming year will witness an event which compels the interest of every classical scholar no less than every athlete,—the first Modern Olympiad, a tournament of strength based upon classic lines, though modified and extended in accordance with advanced ideas of to-day, so that sprinters and gymnasts, fencers and wrestlers, crack shots and oarsmen, bicyclists and tennis champions, polo experts and gentlemen riders, are all invited to participate. This projected revival of the old Olympic games will be inaugurated at Athens in the spring of 1896, continuing from April 5 to April 15, and is proposed to be the first of a new series, celebrated every four years as were the original games, but differing from them in change of place on each occasion. Despite the power of historic interest attaching to the Peloponnesus, this original arena is somewhat difficult of access for both hemispheres alike, and it is designed by the committee in charge to hold these meetings successively in various great capitals of the Old and New Worlds. Following the inauguration at Athens, the second games will occur in Paris during the Exposition of 1900; the third are to be celebrated in New York in 1904; and the fourth, in 1908, will take place, it is thought, in London.

A Frenchman, Baron de Coubertin, was the prime mover in this affair of international interest, wherein are now concerned many of the most distinguished scholars of both Europe and America, besides royal personages of the highest rank. The American representatives are United States Commissioner of Education William T. Harris and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, and several of our

larger colleges are already preparing for the classic arena of muscular prowess. The American athletes will sail from New York for Athens by specially chartered steamer, sufficient money having been pledged in advance to guarantee the success of the enterprise.

Baron de Coubertin is an official of the French government who spent several years in this country studying our educational system and popular amusements, and in his published report he gives highest praise to our amateur sports of every kind, believing athletics of vital importance to the moral and mental as well as the physical standard of a nation. Classical study serves powerfully to strengthen this belief, for perhaps no institution exercised greater influence in moulding national character and producing that admirable type of personal and intellectual beauty which we see reflected in Greek art and literature than the public contests of Greece. For them every youth was trained in the gymnasium; they were the mart whither poet, artist, and merchant alike brought their wares, and formed a common ground of union for the Hellenic race.

Each of the great games was held near some shrine or consecrated spot, and was connected by myth or legend with some hero, demi-god, or local deity, the first of which we have any record being those described in Book XXIII. of the *Iliad* as held at the funeral of Patroclus. Of the four great national festivals, the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games, the first-named were the earliest, and remained to the end the most celebrated. Olympia was a naturally enclosed spot in the rich plain of Elis, between the rocky heights of Kronos and the rivers Alpheus and Kladeus. Here was the grove of Altis, containing statues of victorious athletes, and the proud temple of Olympian Zeus, with the gold-and-ivory statue of the god in which Phidias had wrought his masterpiece. According to a legend which Pindar has embodied in one of his finest odes, these games were instituted by Hercules to commemorate his conquest of Elis and slaughter of its king Augeas. A later legend, with traces of historic fact, tells how when Greece was torn by dissensions and ravaged by pestilence Iphitus asked advice of the Delphic oracle, and was bidden to restore the games, which had fallen into desuetude.

The names of the victors in each succeeding Olympiad, or fourth recurrent year, have come down to us in almost unbroken list from the year 776 B.C., and what was at first a mere village bout of the Eleans became a bond of union for all the branches of the Doric race, and grew in time to be the high feast to which all the Greeks gathered, from the mountain fastnesses of Thessaly to the remotest colonies of Cyrene and Marseilles. It survived even the extinction of Grecian liberty, and had nearly completed twelve centuries when abolished by the Christian emperor Theodosius.

Let us seek to picture the scene which Olympia in its palmy days must have presented as the great festival approached. A month's sacred truce has been proclaimed by heralds throughout Greece, insuring to all a safe-conduct. So religiously was this observed that the Spartans chose rather to risk their liberty than to march during the holy days, even when the Persians were at their gates. The white

tents standing out against the sombre gray of olive-groves belong to the ten judges, chosen one from each tribe of the Eleans, who have been for ten months on the spot, receiving instruction in their duties. All, or most, of the athletes must also have arrived to undergo the indispensable training in the gymnasium of the Altis, while along the holy road from the town of Elis is crowding a motley throng. Conspicuous in the long train of pleasure-seekers are the sacred deputies, clad in their robes of office, and bearing with them in their carriages of state offerings to the shrine of the god. Nor is there any lack of visitors distinguished in every walk of life,—soldiers, philosophers, sculptors, painters, poets,—and, lastly, groups of bright-eyed maidens, admitted to the spectacle in accordance with Spartan manners, though matrons are excluded on pain of death.

At daybreak the competitors present themselves before the judges, prove by witnesses that they are without stain, religious or civil, on their character, then, laying their hands on the bleeding victim offered for sacrifice, swear that they have duly qualified themselves by preliminary training, and that they will use no fraud or guile in the sacred contests. Thence proceeding to the stadium, they strip to the skin and anoint themselves. A herald proclaims, "Let the runners put their feet to the line," and calls on the spectators to challenge any that are disqualified; no objection being made, they are started by the note of a trumpet, running in heats of four, ranged in the places assigned them by lot, while the presidents, seated near the goal, adjudge the victory.

The foot-race was only one of twenty-four contests enumerated by Pausanias, but it is not supposed that all these were exhibited at any one time. Until the 77th Olympiad all was completed in one day, but afterward the feast was extended to five, and, while the order of the games is not authenticated, we may conjecture that the historical sequence of their institution was followed. The foot-race was the oldest of all, and for the first thirteen Olympiads the *dromos*, or single lap of the stadium, which was two hundred yards long, was the only contest. The *dialos*, in which the course was traversed twice, was introduced in the 14th Olympiad, and in the 15th the *dolikos*, or long race, of seven, twelve, or (according to the highest computation) twenty-four laps (over three miles) in length. For a short time there was racing in heavy armor, highly commended by Plato as a preparation for active service.

Wrestling, which Plutarch calls the most cunning and artistic of athletic games, was introduced in the 18th Olympiad, and the very word *palestra*, as often used, shows the importance attached to it. In practice it differed little from modern wrestling, save that the combatants' limbs were anointed with oil and sprinkled with sand. The third throw, which decided the victory, passed into a proverb, and wrestling on the ground was not permitted in the *Olympia*. In this same year was introduced the *pentathlon*, or combination of five games, leaping, running, disk-throwing, javelin-throwing, and wrestling, of which the first alone demands any comment.

The only leap practised seems to have been the long jump, and

the leapers increased their momentum by means of dumb-bells which they swung in the act of leaping. By this aid, and that of the spring-board, enormous distances were covered, though the record of fifty-five feet attributed to Phayllus is altogether incredible. It is a disputed point whether victory in all five, or in three, contests was required to win the pentathlon.

Boxing was added in the 23d Olympiad, with rules much the same as those of the modern ring, except that the boxers' fists and wrists were armed with straps of leather, thereby increasing the force of the blow. No arm so terrible as the *cestus* of the Romans can ever have been admitted in Greek contests, for the death of an antagonist not only disqualified a combatant, but was severely punished. In the *pancratium*, a combination of boxing and wrestling, the use of these straps, or even of the clinched fist, was wholly disallowed.

The chariot-race had its origin at the same time, and was held in the hippodrome, laid out on the left side of the hill of Kronos, a race-course twelve hundred feet long by four hundred broad, the circuit of which had to be traversed twelve times: in the centre near the farther end was the pillar or goal round which the chariots had to turn.

"To shun the goal with rapid wheels" has been selected by Milton as the most graphic feature of the Olympian games; and General Wallace's familiar description of the chariot-race at Antioch attains its thrilling climax in Ben-Hur's triumph over Messala while passing the last goal. This manœuvre was always so dangerous that, according to Pausanias, a mysterious horror attached to the spot, and horses in passing it would start in terror without visible cause, upsetting the chariot and wounding the driver.

The number of chariots that might appear on the course is uncertain, though Pindar once praises a victorious Cyrenian, Arcesilaus, for having brought off his chariot uninjured from a contest wherein no less than forty took part,—a remarkable number, considering the large outlay involved, which excluded all but rich competitors.

Chariot-racing with mules, with mares, with two horses instead of four, were successively introduced, but none of these presented any special interest. Races on horseback date from the 33d Olympiad, and, as the course was the same, success must have depended on skill as much as swiftness. Lastly there were introduced athletic contests of the same description for boys, and a competition for heralds and trumpeters, in the 93d Olympiad.

The prizes were at first, as in Homeric times, of some intrinsic value, but after the 6th Olympiad the only reward offered for each contest was a crown of wild olive, which was cut with a golden sickle from the *kallistephanos*, or sacred tree brought by Hercules, Pindar tells us, "from the dark fountain of Ister in the land of the Hyperboreans, to be a shelter common to all men and a crown of noble deeds."

The Pythian games, second only to the Olympian in importance, were founded 595 B.C., from spoils taken in the First Sacred War. Originally a local festival held every eighth year in honor of the Delphic god, with no other contests than in the harp and pæan,—a sort

of Hellenic Eisteddfod,—they developed into a second *Olympia*, distinguished from the first only by their musical and poetic productions and their prizes, a wreath of laurel and a palm.

The Nemean games, originally a warlike gathering and review held every two years, in honor of the Nemean Zeus, at the grove of Nemea, date from about 570 B.C. The prize was a chaplet of wild parsley.

The Isthmian games were founded a little earlier than the Nemean, and took place in alternate years with them, in honor of Poseidon, having at first somewhat the nature of mysteries. They were celebrated on the narrowest part of the Corinthian isthmus; a garland of pine leaves was their prize.

Greek writers from Herodotus to Plutarch dwell with complacency on the magnanimity of a race who cared for nothing but honor and were content to struggle for a corruptible crown; yet, while the Grecian games present in this respect a pleasing contrast to the greed and gambling of the modern race-track, to represent all competitors as actuated by pure love of glory is a pleasing fiction of the moralists.

The successful athlete received, in addition to the immediate distinction, very substantial rewards. A herald proclaimed his name, parentage, and country; the judges took from a table of gold and ivory the olive crown and placed it upon his head, with a palm branch in his hand; as he marched in the sacred revel to the temple of Zeus, admiring friends sang songs in his praise and showered his pathway with flowers and costly gifts; and his name was canonized in the national calendar. On his return home, fresh honors awaited him. If an Athenian, he received, according to the law of Solon, five hundred drachmæ, and free rations for life in the prytaneum; if a Spartan, his prerogative was the post of honor in battle. Poets like Pindar, Simonides, and Euripides chanted his praises, and sculptors such as Phidias and Praxiteles were engaged by the state to carve his statue. We even read of a breach in the town walls being made to admit him, as if the common road were not good enough for such a hero, and there are well-attested instances of altars built and sacrifices offered to a victorious athlete. No wonder, then, that an Olympian prize was regarded as the summit of human happiness. Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the exaggerated value which the Greeks attached to athletic prowess is a casual expression which Thucydides employs in describing the enthusiastic reception of Brasidas at Scione. The government, he says, voted him a golden crown, and the multitude flocked round him and decorated him with garlands "as though he were an athlete."

As to the *ludi publici*, or popular games, of the Romans, they included feasts and theatrical exhibitions as well as the athletic contests with which alone this article is concerned, and it is easy to explain the different feelings excited by the sports of Greece from those of Rome. The Greeks at their best were active participants, the Romans from first to last were spectators only.

To Greece, then, must we look for the earliest form and fullest development of the ancient games. The shows of the Roman circus were at best but a shadow—and in the empire's later days a travesty—of those in the Grecian groves; and from the noblest spectacle in

the world, the Greek *Olympia*, the downward course of public games may be traced till we reach the ignoblest, the Roman amphitheatre, of whose horrors we can still form a faint picture from its latest survival, the Spanish bull-fight.

Thomas James de la Hunt.

LOVE-HAUNTED.

"I CAN forget him in the woods," she said,—
 Oh, foolish maid!—
 And thither went she;
 But in her thoughts she met him everywhere;
 The very air
 Breathed tender words that he had spoken to her;
 The young leaves stroked her cheek, and seemed to woo her
 And call her fair;
 His name alone the flitting wild birds sang;
 His name alone the nodding flower-bells rang:
 "Ah, no, not here can I forget," she said,—
 Love-haunted maid.

"Perchance," she said, "the rush of the great town
 Love-thoughts will drown."
 And there she hid her.
 But in the clangor of the throngéd street
 The many feet
 Seemed treading to a measure, soft and low,
 That he had sung to her not long ago,
 And clear and sweet
 From steepled bells rang out the old refrain—
 "I love thee, Love"—again, and still again.
 "I shall go mad with loving here," she said:
 Oh, wretched maid!

"Haply," she moaned, "at home I may find peace,
 And calm surcease
 Of torturous thoughts."
 But 'mid the garden's subtile fragrances,
 'Neath evening skies,
 Her heart grew sore with yearning and regret.
 "Alas!" she said, "I never can forget.
 My fierce pride dies.
 All that earth offers I would gladly give
 To be his own. For him alone I live."
 "As I for thee," his voice beside her said.
 Oh, love-blessed maid!

Elizabeth Harman.

BENNETT'S PARTNER.

IT was because Bennett had nothing better to do, and because he wanted the most drastic change from past conditions that he could possibly secure, that he turned prospector. The men at Esperanza laughed when they saw him making ready, but they were careful to do it behind his back. There was a menace in the nervous, sloping shoulders, the well-knit frame, and the stern face, that none of them cared to provoke. Yet he was a tenderfoot, and there was some excuse for thinking he would not amount to much in the mountains.

Bennett plunged into the work because he wanted occupation. He wanted toil of the hardest kind,—that which would make him lie down at night and sleep for utter weariness. He wanted to work and to be alone. Solitude, danger, the desolation of the barren hills, were nothing to him if only he could be away from the chatter of human beings. Nor were the chances of loss or gain much to him; yet, as it was his habit to do well whatever he put his hand to, he became just as earnest in his search for signs of pay ore as any man among all who ranged the Raton hills.

When he was finally clear of the ragged fringe of civilization that hung about the mining camp, he experienced a sense of exultation. The prospect of the task before him was pleasing. The mountains nodded to him in grave welcome. The patient mule that plodded on beside him gave just enough of the living element. Bennett grew more contented than he had thought, a little time before, he could ever be again. If he had been a philosopher he would have constructed some sage aphorism. As he was only a strong and healthy young man, he kept on his way all day, admiring the majesty of Nature as she unfolded herself before him, revealing constantly new wonders in earth and sky. He stopped when night came, selected a good spot for camping, built a fire, cooked his supper, smoked a pipe, and then slept long and well upon his woodsman's bed.

At the end of the third day he reached the point where he had determined to make his permanent camp while studying the surrounding country. He had chosen it from a careful survey of the maps of the region, and after long talks with the best of the old miners with whom he had come in contact.

In the weeks that followed, Bennett sought as industriously as any professional miner could have done for a hint as to where earth's hidden treasures lay, but without the success that would satisfy him. Now and again some hint of the precious metal in the rock that outcropped here and there would flatter him with its promise, and he would take up and follow the lead. But if he found that it gave only ordinary results, or such as might have satisfied another man, he became discontented and abandoned it. He realized that the plodding, wearying task of the miner would be purgatory to him unless it held out the hope of reward so great that the excitement would be a constant spur to toil.

He was not avaricious, not desirous of wealth for itself, but for the excitement of acquiring it. If he found pay ore, it must be pay ore indeed. Then the exultation of piling up riches would be enough to keep him at his task.

He was a little moody, perhaps. He considered that he had made one false start in life by not achieving the object he had aimed at, and so dreaded to face another. But when his need for a stimulus was at its utmost, his search seemed to be rewarded. Then he worked feverishly, cutting his way into the bosom of the hill that entombed the treasure. Bennett's training had been thorough. He not only knew enough of geology for his work, but was something of an engineer as well. This now stood him in good stead. The lead that he had struck carried him vertically into the side of the hill. Progress was slow, toiling alone, and the rock yielded to him only inch by inch. He fought his way into the hill obstinately, so that finally there was rock above and below and all about him. Then the miner gave way to the engineer. He had no mind to be caught there by some falling boulder and die like a rat in a hole. So he felled trees and hewed timbers, and shored the mouth of his little tunnel until it was secure. Then he went on digging farther into the hill.

The supply of food which he had brought from Esperanza he supplemented from day to day with the aid of his rifle. But finally the time came when he must stop and return to the settlement for stores.

It was a year since Bennett had left home. He had not realized it until now. He had put himself off so thoroughly from his old world that not even a letter nor a paper had followed him. Since leaving Esperanza he had had no touch with civilization.

Upon his return to the settlement none of the few whom he had seen before recognized him. This made him feel more his loneliness and aloofness than the solitude of the mountains did, and he made haste to get away again.

His purchases were made as rapidly and as quietly as possible, but in the course of the business his name was asked and given. The dealer, who was also postmaster of the camp, pricked up his ears.

"Bennett?" he said: "then I reckon this 'ere letter must be yourn."

He tossed out a letter, soiled with much handling. Bennett saw that the hand was that of an old college friend. The postmark was three months back. He hesitated for a moment, half disinclined to come again into even such remote touch with his old world. Then he thrust the letter into his pocket, unopened.

That night, a good distance on his way, he took the letter from his pocket when the camp-fire was kindled, and was minded to thrust it, still unopened, into the blaze.

But finally he opened it and read. There was much useless chatter. His friend deplored his absence. He had heard of him as having gone into the new mining country, and sent the letter on the chance of catching him. If there was much sport, or a fortune to be had, he would not mind joining him. Things were dull at home. "By the way,"—here Bennett moved closer to the flickering flame of the fire,—“Miss Gainsworth was married last week. I thought once you

had a tender spot for her, or she for you, but I see I was mistaken. The wedding was very swell. I think you never knew the fellow she married. A Boston chap. His name——"

The writing was indistinct, and Bennett stirred the fire in order to make a better light. Just then a gust of wind swept about him, and twirled the paper from his hand and into the flame.

Bennett reeled back as though he had received a physical blow. A sense of the utter futility of endeavor took possession of him. He was foiled by malicious fate. He would have given much to know that name, that he might locate the hatred that had taken instant hold upon him toward this man who had won Myra Gainsworth.

He lay down and slept uneasily. At daybreak he was afoot once more, and the end of the third day found him again nearing his camp. Night was closing in as he drew near the little clearing that he had made about it. In sight of that he began to feel the indefinable satisfying sense of home-coming.

This, he told himself, was the best possible evidence that he was contented with the life; and perhaps he would have succeeded in making himself believe this to be true, had it not been for that unfortunate letter. He urged both himself and his jaded pack-beast forward, foolishly anxious for sight of the place that he called home. Before he had quite reached it he became conscious that there were signs of life about. In all the months he had spent there he had never encountered any human being. That some one should have come now, while he was away, made him vaguely uneasy. He had a foreboding that a serpent had entered his poor paradise.

Hearing his footsteps, a man shuffled out of the cabin. A poor unkempt figure of a man, almost the caricature of one, because hunger and suffering had done their evil work upon him. A weak, uncertain-looking man at best, thought Bennett, yet with something of the gentleman under his veneer of rags and unshorn beard and hair. A hint of engaging qualities, too, in spite of the weakness about the mouth, which, after all, might be due to his boyishness. Summing him up, only a bit of the unclassified drift of humanity that is found about the fringe of all mining camps.

Bennett paused, leaning on his rifle, and waited his approach. The man glanced about him, as if with some momentary impulse of flight. Then he came forward and spoke.

"I suppose you own this camp? Well, I've been keeping house for you. I guess you won't miss anything, unless it's a little coffee and some tobacco. I made free with yours, as mine was all out."

The man's speech was better than his appearance, albeit Bennett's manner had moved him to a sort of surly self-defence.

Perhaps he was not, as Bennett had first thought, some thievish prowler of the mountains.

"You're welcome to anything you found there," he said, briefly: "supplies were pretty low when I struck out. I've been stocking up."

He nodded toward the pack-mule, and began unslinging the hampers. The stranger, without more words, came to help him lift and stow the things away. Bennett noticed that he walked unsteadily,

and regarded him with suspicion. When through unloading the packs he busied himself with starting a fire and preparing to cook some supper. Suddenly he paused and turned toward his companion.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Four days."

"And what have you had to eat?"

"Nothing but what I found here. My partner stole my rifle and all the provisions we had, and went on and left me. I wandered two days after that, and then found this place."

"Why, man, you must be starved! Here, we will have something to eat, and we can talk afterward."

All that was best in Bennett came at once to the surface. He pressed his hospitality on the other. When supper was finished he filled two pipes, and they sat together and smoked. Even then he forbore to question, waiting until the other should speak of his own accord, which he finally did.

"I presume you came from Esperanza just now," he said. "I was there a month ago. It was the first stop I made in this country, in the mountains. I had a little money, and wanted to join some party, to prospect. I fell in with a man who knew the country, and I put up the outfit. We were to prospect together, and share alike." He paused, as if waiting for the other to comment on his narrative. But Bennett smoked on in silence. The speaker searched his face, trying to find there a sign of belief or of doubt.

"Ten days ago," he resumed, "we struck our first luck. I am not a miner, but I know a little about rocks, and I am pretty sure that we had signs of pay ore. We staked a claim, and started back to the settlement, as we were almost out of provisions. My partner directed the way. On the fourth morning when I woke he was gone—with the pack and everything belonging to us."

"It is an old story here in the mountains," said Bennett. "He wanted to be rid of you, so he left you to slow death, to starvation. Probably your strike was of some value. Have you any idea how to find the place again?"

The man shook his head. "I trusted to his lead, as long as we were together. After that I was almost crazy, with hunger and fatigue."

He hesitated a moment, and then drew from his pocket a piece of rock and held it toward Bennett.

The latter turned it in his hand for a long time,—needlessly long, his companion thought. He held it close to the fire, to examine it better, for now the night was quite upon them. Finally he handed it back.

"Sure you couldn't find your way to the place that came from?" he asked.

"I don't know. It can't be far. With a man who knows the mountains——"

"It is worth trying for," said Bennett. "I wonder the fellow did not kill you, and so avoid all risk of having you back to dispute the claim with him."

"Would you—would you help me search for it again?" the man asked, eagerly, yet diffidently.

"I don't know. I hardly care to run my head into a hornets' nest," laughed Bennett. "We will talk about it in the morning. I have a pretty safe thing here now." He nodded in the direction of his claim, where the mouth of the tunnel yawned black into the night.

As they breakfasted together the next morning the stranger told Bennett who he was, in the fewest possible words.

"My name is Deane," he said; "and, what is perhaps strange here in the mountains, I have given you my true one."

He handed Bennett the specimen of ore again, and together they subjected it to such tests as they could.

"It should make you rich," said Bennett, "beyond the dreams of avarice. That is, provided you can find it again."

"I am not enough of a mountaineer," said Deane, "to undertake it alone."

"I should hate to give up the work that I have done here," said Bennett, "although I know your claim is vastly richer. But I shall try and help you find it, at least."

The finish of their talk was that they would try to locate the claim, and if successful would investigate it fully. If it did not turn out as expected, Bennett would return and resume his own work. It was an adventure that gave zest to his existence, and for Deane's sake he hoped the quest would prove successful. His sympathies were with the man upon whom a ruffianly trick had been tried, and he rather hoped they might have to defend the claim against the return of Deane's whilom partner and so give the former a chance to get even.

It was a week before they found the spot for which they searched. Deane had become almost discouraged, and as they made camp at the close of the seventh day he spoke to Bennett apologetically for having led him on such a chase.

The next morning he was awake before daybreak, restless and uneasy at his ill fortune, and blaming himself for inducing his companion to join him. He rose quietly, and, taking his rifle, started out to look for game. He had not gone far when the surroundings began to appear familiar. The sun was coming up and gradually revealing the landscape. He examined the ground closely, and soon came upon the traces of a camp-fire, not so very old. Not twenty rods away, in a crevice between two mounds of barren earth, he found the very spot from which he had taken the sample of the ore that he had shown Bennett. He ran back like a boy and wakened his companion. He hurried Bennett forward, exclaiming on the lucky chance that led them to make camp there. He anxiously watched his companion's face as the latter scanned the place that was pointed out to him.

"It seems a likely lead," he said: "the formation is favorable, and it will not be a very difficult place to work. A few days will show us whether it is good or bad."

They began at once to throw the surface dirt away and to get down to the rock. For a week they toiled unceasingly, each day discovering

signs that only increased their ardor. At the end of the week Bennett said,—

"I am willing to go on with this. It is far richer than my claim. But there is no reason why you should give me half of it."

"I should not have been alive to find it, if it were not for you," answered Deane. "I should have starved to death, long ago." So their brief compact of partnership was made.

Such companionship as this life forced on these two men begets confidence. And when men have confidence in each other they begin to unbosom their secrets. So it came about that Deane, lying on his back and gazing at the stars at the end of a hard day's work in the drift, began in this wise:

"You've never asked me where I came from, nor what I've been, Danny," he said, punctuating his words by quick whiffs at his short pipe: "maybe that's the reason why I want to tell you now, and tell you the truth. If you had asked me, or tried to pump me, maybe I'd have lied."

"We didn't take each other for partners, I fancy, Deane, for what we had been, but for what we were, and might be, here in the mountains. So don't tell me now, if it's merely a matter of conscience."

"I don't know that it is. Not in the way you mean, at least. I have never robbed any one, nor committed murder, nor anything of that sort."

He smoked on quietly for a time, and then asked, suddenly,—

"Were you ever married, Danny?"

"No," was the monosyllabic answer.

"I was," said the other, "and there was my mistake. She was a good girl, sweet and gentle as a kitten. And I—well, I gambled some, and drank, and wasn't as good as I should have been. We didn't have any trouble, but I just made up my mind it would be better for her without me, so I came away."

He waited, seeming to expect some comment. But, as Bennett smoked on and looked steadily at the stars, he was forced to continue:

"It was the best thing to do. She didn't need me. There was money enough. I might have done different, but there was something else. I think she cared for some one else before she did for me. But I persuaded her to marry me. I don't know how I did it, for I never was her equal. And they say the other one was. I never saw him, but I am willing to give him his due. I suppose she thought she saw something in me that wasn't there. You know women do that sometimes. And I can guess how she felt when she found out her mistake. Perhaps some men could have brought themselves up to be what she had fancied them, or at least to hide their shortage from her. But I couldn't. Perhaps it was because I came to know about the other one, and was thinking all the while how much happier she might have been with him. And I was thinking that she thought that. Maybe I did her wrong there. But I could not see any way out for us, so I just came away."

"It would have been better to have stayed, if she was worth it, and to have brought yourself up to her ideal. You see——"

"Worth it!" cried Deane, springing to his feet with sudden fury. "Damn you, I tell you she was a good woman,—too good for me ever to have thought of." He took a half-dozen steps toward his companion, his face livid with passion. "I can't have her questioned, even by you," he said, more quietly. "I love her, man,—I love her with my whole soul; and I know I can never be worthy of her. And that other one was. I told you I had never done murder. But I have killed him a hundred times—in my heart—because he stands between us,—because he could make her care for him, and I could not. I never even dared to learn his name, for I should have hunted him like a wild beast."

In the moonlight Bennett could see the young fellow's face, and it appeared transfigured. The weak look that had always annoyed him was gone from about the mouth, and in its place was a snarling hate. But this presently gave way, and there came a boyish, tender yearning look that told a little of what he felt for the woman he had left. Bennett tried to say a quieting word.

"Maybe you blame yourself too much. She should have been frank with you."

"She was. Open as the day. She told me there had been another in her thoughts, but that there had never been any words between them, and he had gone away; but that if I took her I must know that she had once felt kindly toward him, and that if he had asked her she might have been his wife. Fool that I was, I was glad to take her, on any terms. I had confidence in myself, you see, and thought I could make her all mine."

Deane fumbled something in his hand, and, coming toward Bennett, reached it out to him, half diffidently. The latter saw that it was a portrait, and glanced at it, at first not with much interest. Then he held it so that the light shone on it more fully, and muttered an oath as he wheeled savagely on Deane.

"What trick is this?" he demanded. "How did you come by this? What right have you to be showing it to other men?" Pouring out a torrent of questions, he advanced toward Deane with his arm uplifted, demanding answer. The other involuntarily shrank back a step before him.

"Why, Bennett, man, are you crazy? Did you hear the story I have just been telling you? That is a picture of my wife."

"Your wife?" Bennett's arm fell to his side. "Your wife? This the woman you have slighted, and left, and that you babble of to me? You hound!" The utter contempt of his voice expressed more than mere words, and it cut the other to the quick.

"What is it to you?" he asked, sullenly. "I should not have told you, if I had thought you would make such a row." Then he looked at his companion again, curiously. "What is it to you?" he repeated.

"I will tell you what it is to me," answered Bennett, forcing himself to speak calmly. "I am the other one. I am the man you would have killed a hundred times. I am the one you would have hunted like a wild beast. I presume you have followed me here for this, made me your friend that you could stab me the better—with words. You

dog! you hound!" he hissed again. "You would have killed me," he said, as Deane stood silent. "Now is your time. Why don't you come?" he added, mockingly. "Are you afraid, now that we stand face to face and know each other?"

A slow look of intelligence dawned upon Deane's face,—a look in which mingled horror at the fact that confronted them, and pity for his friend. He drew a step nearer to him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "Danny, is it true? Are you the other man?"

"Yes, it is true. Don't call me Danny again. That is all past, now. The world is not big enough for us both. Come," he said, impatiently, seeing no movement on the part of the other, "you have a pistol. Did you understand me?" There was a hard, even note in his voice, that had taken the place of passion. "Did you understand me?" he repeated.

"I can't, Bennett," whispered Deane. "I did not know it was you. I never thought it. I will swear it. And I can't. You saved my life once. Kill me now, if you will: I guess it would only be right."

"No, I will not murder you. I will give you a chance. So—we start even again. What, you will not? You coward!" He hissed out the last word, and it stung and stirred into action, as he meant it should, the man who faced him.

"A coward? You lie. We have an equal chance. You may say the word." For an instant there was silence between them. Deane drew himself up proudly, facing his antagonist, his pistol ready in his hand. The camp-fire shot up into sudden life, throwing its full glare upon them. "You say the word," he repeated, as Bennett hesitated.

The latter began to count slowly: "One—two—three——"

As the fatal word fell from his lips there was a simultaneous flash, and the report from two pistols, and yet both men stood unharmed.

Bennett looked at the other for a moment, and then flung his pistol away and came toward Deane with outstretched hand.

"You fired in the air," he exclaimed. "I forced the quarrel on you, and you gave me the chance to kill you."

Deane was very pale, yet he looked at the other with a bit of mirth crowding the sorrow in his eyes.

"And you," he said, quietly,—“when did you turn so poor a shot?"

The men stood awkwardly confronting each other, ashamed, as men are when convicted of courage or of a generous act. Deane was the first to recover himself.

"It is curious that we should have met," he said. "I am sorry—for your sake."

"Yes, it is a curious partnership," replied Bennett. "I suppose we might as well go on?" he added, inquiringly.

Deane answered with a short, hard laugh that jarred the stillness of the night.

"Yes, I don't see that there is anything better for either of us. I don't suppose that we are worse off than a good many others. I fancy

most men don't find very smooth sailing through life. Only it has chanced that we could not hide this from each other."

"Oh, it's not for ourselves, Deane," exclaimed Bennett, impatiently: "it's for her. Can't you see?"

"Yes, I can. But I don't see any way out, now. If you had only shot me——"

"Don't," said the other. "You had the better right."

"But that would not have mended matters. It's you she wants,—not me." And his words set all Bennett's pulses tingling.

Matters settled down into their former course, and the past of both was again a sealed book. They made some progress in opening the mine, but the vein they were following took them well down into the earth, and two men made slow way against the solid rock. Bennett, being the older and more practical man, had taken charge of the work. It was he who prepared the timbers and shored up the mountain of rock that seemed to grow above them as they delved downward. In spite of his care, great flakes sometimes loosened themselves from the roof of the tunnel and dropped uncomfortably near the workers.

One day, when at work as usual in the farther end of the tunnel, they heard an ominous rattling between themselves and the entrance. At first there was a shower of light pieces of rock, and then a cloud of dust.

"The roof has broken through," cried Bennett: "it is the loose earth tumbling in." He started for the entrance, grasping his companion's arm to make sure that he followed. A torrent of earth rained down in the centre of the tunnel, obscuring them in the black cloud. As the men plunged through it they were caught and held as by a quicksand. It was above their knees, and deepening with marvellous rapidity. Bennett was the taller and stronger, and made himself free with a desperate effort. He tried to keep his hold upon Deane, but the latter shoved him off.

"Never mind me: get yourself out first."

Bennett secured a solid footing, and reached out his arms to his companion.

"Give me your hands," he cried: "quick! it is a sand-pour. It will be over your head soon." He threw himself eagerly toward the other. "Come, I can save us both. I am strong."

The dust from the first fall had settled, and the men could see each other again. Bennett had a firm footing on a ledge of stone at the side of the tunnel, and was bending down toward the other with an agony of apprehension in his face. A swift, steady stream of sand poured through the broken roof and piled deeper and deeper about Deane, and spread out over the floor of the tunnel, making a flood whose embrace was death. The effort to draw out the man who was already caught in its toils was futile, and Bennett, seeing this, was about to fling himself down beside his friend, to perish with him, if both might not be saved. But something in the other's face held him back.

"No, it's no use," said Deane. His voice was calm and steady, although he stood face to face with death. "It will be over very soon, and it's what I would have wished, for her sake—and yours. This will set you both free. You will go back to her now, and tell her. Say

that I wished it—all. And ask her to forgive. It could not have been much different, even if I had been a better man. She loved you first."

The sand came up steadily. Now it touched his shoulders. Now it closed about his neck, and choked him. He could not move, but he glanced down at it, and then back to Bennett.

"It will be over—soon. I shall not suffer—much." He smiled, like a tired child who falls asleep. "Not suffer so much—as I have—since I found I was not worthy of her." Then he looked steadily at the other. "You will make her happy, Danny."

It was the first time he had used the familiar name since the night of their quarrel. The agony of the man on the ledge broke from him in a great cry.

"Oh, my God! My friend—Deane—my brother! Would to God I might die for you!"

He sank shuddering upon the rock, and hid his eyes, while the still sand crept up and covered Deane's face and shut him from the world. And through the day and on into the long night it crept down through that hole in the roof, and filled the tunnel and shut the mine forever from the reach of men, and made a sepulture for poor Deane that should last while the world stood.

Bennett looked from the ledge and saw that his own safety would soon be imperilled. It did not seem to matter much, but the instinct of self-preservation—which rarely dies—guided him to the outer day. He was dazed by what had happened. He could not think of Deane as dead. He called his name aloud, and was startled at the silence which alone answered him. Then the awfulness of Deane's fate began to show itself before him. He blamed himself. If he had used proper caution it would not have happened. And then he was a coward to save himself and let Deane die. He was strong: why had he not lifted him to the ledge first? He had murdered him. Coward! He had called Deane that once, and how nobly the lad had forgiven him! And then he had told Deane not to call him "Danny," and he never had again, until he stood where death could hear. What courage the boy had! He threw himself upon the ground, covered his face, and wept.

And now the future leaped up and stared at him, and he was afraid to face it. He must go back and meet Myra Gainsworth, and tell her. No matter what had come between them, this man was her husband.

* * * * *

She was alone when he came to her. Bennett thought she had never looked so fair. She started up at sight of him, and came swiftly forward.

"Danny, I am so glad. I feared I should never see you again." She rained a torrent of questions on him, with a nervous haste that hardly permitted any answer. Bennett waited until his time came, regarding her with sad eyes. This at last she noted.

"You don't speak," she said: "you don't tell me of yourself." She began to see trouble ahead. "What is it? Who is it?" she questioned.

"I have come from Deane,—from your husband."

"From him?" she faltered.

"Yes, to tell you of his death." He had meant to tell her very

quietly, to be very gentle, to break it to her by degrees. But it was out now, and none could have done it worse. She sank back upon a chair, calm, but white as death itself. There was no movement, no change of muscle, as she waited, palely apathetic. He told the story quietly, telling all he had known of Deane, from first to last. He did not intentionally idealize him. But as he told of his gentleness, his courage, his steadfast friendship, his almost superhuman bravery in the presence of death, his voice became very tender. When he had finished, the woman before him was weeping.

"And now," he questioned, after a time, "what of the future, for both of us?" At this her eyes dropped from his, and she made no answer. This angered him.

"Oh, I know," he cried: "we must be conventional. This is no time for such things. I will go away. Perhaps when our lives are half done we may learn to be frank with each other. Perhaps it will be too late then."

It was a weary way, back over the long miles, and it made Bennett heart-sick when he thought of what life would mean to him now and for all the long future that stretched before him. Day and night, over plain and mountain and valley, he thought it over and over. He could not offer himself to her again, and she could not come to him. He thought of the first cause of their separation, the little matter that had stood between them then, and it looked so slight beside the mountain that now piled up in their path that he wondered it could have been any obstacle at all.

He went to his old claim again and began to work. He toiled as he had before, only more doggedly. As he delved on into the heart of the hills, the vein at which he worked grew wider, the ore richer. But he looked on it only with lack-lustre eyes. It was a long time before he went back to Esperanza. When there, some impulse made him ask at the post-office for a letter. There was one, but when he had it he twirled it in his hand as if afraid to open it. When he did, it helped him quickly to decide upon his course.

* * * * *

Myra gave a little cry of fright when she saw him, he looked so worn and thin.

"It is all right, dear," he said, putting his arms about her. "But your letter came just in time. I was ready to give up the ghost. Why did you send it?" he asked, suddenly.

"Because I could not live without you. I ought to have known it from the first."

When time had mellowed all the past, they went to Esperanza once, together. And he took Myra on to the place where Deane's life had gone out, and she saw there a white shaft that he had put up, and on it were these words:

"Deane, my friend and my brother. He died that I might live."

"For life," he said to Myra, "without you, was only death."

And as they turned sadly yet happily away, the past was buried in the shadow that the great hills threw across the valley below.

James Knapp Reeve.

MEATS.*

THE third course at the big table is that of meats, derived from land mammals, insects, and reptiles. The rule is that beasts of prey are not good for food, but this does not hold universally.

The nylghau, of North India, and the yak, of the plateau of Asia, provide food for multitudes of the inhabitants of those regions. The chevrotain, of Asia and Africa, is eaten by the negroes and Indians; the tapeti are eaten in Brazil; the alco, or Mexican dog, is eaten by the natives. Of monkeys, found in tropical America, Africa, Asia, and islands of the sea, several species are used for food. The ground-hog or woodchuck of North America is relished by backwoodsmen. The round-tailed manatee is eaten along African rivers.

In spite of the rule that beasts of prey are inedible, you may join some Hindoos at their own tables in eating tiger; although you will not be able to get this dish to order in Indian restaurants. The agouti of South America, the pangolin and phatagin (ant-eaters) of Africa, India, and Malaysia, distinguished by their coat of mail, and the paca or spotted cavy of Brazil, are all relished by the natives. The boar belongs to the temperate regions of Europe and Asia. The laws were so strict in regard to it in England in the days of William the Conqueror that any one killing a wild boar was liable to have his eyes put out.

The ibex inhabits the loftiest regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Sheep are natives of Asia and Europe. While wild sheep have a large geographical distribution, the Pamir and Thian-Shan of Turkestan are the centre of their habitat. At an elevation of sixteen thousand feet above sea-level the *Ovis poli* is found; to the east and north, the argali; and in the Stanovoi Mountains and Kamchatka another species. In the Rocky Mountains and adjacent highlands of western North America is the bighorn. In Nepal and Little Tibet is another species; in Ladakh, Northern India, Persia, Beloochistan, Asia Minor, and the Troödos Mountains of Cyprus are four species; the moufflon belongs in Corsica and Sardinia, and another kind is found in the great mountain-ranges of North Africa.

Squirrels are found in the greater part of the tropical and temperate regions of both hemispheres. Hares belong to all Europe, the northern portion of the palaearctic region as far east as Japan, and all North America from the barren Arctic regions to New Mexico. Rabbits are natives of the western half of the Mediterranean basin: they abound in Southern Europe and North Africa. They have spread into temperate Western Europe, England, and Ireland. New Zealand has a governmental department which has not its like anywhere else in the world. It is the "Rabbit Department," and it has for its province

* See "The Menu of Mankind," in our issue for May, 1895.

the organization and equipment of forces and the planning of campaigns against the rabbits, which if not kept under control would overrun and devastate the South Island. In the last five years three hundred million rabbits have been killed.

The conies of Syria, Abyssinia, Arabia, and Palestine are rabbit-like creatures, and were among the animals forbidden to the Jews as food, though they are eaten by other peoples. The muskrat of North America is greatly relished by those who are accustomed to eat it. The jerboa, a native of Africa, Southeastern Europe, Central and Southern Asia, and North America, is the most agile of animals, and is eaten by the Arabs. The brown rat, now found all over the world, is a native of China, where it is an article of food.

The brown bear of temperate and north temperate regions of the Eastern Hemisphere from Spain to Japan, the black bear of North America, and the polar bear of the Arctic regions, are all eaten. The tenrec of Madagascar, the hedgehog of Europe, the jaguar of North and South America, the fox, widely dispersed over Europe, Africa, and America, sometimes eaten by Indians, are all more or less edible. The skunk of North America is eaten by Indians and backwoodsmen. The badger of Europe, Asia, and North America, the raccoon of North and South America, whose name is a corruption of the Indian name "arrathkune," the common marmot of the Alps, the kangaroo of Australia, and the opossum of America, please some palates, and the latter when caught out of a persimmon-tree, hung up through a frosty night, and then cooked with sweet potatoes, is the subject of song among the negroes, whose enthusiasm is here as genuine as that of any more cultured eulogists of finer luxuries.

The so-called king of beasts, the lion, whose range was at one period very vast, but who is now confined to Africa, Persia, Mesopotamia, and parts of India, makes a noble meal. Surely a man ought to feel very grand who sits down to eat lion! The tamanoir or ant-bear of South America is eaten when young. The armadillos of South America are eaten not only by the natives, but by the Portuguese and Spaniards, and are considered a great delicacy when roasted in the shell. The sloth of South America, and the llama and alpaca of the same region, provide food for man.

The elephant of Asia and Africa is esteemed among the best of meats. The camel of Asia, among its many contributions to the welfare of man, at last gives him its flesh. The goat, a native of Central Asia, and the dog, descended probably from Asiatic wolves, are found on the big table. The bison of North America, the European bison, which is the same as the German aurochs, the buffalo of India and the Indo-Malay Archipelago, the swine, originally natives of Europe, and cattle, natives of Europe and Asia, are and have been among the most prized of meats both by savage and by civilized men. The horse, a native of Europe and Asia, has had a revival of his utility as food for man. The chase of the horse was one of the chief occupations of man in Europe in the Neolithic Age. The Tartars have made a practice of eating horses from the earliest times of their history. There are butcher-shops in Paris and Vienna where only horse-flesh is sold, and

it is more popular in Vienna than even in Paris. Eighteen thousand two hundred and seven horses were killed and used for food there in 1893: Paris consumed seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-four horses during the same period.

Deer in various species, all edible, are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The reindeer inhabits the entire boreal region of both hemispheres, from Greenland and Spitzbergen in the north to New Brunswick in the south. The beaver of Europe and North America, and the tapir of Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Guatemala, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, Brazil, and Paraguay, are highly esteemed. The argali of Siberia, the parent stock of the sheep, the chamois of Western Europe, the antelope of Asia, the water-bok of Africa, the gazelle of Barbary, the algazel of Persia and Arabia, the springbok, gnu, and eland of South Africa, and the prongbuck of North America, are all eaten.

The aurochs of Europe is esteemed especially when young. The giraffe of Africa, from Ethiopia to the confines of Cape Colony, is eaten when young. The wild ass of Abyssinia is used as food, and the flesh of the sucking foal is deemed by the Lasilia a great dainty. The musk of Central and Eastern Asia, the peccary of America, the wart-hog of Africa, and the babiroussa of the Celebes and Buru Islands, are eaten by the natives of their habitats. The rhinoceros of Africa, India, and the Indo-Malayan regions counts for a good deal as a source of food-supply to the natives. The fat dormouse of Southern Europe was eaten by the Romans. The porcupine of South Europe, all Africa, India, the Malay Archipelago, Canada, the greater part of the United States and Mexico, and the tropical parts of South America, is much esteemed.

The water-rat of North Asia, Europe, and North America, in the neighborhood of rivers or ponds, is eaten during Lent in Catholic countries. The otter, of the greater part of Europe, Asia, North America, South America, and South Africa, lives on shore a great part of the time, and is eaten in some lands. The sea-otter is found upon rocky shores of certain parts of the North Pacific Ocean, especially the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. The manatee is found in the North Pacific. The sea-lion, of Pribyloff Islands and other parts of Alaska, is esteemed by the natives along the shores of Bering Sea, the coast of Alaska, Kamchatka, and the Kuriles. They dry the flesh for food; and the tongue is specially prized. Of the narwhal of Arctic seas the Greenlanders eat flesh, fat, and skin. The hippopotamus, of the rivers of Africa, adds an enormous dish of meat to the big table.

Of edible birds, the jackdaw belongs to Europe and Asia. The European jay, the blackbird of Europe, Palestine, Northern Africa, and North America, the robin of North America, the great heath-cock (*Tetrao urogallus*) of North Europe, and the reed-bird of the Middle and Southern United States, are all eaten. The peacock belongs to India. Its flesh is good; the Romans specially esteemed the tongue. Parrots, of Asia, Africa, tropical America, and the Pacific Islands, are now seldom eaten, but the Romans held them in high favor for the table. Cuckoos, of all Europe and North Africa, are used in Italy.

The heron, of Europe, is eaten, both flesh and eggs. It was once protected by law and custom in nearly all European countries as game for the falconer.

Of bitterns, the American kind, found in Central and Southern North America, is eaten. The bittern of Europe was formerly highly prized for the table, but its numbers are now very much reduced. It was once a great prize for the lucky gun-bearer. Its home is from Ireland to Japan, and throughout Africa. The crane, of Europe, Asia, and North America, winters in Central Africa and India. The American ostrich, of South America, furnishes edible flesh and eggs. The African ostrich affords edible eggs, and the flesh is eaten when the bird is young.

The plover breeds in the far north of America, Asia, and Eastern Europe, and comes southward in winter. The eggs of the long-legged plover of Europe, Asia, and North America are edible. The curlew inhabits the shores of most parts of Europe, North Africa, and India. The gull, or seamew, of almost all seas, furnishes edible eggs. The albatross, of the Southern Ocean and the seas that wash the coast of Asia south of Bering Strait, the largest and strongest of all sea-birds, affords edible eggs. The flamingo, of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, is esteemed for food; the tongue of this bird was considered a dainty by the Romans.

The eggs of the avoset, or sword-bill, which inhabits the warmer countries of the Old World, are edible. The wild ducks, common over a great part of the world, are among the finest of wild birds for the table. From these the tame ducks are descended. There are more ducks in China, and more are eaten there, than in all the rest of the world. At some of the duck-farms in that country fifty thousand are annually hatched.

Our domesticated fowls, to which we owe so much table provision, are originally from India. The guineas are natives of Africa. The pigeons, found nearly all over the world, are descended from the blue rock-dove. All kinds are edible, wild and tame. The turkeys are aborigines of America, and were domesticated by the Aztecs. The domesticated geese are descended from the graylag goose, whose range is from Lapland to Spain and China. Wild geese are also abundant in North America, and are edible when young.

The woodcock are natives of Europe, Albania, Epirus, and North America. The land-rail, called also corn-crake and daker-hen, belongs to Europe and Africa. The water-rail ranges from Iceland to China. The Carolina rail, or sora, is a native of North America.

The ortolan, of Europe and Western Asia, is a great delicacy, and is one of the most prized dishes of Europe. It is artificially fattened for the table. The beccafico (fig-eater) of Europe shares the honors with the ortolan. The rice-bird of North America is highly esteemed. The meadow-lark of North America is frequently the object of the sportsman's aim. The blackcock, of the highland districts of North and Central Europe and some parts of Asia, is a fine bird. Quail, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are among the most familiar of game-birds. Pheasants, of Europe and Asia, have been killed for

man's use from very early times. Partridges, of Europe and Asia, are also in constant demand, and are regularly supplied to the markets.

The whirl of the wings of the grouse is heard in Europe, Asia, and America. The red grouse surpasses in economic importance any other wild bird in the world. The ptarmigan of Scotland, which becomes white in winter, is of the same genus. An allied form is found in North America, Greenland, and Iceland. The ruffed grouse and other forms are found in North America.

The bustards of the Old World have been esteemed from Xenophon's day to ours as of highest flavor. The snipe of Europe and North America is valued. The thrush of Europe has been eaten from the days of the Romans. It seems almost an act of impiety to eat any part of the famous nightingale of Europe, but nightingales' tongues, from which the wonderful music has flowed, have been considered a chief delicacy. The wealthy gourmands of Rome cherished a strong partiality for song-birds. Both Horace and Martial refer with approval to roast thrush, and Ovid recommends "a crown of thrushes" as a lover's present to his mistress. Thrushes' breasts were one of the ingredients of the celebrated Apician dish "*patina Apiciana*," which also included mushrooms, sows' udder, fish, and chickens. Horace relates that the sons of Acrius, to stimulate their appetite for dinner, lunched on "nightingales of monstrous price," and Varro tells us of the aviary of Lucullus, which was also a "*salle-à-manger*," so that the epicure gratified his ear and his palate simultaneously, feasting upon the delicate warblers whose congeners, unconscious of their coming doom, were discoursing meanwhile the most exquisite music.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

OPPOSING VIEW-POINTS.

ARE EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR NATURAL ENEMIES?

THE gentleman who sees fit to call himself "A Literary Hack," in certain much-talked-of "Confessions," has intimated that the relation between contributors and editors is one of veiled hostility. This may seem a strange assertion, when taken in connection with another of his statements. Enmity is not usually shown by enriching its object to the extent of six thousand dollars a year; and one thus liberally endowed has but imperfect warrant for a grudge against the source of his comparative wealth,—which in this case is the periodical press of his native land.

One may suspect this writer of gentle jesting. A real hack is apt to be less liberally remunerated: he is a useful animal, but his services seldom command anything like six thousand a year,—unless he has won unusual popularity as producer of a certain sort of novels or subscription-books, in which case he is no longer a hack, but an Author, spelt (by himself and his admirers) with a large A. Again,

our alleged Hack is much too modest as to his wares. "My stories," he says, "are so poor that I never read one without a blush of shame;" yet these poor stories are accepted by "Harper's, the Century, the Atlantic, Scribner's, Lippincott's, and the Cosmopolitan." Really, that is taxing credulity too heavily. Which is the safer verdict on the value of stories, the writer's, or that of the conductors of half a dozen periodicals of the highest rank? To adapt a saying of Mr. Lincoln's, "You may fool some editors" (but not those of first-class magazines) "all the time, and all the editors sometimes, but you can't fool all the editors all the time." No; our "Hack" is a humorist, and not so serious in his revelations as he pretends to be.

And yet an assertion is not to be denied simply because it represents things otherwise than as we would like to think them; for life is full of painful and disillusioning facts. It is humiliating that two persons, or classes of persons, who are necessary to each other, who live in good degree by and for each other, the object of whose work is mutual advantage and the public benefit, should not be on friendly terms; yet they rarely are. As Mr. Gilbert remarks in the "Bab Ballads,"

It's human nature, p'r'aps; if so,
Oh, isn't human nature low?

That statement covers a deal of ground. Teacher and pupil ought to be friends; but oftener, in the student's opinion at least, they are "natural enemies." Employer and workman ought to be on good terms; but there is frequent coolness between capital and labor. Buyer and seller should be friendly; yet they have separate points of view, and interests that are apt to collide.

Now contributor and editor are vendor and purchaser. They are not merely that; other elements enter into their relations; but that is the business basis on which they come together. And the other elements are apt to complicate the situation.

Put yourself in the writer's place for a moment; even an editor ought to be able to do that. He is a professional, a casual, or an amateur, as it may be. In any case, with one exception out of five hundred, he must be paid for his writing; in most cases he hopes to live by it, more or less, if not altogether. Nor only this: it is not a mere matter of business, of bread and butter. He has dreams, aspirations, ambitions, which may or may not have a basis of practicability. He has talent, or thinks he has, which is the same thing for him (though not for the cold outer world), since "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." He aims at reputation, perhaps fame; he wants a chance to let his light shine, to do his work and win his laurels. Is not Letters the noblest field? Is not the poet greater than conquerors and statesmen and millionaires? Of course he is sensitive; he belongs to an *irritable genus*. The editor says to him, when they get acquainted, "You mustn't mind if you get this back," and he bravely replies, "Oh, no, of course not." But he does mind. When the heartless postman brings his rejected manuscript, his soul sinks within him, and then rises in wrath and bitterness. Things worse than his are printed:

why should not his be? A new writer has no chance at all, he thinks: why can't an article be accepted on its merits? Very likely he feels that literature is going to the dogs, that publishers and editors and "readers" are a race of soulless and brainless ghouls. By and by he has something accepted; and then it seems stranger than ever that his path is not strewn with roses, that the public does not rise to do him honor, that he is not put on "most favored nation" terms; that, in hard fact, middlemen remain as blind as before, that a door which has opened an inch may close again, and that nobody cares for his slight and casual success.

This, if you like, is an extreme case, though far from uncommon. The eager young aspirant is a more interesting object than the persistent and hardened man of letters; and almost every one who writes can recognize or remember the symptoms.

The editor's position is less familiar, because editors are less numerous than writers, and less given to revealing the secrets of their prison-house. Strange to say, this foe of the guild is almost always, and necessarily, one of the guild himself. He too writes, or has written; he too has had his experiences, his woes, his disenchantments. He too has groaned under the tyranny he now exercises; nor is his, we may hope, the mere malignant joy of inflicting on others what he once suffered. His case is paralleled in part by that of the student turned instructor, or the employee become an employer,—except that these positions imply a superiority which few editors would be fools enough to claim. On the contrary, he probably knows that many of his contributors are better men than he,—at least they do work which he could not do, or how should he make up his magazine? The corner grocer has customers whose attainments far surpass his, yet it is his business to know more than they about the price of sugar and the quality of potatoes. A deal depends on the point of view.

Thus an editor, however humble his gifts, soon learns—what some of his correspondents seem to find it difficult to understand—that a periodical is not an eleemosynary institution nor a mutual admiration society; that it cannot safely be conducted on motives of friendship or philanthropy; that it is "run" for the benefit of its owners and its readers, and only incidentally for that of contributors. Writers exist for the public, not the public for the writers: the writer is entitled to recognition and reward only so far as he supplies matter likely to be attractive or profitable to the public. The magazine could not go on without contributions, but no particular contributor is essential to it, for others will come forward to take his place. Personal considerations ought to weigh very lightly with an editor. To accept an article out of kindness, fear, or favor, simply to oblige the writer, however dear or however renowned, is excusable only when the question of intrinsic value is so nearly on the balance that there is little to gain or lose either by taking or by leaving it.

The writer's position is widely different: his view is strictly personal. If he is not a mere hack, working mechanically and perfunctorily, grinding out copy as he might measure tape or turnips,—and such have no proper place in the magazines,—the children of his brain

are dear to him. Apart from any critical judgment, his products are portions of himself, precious by virtue of kinship and origin,—“a poor thing, but mine own.” However he may disclaim it, this is his inevitable attitude. The fact that the editor, for his part, cannot take this view, would be false to his trust were he influenced by it, fixes a great gulf between the two. This is the cause of their coolness, their “disguised hostility.” Neither is to blame for it: the fault lies with human nature and the facts. The writer is an individual, a tingling *ego*: the editor is an official, exercising judgment according to his lights. His light, when declining a manuscript with thanks, may be darkness; the contributor has his consolation in thinking so. When the latter, in philosophic mood and with all verbal courtesy, submits to the verdict with a “You are the editor,” he adds aside, “and be d—d to you.” And the editor, when the rejected offering comes out with honors in a rival publication, may reflect that kings, generals, and presidents too have made mistakes.

While usually stopping short of tragedy, this attitude of mutual suspicion is one of the many lamentable facts in a world in which nobody can have his own way. The editor might wish to embrace his approved contributors with tears of gratitude, and to lavish good advice upon their unsuccessful competitors; but he knows that neither proceeding would be prudent. The contributors may feel warmly toward the editor when he accepts their MSS. at their rates; but they fear, and with reason, that he cannot be relied upon to do this always. Any one of them will admit his plea as concerning the others; but one's own case is different, you see, in that it *is* one's own. Alas, the wretched man cannot be made to see this, and therefore he is the enemy of all. He has the interest of all alike at heart, and is constrained to care far more for the result of their joint labors than for any one's private wishes. With them, each self is a “hub,” a centre, a *persona grata*, and much more: to him, one contributor is as good as another, except as a few prove themselves better than the rest. Their standpoint is individual, each one solitary and apart: he deals with scores or hundreds as best he can. This is the inwardness of the situation. What stretch of unselfish charity can bridge over such an abyss, or reconcile two positions which, by no man's will or judgment, are so far apart? There may be outward smiles and handshakings and mutual thanks,—even the Russian does not reveal the Tartar till he is scratched; but if “two of a trade can never agree,” no more can two trades that are in close and perpetual contact, each depending upon the other, and one constantly limiting and hampering the other. The writer is usually aggressive, the editor of necessity on the defence. One (collectively considered) aims to vend his wares in such mass as would speedily swamp and bankrupt the purchaser; the other stands at guard in his cave, armed in panoply of silence and polite excuses, seeking to buy as little as he can, and that the best. Of a hundred competitors for a single prize, ninety-nine are disappointed, many embittered and resentful, some probably tempted to lie in wait, with deadly weapons in their hands, for the judges who have dared to despise their offerings. It is to the credit of our poor humanity that out of this hopeless

severance, this clash between the warm personal View and the View cold and critical, no blood-feuds or street encounters have yet arisen.

This aloofness, in itself guiltless and inevitable, is sometimes unnecessarily accentuated. A thwarted aspirant, infuriated by overt discourtesy or unconscionable delay, might plead excuses for his revenge. And on the other hand there are sundry devices which do no good to the devisor, and tend to harden the editorial breast that is not yet schooled beyond feeling. There are those who "go it blind" and send forth their wares at random, appearing never to have seen the publication to which these are offered. They despatch tales of impossible length, such as only Mr. Henry James or Mr. Howells could get into type,—something between the novelette and the short story; they mail an ounce of text with a pound of pictures to periodicals which do not illustrate; probably they offer light fiction to the *Journal of Metaphysics*, and agnostic arguments and dramatic criticisms to the *Theological Review*; they roll their MSS., and leave a hundred pages unnumbered, and write in pencil and on both sides of the paper. Others say, "This is my first attempt: please read it carefully and write me at length what you think of it;" or, "I don't think this is suited to your columns" (which it certainly isn't), "but perhaps you will make an exception in my favor." In the exercise of any profession or business, it is well to use a reasonable amount of practical common sense; or, lacking that useful quality, to heed the admirable advice given by St. James in his Epistle, i. 5.

More grievous, and still less adapted to promote good feeling, are the efforts to force one's wares upon the unwary editor, usually by "bluffing" him. The forms of this offence are manifold, and they are not confined to the uninitiated. It may not be consciously intended, but sometimes the letter accompanying a MS. seems to mean about this: "You are young, and not long at your post. I am older, wiser, of better abilities and attainments, greater experience, and more reputation. Therefore your judgment will naturally defer to mine." What else is the object of saying, "I have written nothing better than this. It is delightfully humorous, deeply pathetic, intensely interesting, and just what your readers want"? Now the editor knows, if he knows anything, that a writer is usually the worst judge of his own productions; also that "self-praise detracts," and that an owner's opinion of what he desires to sell is hardly disinterested. It is his business to find out what the thing is worth, with its pathos and humor and all the rest of it; and he cares no more for the laudations of its parent and admiring friends than for the advertisements of Laura Jean Libbey's last immortal work. When a tale or sketch or poem comes thus buttered with encomiums from an author of repute, his heart sinks, for it is likely to be "unavailable." Good wine needs no bush, and a manuscript is its own best credential. A writer should not descend to such arts; and, as aforesaid, they do not tend toward increased confidence, respect, and harmony.

More innocent, and equally useless, are the endeavors of beginners to procure admission for their lucubrations. "You have persistently refused all my offerings. I think you might take this one." Deluded

one, do you imagine that successive failures are a recommendation? "My father is laid up with lumbago, and my mother had to quit sewing to tend to him. We are hard up, so I thought I would make some money writing."—"My father used to say to me, 'Write, write. It is in you, and will come out.' Help me to get it out, won't you?"—"You give a lot of space to Jones and Brown. I can write as well as they do. Let a fellow in, can't you?"—"I've done a lot of work for papers out here in Oklahoma, and lately I got a couplet into the *Three-Cent Palladium* and a joke into the *Phunny Phellow*. Now I want to come up higher. Ain't I good enough?"—"The ambition of my life is to appear in a first-class magazine. Surely you can gratify me." Unhappily we can't: we don't occupy that point of view, you see. All these pleas, and hundreds like them, are wide of the mark, and unworthy of the profession. Write something worth reading, and then it will probably be printed somewhere.

The "Literary Hack" (who, as we have hinted, is no hack, but a cunning and clever fellow) may point out that he spoke of the veiled hostility between editors and contributors known and approved: he was not talking of outsiders, who cannot earn six thousand, nor six hundred, a year. But in partly admitting his complaint we show grounds for widening it. The aspirant may presently win success, the unknown become more or less known, and possibly famous. In fact, that happens every year: everybody has to begin somewhere. Meanwhile, we are all tarred with the same brush and subject to the same infirmities. As the Wild Westerner said, "Every man has in him a piece of human nature as big as a woodchuck." Repute in letters or anywhere else is but a sliding scale: it is well to keep an open door and an open mind, whatever the penalties of being "friendly to young writers." After all, are perfect love and trust to be found in any relation of this present life? David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, belong to very ancient history, and we do not know that their blood-brotherhood outlasted youth. Perhaps the mutual attitude of contributors and editors is no more strained, or suspicious, or hostile, than that of other folks.

And much could be said on the other side. There have been authors who considered editors their real friends; there are editors—nay, where is there not an editor?—that have contributors who never offered them an unworthy or inappropriate article, never gave them undue trouble, never showed jealousy or greed or unreason. Toward such the editorial heart—if an editor can be supposed to have a heart—knows no throb that is not brotherly, kindly, respectful.

Frederic M. Bird.

Books of the Month.

The Sorrows of Satan; or, The Strange Experiences of One Geoffrey Tempest, Millionaire. By Marie Corelli.

With a sure advance and an ever-greatening art Marie Corelli has slowly taken her place in one of the high seats devoted to the masters of English fiction. She is a woman of genius, and has met with the meed of genius,—bitterness, ridicule, reproach, that turn and bend low when the great public delivers the verdict of the ages. *Barabbas* was a remarkable novel, having for its subject the story of Calvary. It was strong, vivid, tragic, and intense, and it has found readers by the tens of thousands on both sides of the sea. The last story from the same dramatic pen is called *The Sorrows of Satan*, a name destined to last long in the annals of English letters and to stand as a landmark in modern fiction.

The Sorrows of Satan, just issued from the Lippincott press, is the thrilling history of Geoffrey Tempest, who from a poor and deserted author scribbling stories that do not sell, and on the verge of suicide, is turned in a moment by the magic of a great fortune left him by a distant kinsman into a conspicuous figure in London and throughout Europe. In the same hour in which he learns of his inheritance he receives a guest introduced by an old college friend now in the Orient,—“a tall shadowy figure, of a stately majesty of height and bearing.” This is Prince Lucio Rimáñez, with whom his fortunes are henceforth to be shared to the end, or, as the narrative develops, it is Satan in his modern guise of social swell, millionaire, gambler, lover, and man of the world. Through the prince’s polished and suave but diabolic agencies Tempest is taken into the midst of the fastest life, and dips into gambling, love-making, drinking, as did Faust under a similar guidance. Indeed, Miss Corelli seems to have taken as her formative conception the old story of Faust’s temptation and adapted it with telling power to the conditions of modern life. Hence we have a story formed from the wisdom of the ages, yet brought distinctly within our own range of experiences, directly to our own senses and hearts.

One of the features of the novel which will make the most stir in the world of fashion and of letters is the satire against the log-rolling of contemporary critics. The authoress has had some unpleasant episodes in the past with the irreverent and purchasable critic, and she takes occasion to revenge herself in terms which are not mistakable. When the novel of the millionaire is about to be brought out by the publisher who declined it from the hack, there is a revelation of the methods of puffing adopted by a well-known review, and a foot-note tells us that “the author has” the editor’s “own written authority for this log-rolling fact.” The exposé is as complete as it is amusing, and seems to have been drawn from Miss Corelli’s own experience.

The purpose of the story, though a wholly unobtrusive one, is to show how Satan inevitably allures souls to damnation, but with the destruction of each one his own hope of salvation grows less, and thus his own fate is the most tragic of all. The book is said to have had an advance sale in London of twenty-five thousand copies, and American readers are likely to give it even a more expressive welcome. In mechanical details it is a work of the printer’s best art.

Herbert Vanlennert.
By C. F. Keary.

The author of that very successful book *The Romance of History* demands always a respectful hearing. He has shown that he has something to say and knows how to say it. Therefore when he comes before us with a novel like

Herbert Vanlennert, which the Lippincotts have just published, there is immediate attention on the part of critic and public.

Herbert Vanlennert is the embodiment of the young English squire whose fortunes have been rendered rather hopeless by the previous generations of his house. His estate is let to the Tennants, an eminently respectable family of titled people, who have a daughter named Silvia. She attracts Vanlennert, and the reader will suppose that he means to win her, but another purpose intervenes, and the story ends as all the friends of true lovers would have it do.

As a sketch of provincial society in England we have seen nothing of late to equal this clever tale. It seems almost a transcript from life, in its fidelity to types, talk, and tone. The hunting man and the tea-drinking woman are portrayed to perfection, and we are also taken on an excursion to India, where another sort of English life is aptly presented.

The book is a handsome example of the art-work of the Lippincott house.

**A Social Highway-
man.** By Elizabeth
Phipps Train. The
Lotos Library.

The authoress who has brought to the wearied world of readers this fresh and inspiring story will win applause and gratitude on every hand. The tale appeared first in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, where it made an instant hit, and it is due to the demand thus created that it is now brought

forth in this handsome and pocketable form, denoting the introduction of a *Lotos Library* of good novelettes, of which it constitutes the first issue.

The story is an odd one concerning a great swell of New York society, a bachelor who has endless wealth and is in request for every entertainment in the most select circles of the metropolis. His valet is a reformed convict whom he has himself saved from jail, and the losses which occur in Mr. Courtice Jaffrey's rooms are naturally visited upon the valet's head. But the tale turns out otherwise, and it will surprise even the sagacious reader who is sure that he has descried the plot from the first chapter.

Caution

The greatly increased price of cream of tartar, the chief ingredient of a pure baking powder, has induced some manufacturers to substitute burnt alum (which costs but 3 cents a pound) largely or wholly in lieu thereof, making a very low cost but a very unwholesome baking powder; and great efforts are made to foist these inferior powders upon consumers by the inducement of a lower price and by grossly false representations as to their ingredients and comparative value.

Alum baking powders have been declared by the most competent authorities injurious to health. Therefore, every precaution must be taken to keep them out of the house. They masquerade under many names, and new brands are continually appearing.

It is safe to avoid all new brands. Baking powders that are sold either wholesale or retail at a lower price than Royal are almost invariably made from alum, and therefore not only inferior in quality but positively dangerous to health.

Consumers can be more certainly protected from alum baking powders, and make the wholesomeness of their food doubly sure, by rigidly refusing all substitutes for Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is certified by the Government and State chemists free from alum, absolutely pure, and superlative in leavening power.

It is unwise to take chances by the use of other brands.

A STRANGER IN NEWPORT.—Newport is a curious place. To the favored few who belong to the right set it is the gayest and most splendid summer resort in the world. Outsiders who put up at a hotel find it the dullest place they were ever in. People who are not in the sacred circle can bathe, to be sure, but they mix with such a conglomerate crowd that they are nervous about the garments they have left in the bathing-house. Again, they can stand in the avenue and witness the procession of splendid vehicles, from four-in-hands tooled by masters of the art to victorias driven by belles of the ball-room, but unless they have some society man with them they know no one who passes. As for gayety, they neither see ball nor dinner, nor even a *fête champêtre* nor a band of music, and when they stray to the gate of paradise every one from the gentlemanly cottager to the haughty lackey looks at them as if to say, "What the devil business have you to exist?"—*Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.—The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian Gulf.

For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above one hundred degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as one hundred and thirty degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the centre of the most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and even five hundred feet, but always with the same result, no water. This serious drawback notwithstanding, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore.

The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. "Machadores" (divers), whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life-giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated and bring away with them hundreds of skin bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly two hundred feet deep, but these machadores manage to fill their goat-skin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over the fountain-jets,—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond, four hundred or five hundred miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.

LONG-LIVED NORWEGIANS.—Norway is a small country, and the sayings and doings of its people do not get into newspaper type very often, but the Norwegians nevertheless have a claim upon celebrity due to the fact that the average length of life is greater there than in any other country in Europe. Recent statistics show that for males the average is forty-eight years and three months; for females it is fifty-one years and three months.

It is a valuable commentary on this that the mortality in Norway is seventeen per cent. less than in the centre or west of Europe, this being due to the fact that a far smaller number of infants die there than in any other country.—*New York World.*

LUNDBORG'S



Lundborg's Perfumes, etc., are always in chaste and artistic packages corresponding with their quality, which is unsurpassed, and make most acceptable gifts for any season and especially at

CHRISTMAS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.—“Is this the way to Wareham?” asked a Massachusetts girl on her bicycle of a wayside farmer, adopting the local pronunciation of the town's name.

“Dumbed if I know,” was his reply. “I never wore anything like them things.”—*New York Tribune*.

STAPLEAUX, THE NOVELIST.—There is nobody in Paris at present to take the place as a writer of novels formerly occupied by Léopold Stapleaux, who had replaced Henri Conscience.

Aurélien Scholl, who was his friend, although he was ever making fun of him, says, “Stapleaux was the worst novelist of our epoch, I mean the least legible, the one who of all novelists wrote the most badly. A Belgian, he established himself in Paris as a man of letters; in Brussels he would not have been tolerated. He was not lacking in imagination; he had a certain tact, a way of developing dramatic situations which attracted to him a number of unlettered readers. It was his style, which would have made a French dog howl.”

Yet Stapleaux was successful, especially in the dramatizing of his novels with unerring fidelity to their dialogues.

When an editor had been imprudent enough to give an order to him for a serial story, this story was interminable. He had to be forced to write the word “finis.” Two years ago the director of a popular journal sent to him and said,—

“M. Stapleaux, your novel has been lasting for six months. Our subscribers are complaining. You must finish in five feuilleteons.”

“It can't be done,” replied Stapleaux: “the countess is at Clermont, Jean Duroc at Martinique; Cherbaty, the spy, is on the point of being arrested—”

“It must be done in seven hundred lines,” insisted the director. “In five days I will have to put an end to your novel.”

Stapleaux obeyed, but the last lines of his story were as follows: “We shall say in another part of this story what became of the countess and what happened in the voyage of Jean Duroc.”

He published seventy volumes, and explained that he was not a member of the Académie because he was a Belgian. “It is singular,” says Scholl, “that this man, who was equivalent, as a novelist, to a chestnut-vender, was one of the wittiest talkers that I ever met.” Scholl said to him once that instead of boring the public with his novels he might write the things that he said, and Stapleaux replied, “I would have to fight a lot of duels; and I am brave after dinner only. Duels, unfortunately, occur in the morning.”—*New York Times*.

REPREHENSIBLE EXTRAVAGANCE.—Clerk (who has had sickness in the family, to his employer).—“I would respectfully ask you for an advance. Yesterday I had to pay my doctor's bill, amounting to one hundred and thirty marks.”

Principal.—“Ah, my dear fellow, the old story, I'm afraid,—living vastly beyond your means!”—*Mons Calpe*.

BUT HE WON'T GET IT.—The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of a partition might be set down at twenty-three and a half acres.



What MELBA says:

"I highly commend the genuine **Johann Hoff's Malt Extract**.
I use it with
my daily diet.
It improves my
appetite and
digestion won-
derfully."

Beware of imitations. The genuine
Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has the signature
on neck label. EISNER & MENDELSON Co.,
Sole Agents, New York.

THE Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day. Noblemen and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the room, on a square of cement made for the purpose.

CONGRESSMAN PICKLER'S CONTINUED STORY.—The House dearly loves a good story. It will go out of its way at any time and interrupt and indefinitely postpone any sort of debate to listen to one. Last Monday Mr. Pickler was speaking under the five-minute rule.

"And now, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I will conclude my remarks with a story concerning a Jewish friend of mine——"

The speaker's gavel fell. "The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired," he said.

"Move that the gentleman's time be extended one minute," yelled a member, bouncing out of his chair as though some one had placed a bent pin in it.

"I desire to return my thanks," said Mr. Pickler. "The courtesy which has been shown me awakes a responsive chord in my bosom. It is not often that, in a great national crisis like the present, one man is allowed to occupy the floor to the exclusion of all others. In the ensuing years I shall carry with me to my dying day as one of my most precious memories the recollection of the kindness which was made manifest in the motion of my friend. If I fail to express my gratitude in terms sufficiently direct, believe me that it is not a fault of my heart, but merely an inability of the tongue. I will now conclude my brief and unimportant remarks upon this great question with a story of a Jewish friend of mine who——"

"The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired," said the Speaker.

"Move that his time be extended one minute," called another man on the anxious-seat.

There was no objection, and Mr. Pickler proceeded to re-express his gratitude at some length. When he reached the third reference to his Jewish friend the merciless gavel fell once more, cutting off the anecdote in the bloom of its youth.

The performance was repeated some half a dozen times. The pages of the *Record* show that the story was never finished. His Jewish friend is still a mystery to every one except himself. Possibly some day when public building bills are occupying the attention of the House he may get the chance to finish a story that must be very funny, else he would not have tried so hard to tell it. — *Washington Post*.

A LAND OF WINDMILLS.—Western Kansas is entirely unlike Holland because of the scarcity, almost absence, of water, but is becoming very like the Dutch lowlands in the great abundance of windmills, which are becoming so numerous as to fill up the landscape. In the town of Wilson a traveller counted seventy-two windmills in view from the hotel veranda. There is an excellent water-supply a few feet below the surface in that region, and every man has an individual supply, raised by the windmills.—*Chicago Tribune*.

BANGOR, Maine, had its name from a famous psalm tune. The name was given by Rev. Seth Noble. The town was first called Sunbury.

LACKAWANNA is an Indian word, meaning the "stream that forks."

Scrofula

The germ that causes scrofula is the same germ that causes consumption; but in scrofula it is growing in some other part of the body.

Scrofula is, in the main, a disease of infancy and childhood. You cannot tell whether your child has scrofula or not; you must look to your doctor for that.

He will tell you that the scrofulous child is fat-starved and weak; that it must be refreshed and strengthened; that some of the means are: cleanliness, plenty of fresh air, and an abundance of food that is rich in fat. Scrofulous children usually loathe the sight and taste of fat. They need fat, but cannot digest it; this loathing of it is the instinctive provision of nature to keep them from taxing their tired digestion with it.

They will take and can digest the easiest fat in its easiest form; that is

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil. The effect of it is to give them a part of the fat they need, to help them digest their every-day food, to give them an appetite, and make them rosy and plump.

50 cents and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Manufacturing Chemists, New York

IN the second century of our era beef was eight cents a pound. Mutton was a little cheaper. Pork was twelve cents and ham twenty cents, sausages were eight cents, venison was fourteen cents, sea-fish commanded twenty-eight cents, and river-fish fourteen cents, while snails were two cents a dozen.

THE BIRCH-TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.—Among the hills of old Berkshire is a noble birch-tree, gigantic in trunk and limb and abundant in foliage, which towers above its neighboring companions, but grows apparently out of an immense granite boulder. Here, one might think, it would have paused, submitting to the adamant pressure, either crushed utterly to the earth or dwarfed and deformed by its unyielding environment. But it had the irresistible evolutionary forces of nature behind it. The sunlight above wooed it from its prison-house. It pushed upward toward the light. Gradually the little crevice in the rock was widened, the great boulder was split asunder as by the hammer of Thor; the noble tree was scarcely distorted by the struggle, protected from destructive storms by its conquered enemy.—*Boston Transcript*.

CREMATION ON BATTLE-FIELDS.—The advance of military service in the invention of weapons of greater precision and fatality, such as the improved rifles and the Maxim gun, and the use of smokeless powder in battle, have led students of warfare to apprehend a greater carnage in combat and directed attention anew to the disposal of the dead on the battle-field. Recently the German Emperor called for the opinions of the medical staff of the war department on the question of using cremation to disencumber a battle-field after a sanguinary combat. An invention of this kind would be of supreme interest to all governments as coming from a nation that most carefully studies the art of war. The idea is not novel, however, nor is Germany the first government to consider it. At the International Congress in Paris twenty-eight years ago, Dr. Bertoni, of Genoa, proposed cremation as the humanest and, from a sanitary point of view, the soundest method of disposing of the dead in battle, and his arguments were supported by Dr. Castighini, another Italian sanitarian.—*Information*.

ST. DYMPNA'S SHRINE.—In very early days Gheel seems to have been a kind of Lourdes. A certain St. Dymphna, who lies buried there,—an Irish-woman, by the way,—was supposed to have *les faibles d'esprit* under her special protection. It was the custom, therefore, throughout the Netherlands for persons who had insane relatives to take them to her tomb and there offer special prayers to her for their recovery. If tradition is to be relied upon, the saint was by no means loath to give proof of her beneficent power, and wonderful stories are told of the way in which she used to restore reason to those who had lost it. Still, even in those times miracles were not wrought every day.

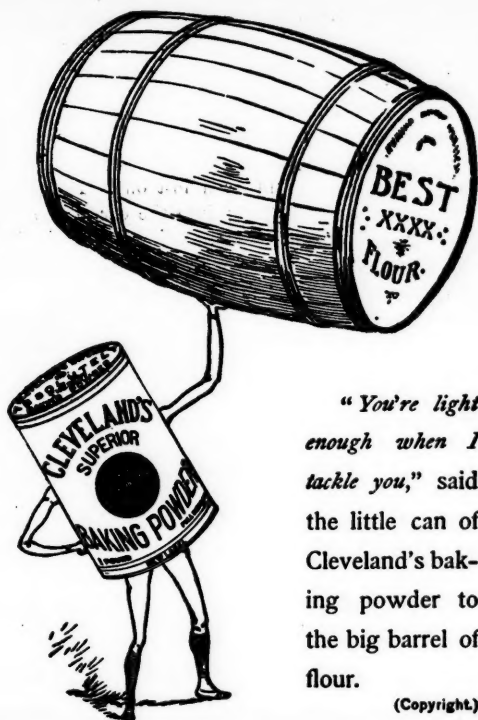
Some of the sufferers who went to Gheel had to wait for months—nay, years—before they were healed, while others were never healed at all. And while waiting they had to be taken care of. At first the innocents, as St. Dymphna's *protégés* were called, were all lodged in little huts or caves around the church, but as the fame of Gheel spread abroad they increased in number, and it became necessary to make other arrangements. They were then boarded out with the peasants living in the village, and there were so many of them at length that every family had its innocent.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



This is
staten

ager

Cleveland's is the strongest of all pure cream of tartar baking powders, yet its great merit is not its strength, but the fact that it is **pure, wholesome and sure.**



"You're light enough when I tackle you," said the little can of Cleveland's baking powder to the big barrel of flour.

(Copyright.)



THIS man may escape, and if so the chief reason will be his desire to do so. If he hadn't the desire he would not make the necessary effort. He will get to the end of the tree just as much as he gets to the end of life.

But no man escapes from a life insurance agent. This is a broad statement. Why? We are talking about a real live man, not a mere quering semblance. We mean a man who has a purpose in life, one who has accepted its responsibilities, knows its duties, and is determined to discharge them.

To such life insurance makes its irresistible appeal

The agent is a factor, and an important factor in proportion to his integrity and his intelligence. He is the intermediary, the salesman, the one who shows the goods, explains their various qualities and adaptations, fitting the kind to the peculiar need of the customer. Having an important function, he is welcomed rather than avoided.

This is especially true where he represents a reliable Company ready to endorse his statements with its reputation and its millions.

The Penn Mutual Life stands back of all its authorized agents with its twenty-five millions of dollars.

Home Office, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia.

BLOOMERITES IN 2000 A.D.—A bloomer *reductio ad absurdum* is artistically wrought out by the able astrologer of the *Syracuse Post* thus:

"Congress in the year 2000. The Bloomer party was debating on its suffrage bill in a manner that showed the Man party that if something wasn't done soon their cause would be a lost one. The grim-visaged Senator from New York whispered something into the ear of the page standing near him, who then went to the rear of the hall. Just as the Bloomer party was about to call a quorum, a voice yelled, 'A mouse!' Press dispatch: 'Congress adjourned.'"

But hold! Will this already time-worn idiosyncrasy of womankind outlast another century—and bloomerism? Has our esteemed *Post* astrologer duly weighed in his mystic balances the possible, ay, the probable, effect of even one generation of bloomerizing women in effacing this anti-mouse idiosyncrasy? Has he considered the absence of mice motives for scampering within the concealing folds of skirts that reach to the floor—with all the awful-to-think-of consequences of mice efforts to escape this deceptive refuge by further interior explorations? May it not, then, happen, in the event of a climax like the one quoted, that the leading bloomerite will rise, calmly conscious of her close-fastened, bifurcated garment, and with a smile of disdain and scorn fling back the word, straight at the head of the Senator, "A mouse? Who cares for a mouse?" And thus the tenor of that dispatch will be changed to read, "Quorum called; Bloomers win; mouse conspiracy failed."—*Pathfinder*.

"WADDLES," remarked Dismal Toddler, tearfully, "I've worked the district between Chicago and Peory for thirteen years, and I thought I'd seed all kinds o' nerve, but I hope to be caught workin' if I haven't just struck nerve for the first time—and a woman, too."

"Wot's the matter?"

"I called at that house over there and asked for vidduls, and when I had sprung my tale of woe the lady asked if I wouldn't whistle for the dog so that she could set him on me."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE VANISHING RED MAN.—Lo, the poor Indian, is growing scarcer and scarcer as time advances, and will probably soon disappear altogether. The total Indian population at this time, according to estimates made by the officials of the Indian Bureau, is 248,253, exclusive of the Indians of Alaska. In 1829, before the annexation of Texas and Mexico, the estimated Indian population of the country was 400,000. In 1855 the number was said to be 350,000, and the same estimate is made for 1871. The most rapid decline in numbers has been in the last quarter of this century. The fact that the Cherokees and Chippewas, both comparatively powerful tribes, have actually increased in numbers makes the decrease in the other tribes all the more remarkable.

It is believed that the principal loss has been among the Sioux and other tribes of the Northwest. More than two-thirds of the total number, or 237,478, in 1871 were on the reservations. At the beginning of 1895 the number on the reservations had been decreased to 133,417, or about one-third of the total number. Less than 30,000 of these are self-supporting, the federal government issuing supplies to most of them. If the rate of decrease which has been maintained for the last quarter of a century or so be continued, there will not be a single full-blooded Indian in the country, except possibly in dime museums, by the end of the twentieth century.—*Troy Press*.



*The Complexion
Makes or Mars a Woman's looks.*

IMAGINE VENUS WITH A PIMPLED FACE!

Récamier Cream

will cure Pimples, Blackheads, and all
Skin Eruptions.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,

Manufacturer by permission to
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

131 West 31st St., New York City

VIN MARIANI AND THE DISPENSARY LAW.—The Dispensary law in South Carolina has of late been so rigidly enforced that many druggists were afraid to sell even medicinal preparations containing wine as one of the constituent parts. This seriously interfered with the sales of the well-known tonic Vin Mariani throughout South Carolina, and the proprietors of that famous specialty made vigorous representations to the Governor on the subject. As a result of these representations, Vin Mariani has been specially exempted from the workings of the Dispensary law, as is shown by the following letter received by Messrs. Mariani & Co. from Governor Evans:

(Copy.)

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF STATE BOARD OF CONTROL.
COLUMBIA, S.C., Oct. 5, 1895.

MARIANI & Co., 52 West Fifteenth Street, New York:

DEAR SIRS,—In reply to your favor of 30th ult., Governor Evans directs me to say that you have his permission to sell the Vin Mariani, and he will exempt it from seizure in the State when not sold as a beverage.

Respectfully,
W. W. HARRIS,
Clerk S.B.C.

LAUGHING BABIES are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

WHERE THE DANGER LAY.—Cool-Headed Citizen.—“What are you running for? The dog is going in the opposite direction.”

Fleeing Citizen (bareheaded and frantic).—“A policeman is shooting at it.”
—*Chicago Tribune*.

FEMININE TOILETS.—What singular ideas on the subject of feminine toilets men did once have, to be sure, and how much they usually know about the matter nowadays! This is amusingly noticeable in current literature. Such blunders were once not uncommon as that made in “Austin Elliot” by Henry Kingsley, when he made his modest, quietly-dressed little heroine wear “a big diamond clasp” to her demure, Quaker gray cloak, in which she was wont to creep off to weekday church services. Obviously Mr. Kingsley had no notion that if a woman possessed “a big diamond clasp” she would not wear it in the street as well as anywhere else. This ignorance is rather a relief to the man millinery of present-day novels. Once in a while one does come, to be sure, to a mistake like Mr. Howells’s in “April Hopes,” where he made a bride in veil and satin drive directly from the church to the train of cars. But these slips of the masculine pen are rare indeed any more.—*New York Times*.

THE INDOLENT THOMSON.—On reading “The Seasons,” a lady, we are told, discovered three things of its author,—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent. On hearing which, Savage, with all the candor of a privileged friend, laughed heartily, saying he believed Thomson was never in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true. Quin tells us Thomson never saw the sun rise in his life, and on one occasion the poet gave as an excuse for not rising before noon that “he had no motive.” Allowing for exaggeration, Thomson doubtless lived in a castle of indolence all his own; but we must remember that he was wont to walk daily from town to his house in Richmond.—*Chambers’s Journal*.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—About the worst thing parents can do is to discuss the failings of children before them. The next worst thing is for one parent to attempt to punish the child and the other parent protest against it. Either action will damage the respect of the child for one or the other of its parents, and if there is one thing more than another that parents want to preserve, it is their dignity before their children. A child who gets the idea that one parent is at variance with the other on the question of discipline will make both unhappy and render itself decidedly objectionable by playing off one parent against the other. If you want to have any harmony in the family, get together on the question of disciplining the children,—at least in their presence,—and then if you want to quarrel on methods do it in the privacy of your own apartments, where you can have it out without lowering yourselves in the eyes of the children.—*Washington Star*.

WATERLOO.—At Waterloo one hundred and forty-nine thousand men were engaged, of whom fifty-one thousand were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. In proportion to the number engaged, Waterloo was one of the bloodiest battles of history, no less than thirty-five per cent. of the whole number being placed *hors de combat*. The British artillery fired nine thousand four hundred and sixty-seven rounds, or one round for every Frenchman killed in the battle.

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Letters from the People.

I wish to praise Dobbins' Electric Soap very highly, and say it was through my mother, manager of Bethesda Home, 78 Vernon Street, of this city, that I first used this wonderful soap, and, as a labor-saving and clothes-saving soap, I consider it the best on the market, as I have tried them all, and none of them will do the work that Dobbins' Electric Soap will. I recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap to all my friends and acquaintances as I have the opportunity, and give it all the praise I can. I use a great deal of it, as I wash my baby's clothes myself, and give it to my washerwoman to wash the family clothes with.

MRS. GEO. J. ENGLISH,
86 Charles St., Springfield, Mass.

Constantly since 1877 I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and, though I have tried many other kinds, I have never found any that gave me such satisfaction as Dobbins' Electric. I send you 300 wrappers for fifteen volumes of your Sunset Series of books.

MRS. F. J. BOYDEN, Leominster, Mass.

I do not care to use any soap but Dobbins' "Electric." I am very glad that I am able to get it. It is the cheapest in the end.

MRS. P. A. NEBANUS, Chicago, Ill.

I, having used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the twenty-five years, wish to say that I prefer it to any other. It certainly is a wonderful soap. It will do more better work than any other soap I have ever tried. I sent wrappers to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, for some of their beautiful premiums.

MRS. N. P. HOLMES, Box 156, Provincetown, Mass.

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, Nahant, Mass.

Ask your Grocer for **Dobbins' Electric Soap.** Thirty years' sale and reputation as the best and most economical Soap in the world.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

NO FLIES IN THE SKY-SCRAPERS.—"If you will take notice," said a tenant of the Chamber of Commerce, "you will see that there are no flies on us or in our office. Haven't seen one since we moved in. I was commenting on this fact the other day, when an old inhabitant told me that flies will not stay at an elevation of over thirty feet above the ground. Since then I have kept watch, and have come to the conclusion that he knew what he was talking about."—*Detroit Journal*.

A BAD COIN.—"Sometimes," said a Philadelphia bar-keeper, "a bad coin is a very good thing to have. We had a brass ten-cent piece here for two years that was worth a dollar a week to the bar. I knew the man from whom it was taken, and, of course, gave it back in change. He was a good customer before, but much better afterward. Ten times a week he would come in and either give me that brass coin or get it given to him. One day the proprietor looked through the drawer, and, finding the bogus piece, threw it away. When I told him that it was worth fifty dollars a year to the house, he kicked himself. We not only lost the coin, but the customer as well. He felt hurt because I couldn't give him our pet piece."—*New York Tribune*.

BOSTON is no longer the centre of literary activity in this country. The death of Dr. Holmes left the Hub almost barren of writers of national fame,—especially in the realm of poetry and fiction. Allen and Riley in the West, Stedman, Howells, Eggleston, Stoddard, and others in New York, Charles Dudley Warner in Hartford, Mark Twain in several places at once, Lew Wallace in the country at large, Bret Harte in England, Marion Crawford generally on the Continent, and Julian Hawthorne in Jamaica, leave Thomas Bailey Aldrich almost wholly alone in upholding Boston's fame.

EFFECTIVE, IF NOT RESPONSIVE.—A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question,—

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply,—

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't think the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He got it.—*Queenslander*.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY IN THIS CASE.—A young governess was sitting in a tram-car when a stylishly dressed man entered, who displayed prominently a valuable diamond ring on one of his fingers. He soon after got out, and the young lady, on arriving at her destination, stepped out as well, and found, on putting her hand in her pocket, that her purse was gone.

She, however, found a strange article in her pocket, which, to her astonishment, turned out to be the identical ring which her fellow-traveller had been so ostentatiously displaying.

Examination proved that the ring was no flash article, a jeweller appraising it as of the value of at least thirty pounds. Fortunately for the lady, there were only two shillings in the purse she had lost. The ring had evidently slipped off the pickpocket's finger when he was in the act of abstracting the purse.—*London Globe*.

USE NO SOAP



with Pearline. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. Pearline contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And Pearline is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part.

You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when Pearline's around. 491

Millions ^{NOW} USE Pearline



Instantly Restores Gray Hair and Bleached Hair.

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A free sample bottle of the finest rouge, "Imperial Venus Tint," will be sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

KITTY.—"I wouldn't tell my age if I were thirty, as Miss Pahstover says she is."

Jane (scoffingly).—"She doesn't tell her age."—*Detroit Free Press*.

LOST IN FLAMES.—A catastrophe recently happened to an American author which, though deplorable, is by no means unprecedented. A manuscript of his, the work of years, was accidentally destroyed by fire. This is a danger which it is impossible—in a commercial sense—to insure one's self against, for, as the elder Disraeli remarks in his cynical manner, "Though the fire-offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscript." The only safe way with these treasures is to have them copied, chapter by chapter, by the typewriter, but, as the risk is almost infinitesimal, no one thinks it worth while to guard against it.

Thirty years of literary labor of Ben Jonson were thus consumed. It is probable that he used strong language, but he could hardly have taken the matter so much to heart as a scholar of the fifteenth century, who, driven to madness by a similar loss, knocked at the church door (with his head) and called Providence to witness that all relations between him and it were sundered: "Hear what I say, for I am in earnest and resolved. If by chance, at the point of death, I should be so weak as to address you, do not pay any attention." This is probably unique as an utterance of passion. When the commentator of Aristotle found his house on fire, he rushed into the street, calling out the names of his precious manuscript, the danger to which he fondly thought would excite the firemen to superhuman exertion. I have often thought that the loss of that manuscript of Carlyle's had something to do with his subsequent ill temper and bad manners. He affected to take it philosophically, which always drives a misfortune in and plays the deuce with the liver.—*London News*.

NO GOOD HEROINES.—The one great defect in the late Robert Louis Stevenson's writings has always been in his inability to make a woman. There have been attempts of late to knock down this oft-repeated, often-referred-to statement. Whatever the truth may be, his girls are rarely good company, and few of them are human beings at all. The unsympathetic Mamie in "The Wrecker" is very living, it must be owned, but she is exceptional. Esther, in "The Story of a Lie," barely breathes,—only just enough to make your dislike of her a reality. What is wanting in her and in most of the others? Stevenson differentiated, conceived complex girl characters, invented personal traits, gave them very human vices and foibles; but it is all of no avail. He was working entirely from the outside, and this is rather remarkable in a man of such delicately sensitive and even feminine instincts. Perhaps his failures arose from a very frequent source of such,—an exaggeration of the differences between the male and the female character.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE "TELEPHONE EAR."—A new disease, called the "telephone ear," is said to be prevalent among telephone girls. It is caused by the constant strain due to keeping the receiver at the ear eight or nine hours a day. Buzzing in the ear and headaches are the first symptoms, and in some cases abscesses form on the drum of the ear. To stamp out this complaint it will be necessary for the telephone companies to let the girls take an hour of recreation after every two or three hours at work.—*Public Opinion*.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Springs Nos. 1 and 2.

Nature's Anti-Dyspeptic and Digestive Water.

Dr. F. R. Gregory, of Stovall, N. C., referring to Spring No. 1, reports the following case:

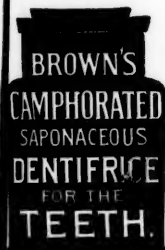
"Mr. W. H. Gregory, a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Disease, almost resulting in Granular Degeneration, Chronic Diarrhoea, with Kidney complications, fits of Renal Colic, passages of Calculi, and all the worst and most distressing forms of Gastro-Intestinal Disorders, after having exhausted the catalogue of dietetics and the Materia Medica and Therapeutics, under the advice and treatment of a number of the most skillful and experienced physicians, without benefit, and having meanwhile declined from a normal weight of two hundred and twenty to one hundred and six pounds, has been completely restored to vigorous health by a visit of three months to the Buffalo Lithia Springs and the free use of the water of Spring No. 1, to the exclusion of all other remedies, gaining while at the Spring seventy-two pounds in weight, and in six months thereafter forty-two pounds additional. The transition from a state of cadaveric emaciation to new life of robust health and strength in so short a time seems little short of miraculous."

F. J. Gregory, M. D., Keysville, Virginia.

"For eighteen months my wife, aged forty-one years, was a sufferer from a Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, which resisted my best-directed efforts at relief. The taking of the smallest quantity of the most easily digested food on the stomach would produce an attack of nausea and vomiting, the severity of which is seldom witnessed, and when the stomach was free of food she would have attacks of Gastralgia of the most excruciating nature. She also suffered from habitual constipation, at times with hemorrhages from the bowels. I pursued the usual line of treatment, and called to my help two of the most skillful physicians in Southside, Virginia, who supplemented my treatment with some of the newer drugs, but with no benefit, and so her condition went on from bad to worse until death seemed almost imminent from inanition. I then put her on a milk diet, with a glass of Buffalo Lithia Water every hour or so during the day, and after the use of the first bottle improvement was marked, and before a case had been used her cure was complete. It has been nearly two years since, and there has been only one slight recurrence, which was a few days since, and it readily disappeared on the use of the water for a few days."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.



THE BEST TOILET LUXURY AS A DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH,

TO REMOVE TARTAR FROM THE TEETH,

TO SWEETEN THE BREATH AND PRESERVE THE TEETH,

TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar.

For Sale by all Druggists

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



UNCERTAINTY.—“She is determined to be a musician, but can't decide whether to make a specialty of the violin or the piano.”

“Has she no positive predilection for either?”

“Oh, yes, but some of her friends think she looks better standing, and others that sitting is more becoming to her.”—*Detroit Tribune*.

EXCEEDING HIS INSTRUCTIONS.—The curtain had risen on the third act, and the momentary hush that preceded the resumption of the performance on the stage was broken by a stentorian voice from the rear of the auditorium:

“Is Dr. Higginspiker in the house?”

A tall, heavily whiskered man occupying a front seat rose up.

“If Dr. Higginspiker is in the house,” resumed the stentorian voice, “he told me I was to come here and call him out at ten o'clock.”

Whereupon Dr. Higginspiker, looking very red, picked up his hat and cane and walked down the aisle amid loud and enthusiastic applause.—*Chicago Tribune*.

LITERARY DISEASES.—Dr. Conan Doyle is certainly playfully satirical upon his adopted calling. “In novels,” he says, “the small complaints do not exist. No one gets quinsy or shingles or mumps in a novel. Think of Angelina having the mumps and Edwin catching them from her! Both with preposterously swollen cheeks, but as loving as ever. Heart-disease,” he says, “is common, but then heart-disease as we know it is usually the sequel of some foregoing disease of which we never hear anything in the romance.

“Then there is the mysterious malady called brain fever, which always attacks the heroine after a crisis, but which is unknown under that name to the text-books. People when they are over-excited in novels fall down in a fit. In a fairly large experience I have never known any one to do so in real life. All the diseases, too, belong to the uppermost part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt.”—*Chicago Elite*.

THE English author Zangwill is a man of rather striking personality, with his curly hair, dark face, large nose, and extensive mouth. He is stoop-shouldered and spectacled, somewhat shambling in his gait, and he goes about with his overcoat-pockets stuffed full of manuscript, proof-sheets, and press clippings.—*New York World*.

A BAD BREAK.—“That's a portrait of your grandmother as she looked when she was a young lady, is it? How strongly it resembles you, Miss Benderby!”

“You only say that to flatter me, Mr. Spoonamore. Grandma was quite a beauty, and everybody knows that I don't make any pretensions of that kind.”

“Indeed I am not trying to flatter you, Miss Benderby. The family resemblance is striking. I've often known cases of that kind. There were two sisters I was acquainted with when I was a boy. They looked wonderfully alike, just as that portrait looks like you, and yet one of them was as beautiful as a poet's dream and the other was dreadfully—that is, I mean she wasn't at all, or rather she was lacking in that—attractive quality, you know, that constitutes—what a lovely frame this portrait has, hasn't it?”—*Chicago Tribune*.



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Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK

—the food drink. By taking a bottle a day you will gain from 2 to 5 pounds a week. It contains the nourishment needed by nursing mothers, consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,
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*Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets
and other reading matter.*

FINAL TRIUMPH.—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, the disputed Highest Score of Award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

MANY MILKMEN.—We have before us a copy of the *New York Tribune*, under date of October 4, in which appears a graphically-written three-column article on the Seventh Annual Excursion of the New York Condensed Milk Company to its city employees, who daily deliver bottled milk to over sixty thousand families in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The excursion was to the Company's enormous condensed milk factories, located about ninety miles from New York, at Walden.

The New York Condensed Milk Company is the same corporation that produces the celebrated Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The Company owns and operates fourteen enormous plants in different parts of the United States, and gives employment all told to over three thousand men. The one at Walden, New York, is among the more important, and is located in the midst of the very finest dairy-producing country of the Empire State.

It was a fine body of men, says the *Tribune* article, that boarded the boat at West Forty-Second Street at seven A. M. for Weehawken, where a special train of eleven cars stood in waiting to carry the boys to Walden. Here the employees were shown over the enormous works, going through the departments of the concern. The plant is one in which one becomes at once interested, and, although it contains marvels of machinery, and instruments and implements which cannot fail to attract attention and which command admiration, the one characteristic which seems to eclipse all else is the absolute cleanliness of the place.

The dinner was spread in the sealing-room. Here great tables, elaborately decorated, were filled with hungry guests. William J. Rogers, the secretary of the Company, presided, and a fine menu was served. Mr. Rogers made a speech of welcome. He was followed by John Barrett, the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. He told of the loyalty to the Company of its employees, and of the efforts of the Company to give its employees their Sabbath rest. A letter was read from Charles A. Knight, the general superintendent at Chicago, regretting his inability to be present. Edward Brown, the general superintendent, made a few remarks, and Dr. C. D. Morris, the veterinary surgeon in the employ of the Company. Other speakers followed, and after the dinner various games were indulged in, and the pleasure-party returned home at a late hour.

"MANDY," said Farmer Cornfossel, "wouldn't you like ter be a 'mancipated woman an' go ter the polls an' vote?"

"No, sir," was the positive reply. "I don't think it's fair ter the men fur women ter be tryin' ter grab the offices."

"Why not?"

"Because a woman is allus smart enough ter turn her hand ter anything that comes along, but politics is all some men are fit fur."—*Chicago Tribune*.

TUNNELS.—In comparing the four great tunnels of the world there is seen to be a very remarkable decrease in time and cost of the successive works. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost three hundred and seventy-nine dollars a foot; the Mt. Cenis, the next in date, cost three hundred and fifty-six dollars a foot; the St. Gothard cost two hundred and twenty-nine dollars a foot, and the Arlberg, the latest in date, cost only one hundred and fifty-four dollars a foot. This rapid decrease in cost, within comparatively few years, is a marked indication of the great progress in mechanical methods and improvement in rock-excavating tools. A still more striking result exists in the case of a tunnel through the Cascade Mountains, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This, unlike those named, which were excavated in old settled countries, the terminal easy of access, was in a peculiarly difficult location, so much so that it took six months to convey the machinery to the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, and material transported over improvised roads through nearly one hundred miles of forest, mud, and snow-fields, yet the tunnel, which is sixteen and one-half feet wide, twenty-two feet high, and eight thousand nine hundred and fifty feet long, was bored through the mountains in twenty-two months, at the rate of four hundred and thirteen feet a month, and a cost of the completed tunnel of only one hundred and eighteen dollars a foot.—*Information*.

A WEALTHY IDOL.—After the Indian Mutiny, writes a correspondent, a friend of mine, who had served in a Highland regiment, brought home a hideous-looking painted wooden figure, which he had taken from the loin-cloth of an Indian fanatic who had attempted his life.

He gave it to his sister's little girl, for a doll, to play with, and it was known as "Nana Sahib."

Years after the girl's mother took an axe to break it up for firewood, when what seemed to be the eyes, a clayey substance, fell out, revealing two red beads.

The "beads" proved to be two rubies, for which she got fifteen pounds.

And not only that, but there was a hollow space in the doll (or idol) which was packed full of gold mohurs. Altogether, "Nana Sahib" realized over eighty pounds.—*London Answers*.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—Litigant.—"You take nine-tenths of the judgment? Outrageous!"

Lawyer.—"I furnish all the skill and eloquence and legal learning for your cause."

Litigant.—"But I furnish the cause."

Lawyer.—"Oh, anybody could do that."—*Detroit Tribune*.

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